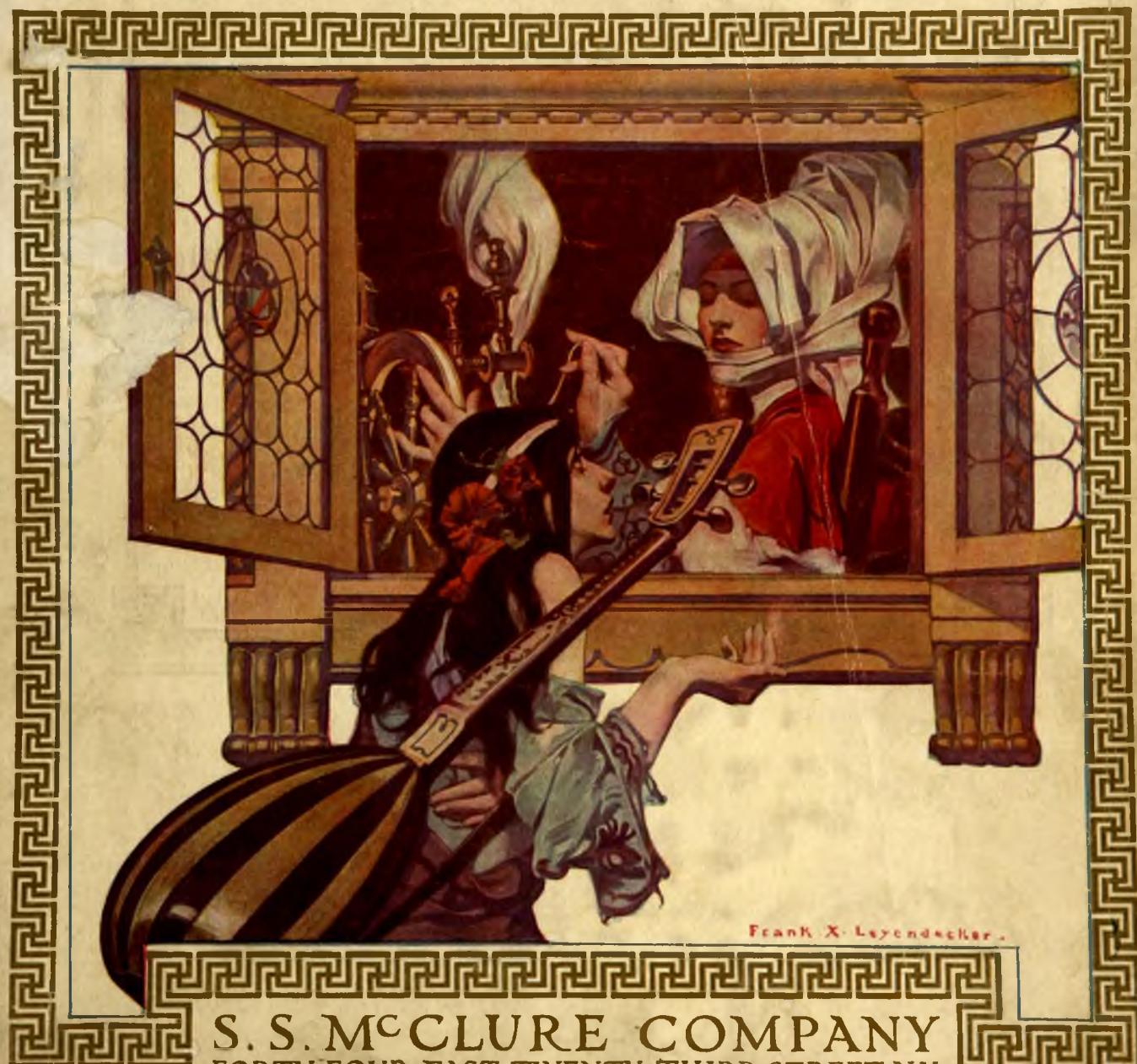


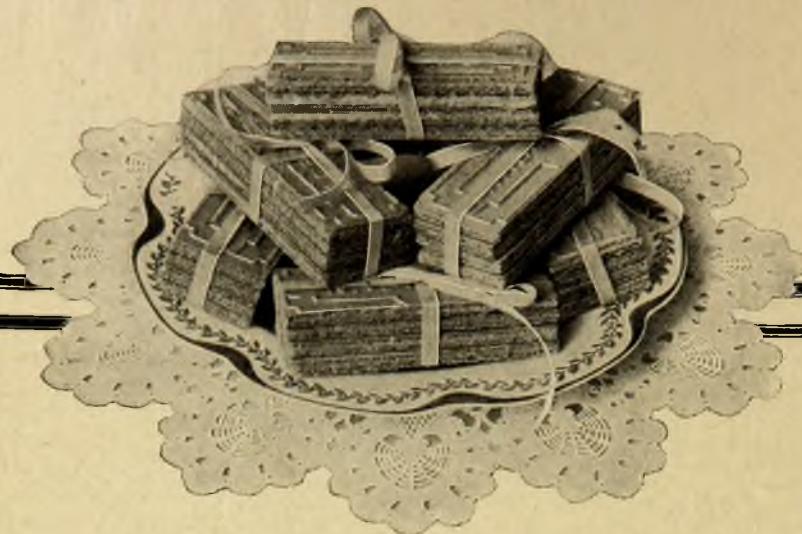
MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1909 · FIFTEEN CENTS



Frank X. Leyendecker.

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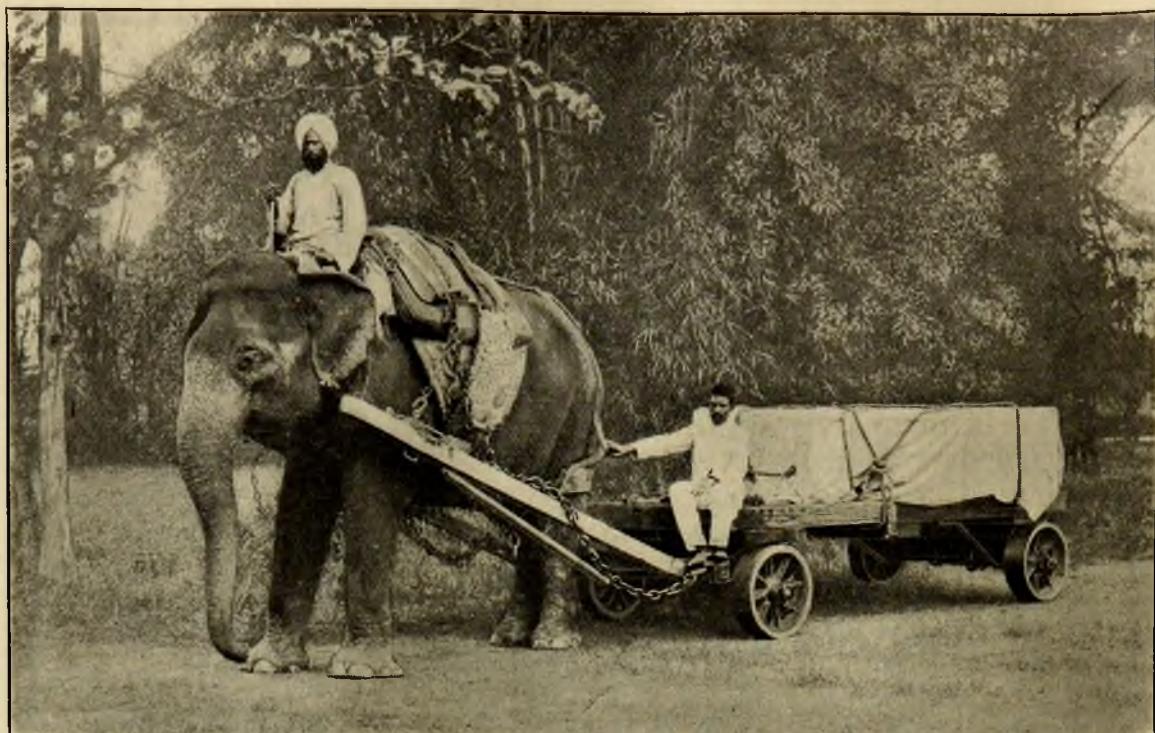
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Yours very truly,

LOUISE M. SMITH,
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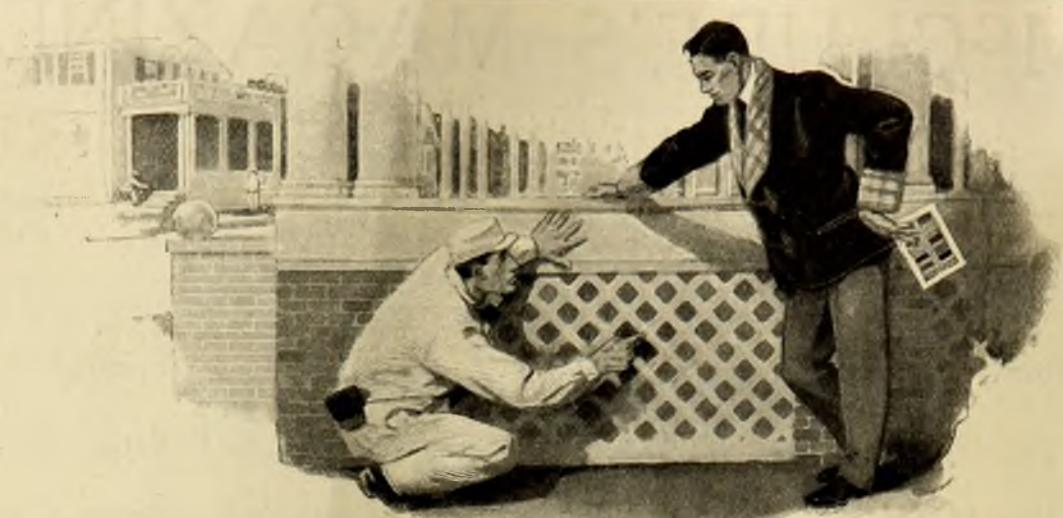
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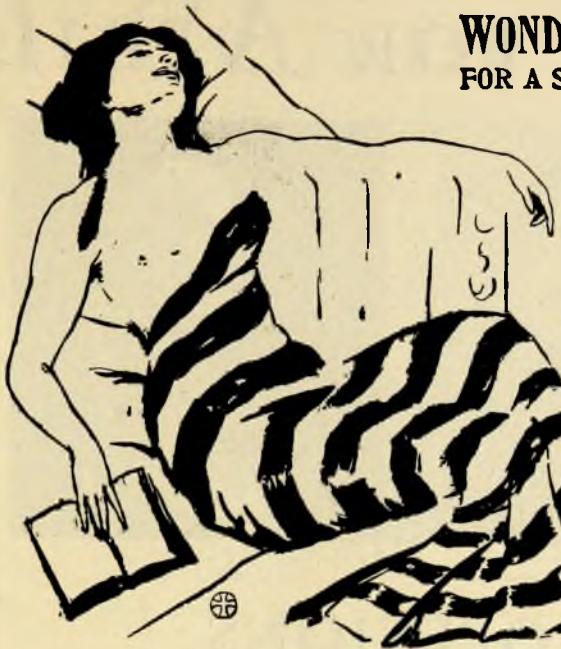
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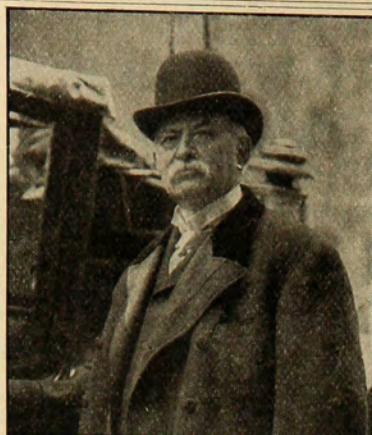
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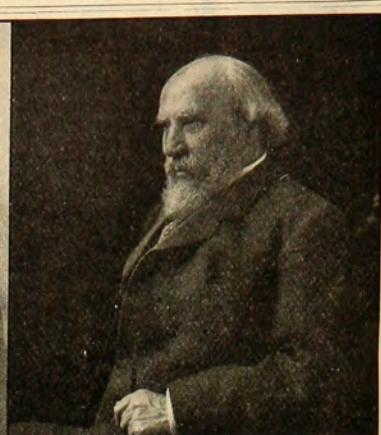
McCLURE'S FOR APRIL



JOSEPH B. FORAKER



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CLEVELAND'S OPINIONS OF MEN

By GEORGE F. PARKER

IN this article are set forth at length Cleveland's opinions of some of his great contemporaries, among them:

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
PATRICK A. COLLINS

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Cleveland's account of his conference with J. P. Morgan in reference to the Government's bond issue is a strikingly forceful and dramatic picture—a vivid glimpse of unwritten history.

YOUNG CLEVELAND AS A TEACHER IN THE BLIND INSTITUTE

A letter from Fanny Crosby, the

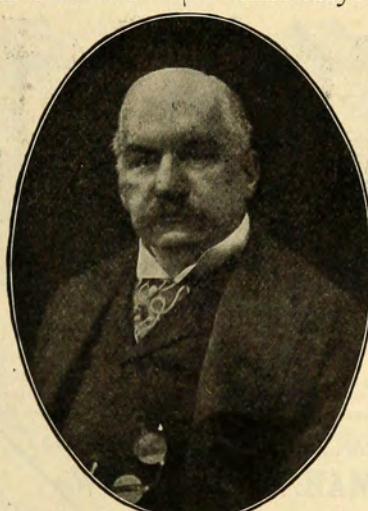


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J. PIERPONT MORGAN

blind hymn-writer, describes her acquaintance with Cleveland, when, as a boy of seventeen, he became one of her fellow teachers in the New York Institution for the Blind.

GROVER CLEVELAND AS A LAWYER

An estimate by Wilson S. Bissell, Cleveland's former law partner in Buffalo.

McCLURE'S FOR APRIL

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By BURTON J. HENDRICK

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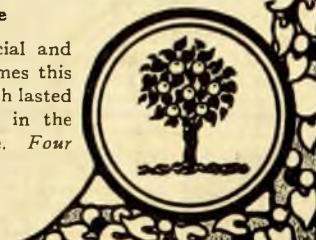
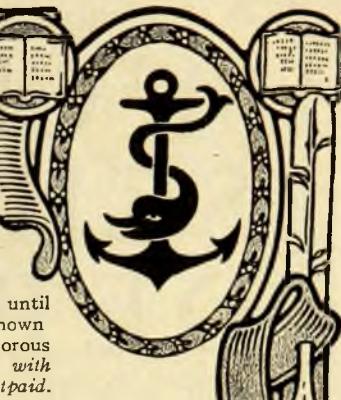
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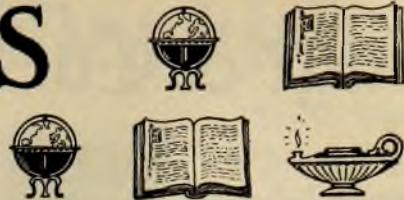
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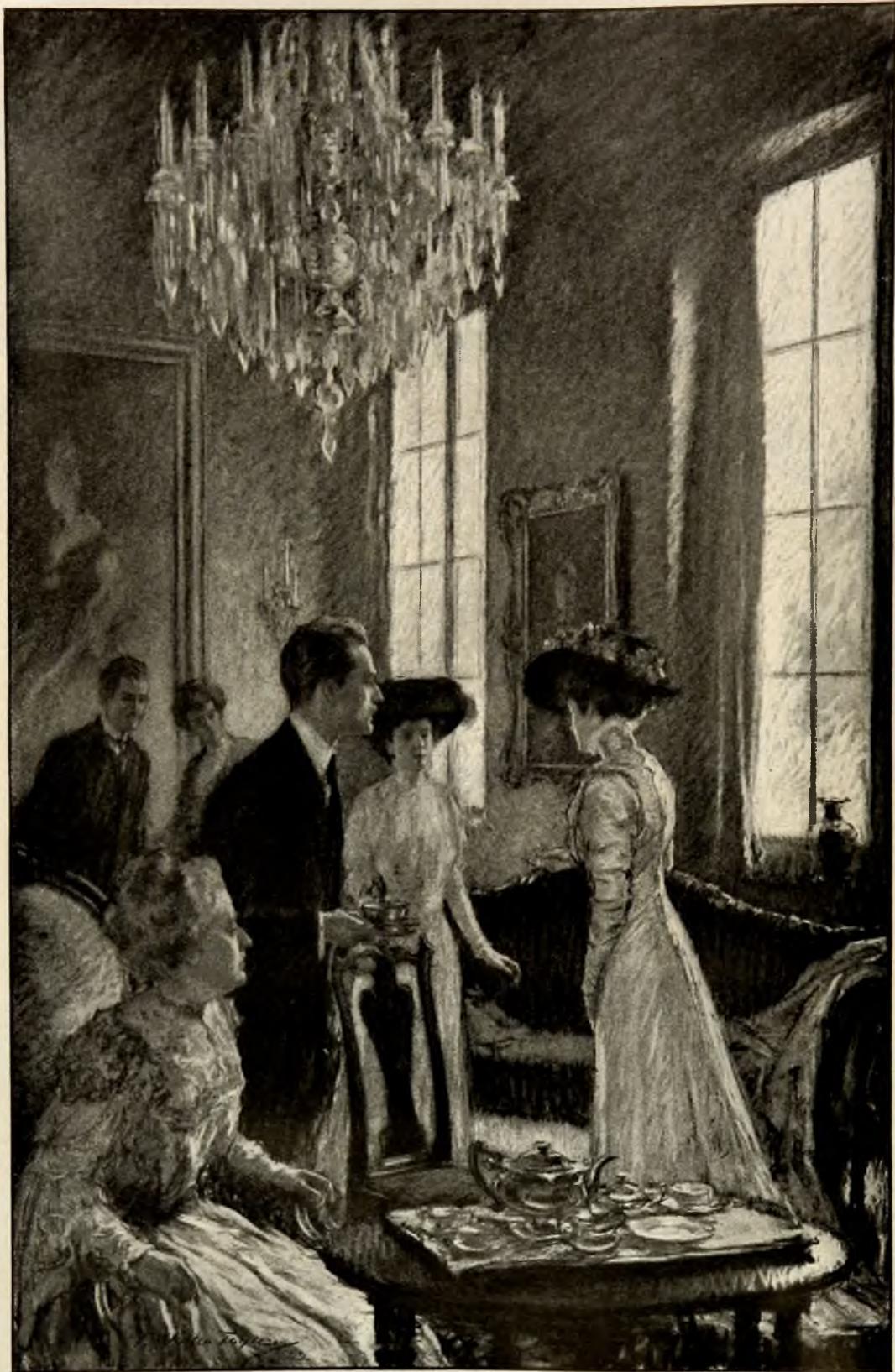


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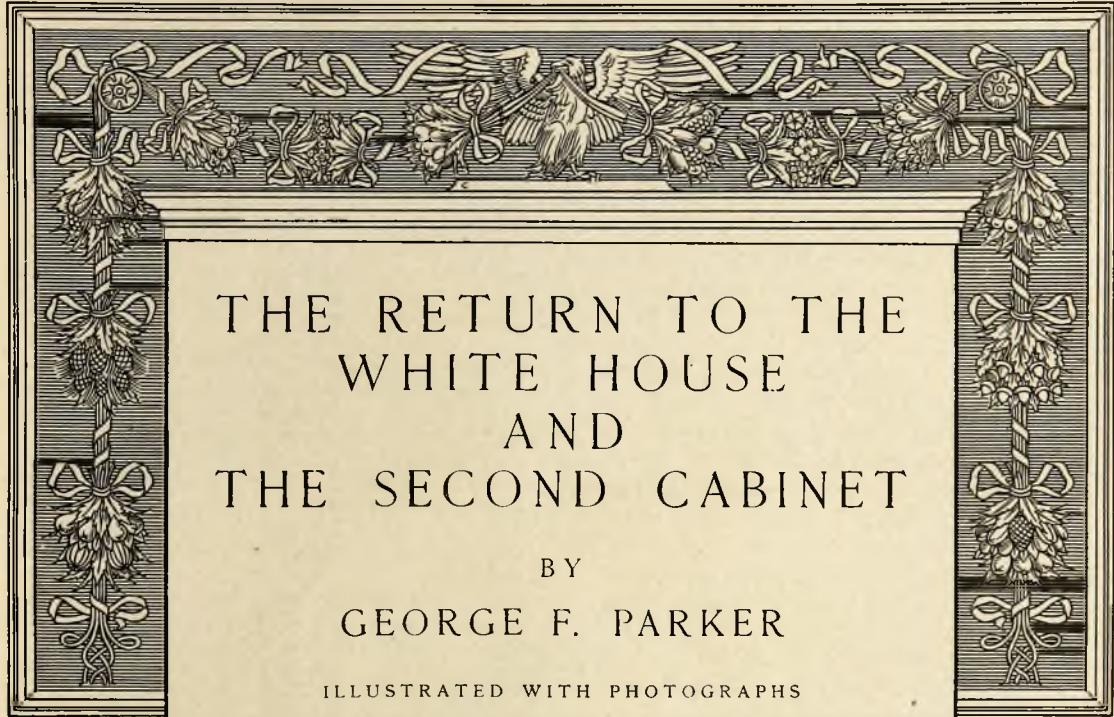
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MARCH, 1909

No. 5



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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I

WHEN the first presidential term closed and Mr. Cleveland went to New York to live, he took the house at 816 Madison Avenue, into which the family moved somewhat hurriedly. The miscellaneous accumulations of four years in the Executive Mansion at Washington were deposited, pell-mell, in a large upper room, which was carefully locked against the time when an opportunity should present itself for going over the contents, which were of the most varied character.

When, in 1892, owing to the expiration of the lease, Mr. Cleveland and his family were about to move into another house, one of the things that had to be done was to clear out this room. This house-cleaning was put off as long as possible, but when it could not be delayed any longer, I was asked to help in the task. The

family were absent, and all the servants except the butler. So Mr. Cleveland and I, beginning on the Monday before Easter, determined to give that week to sorting the contents of the closed room. We began early, and as there were no rules about union hours in these fastnesses of Madison Avenue, the work went on until late in the evening. At noon we would sally forth for luncheon to a little out-of-the-way restaurant over on Third Avenue, and then hurry back to the up-stairs room. Our task took five days' continuous work, ending on Good Friday.

Upon unlocking the disused room into which perhaps ten or twelve thousand separate articles had been cast, we might well have thought ourselves in a photographic warehouse. There must certainly have been between six and seven thousand photographs. In many cases they had been accompanied by letters which, having been duly acknowledged by the clerks in the White House, were no doubt placed

originally with the enclosures. But letters and photographs had parted company, so that we had to deal with an inextricable jumble.

Next to be dealt with were "souvenirs" of every variety, and the articles voted to the most popular candidate for President at church fairs and charity raffles. These included everything that human ingenuity could devise. The gold-headed canes (of which there were more than a dozen) were, except for a few that had some personal associations, assigned as presents to personal friends. To my lot fell one from a Masonic Festival in Kentucky.

Then there were theatrical programs; menus of banquets eaten long ago and at which the President had not been present; music dedicated or sent to him, but probably never played by anybody; out-of-the-way objects which had been sent either for sale or for begging purposes; tickets and articles from every order of charitable undertaking; itineraries of schemes for entertainment during his tour of the country (including photographs of the houses to which he had been invited); albums, plush boxes, portfolios — almost infinite in number and variety. All of these were reviewed and disposed of according to the necessities of a private citizen who expected to live in an ordinary American house. If by chance one was found which had any sentimental associations with any one the President knew, a place was made for it.

Interesting Private Papers

At last we came to the confidential correspondence and the private papers.

Generally speaking, Mr. Cleveland, full of sentiment as he was, did not permit it to work where he himself was concerned. For instance, nothing in his own handwriting ever seemed to him to have any interest. He consented, however, to let me keep, as a souvenir, the perfected draft, in his handwriting, of his annual message to Congress in 1888, but scores of other papers, which ought to have gone to libraries and collections, were ruthlessly destroyed. Several letters from Cabinet officers, however, were handed over to me.

Two of these letters I have preserved. The first is a birthday greeting from the late William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, written in the year before the end of their official relations. It is as follows, and, coming from a man little given to compliments, will be of interest:

MARCH 18TH, 1888.
1731 I STREET.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:—

I wish I had something to send you besides my good wishes, but in the absence of Madame, who is

thoughtful, I haven't — I know you don't want anything, but I should like to mark the day — I wish you many more anniversaries like this, when you are able to look back upon another year of successful work in the midst of most trying responsibilities.

I have never known greater patience than you have, nor greater courtesy in your bearing to those who struggle along with you, and I hope you may by and by have your reward in the opportunity to think of yourself and your comfort, and you will then take pleasure in the reflection that you never laid down the banner when it was given you to carry.

My best wishes for a successful and a happy future.
Yours most sincerely,

W. C. WHITNEY.

To The President.

The second was written by William F. Vilas, a man of wholly different type, full of the fervor of the orator, as well as of the friend, and was written as a farewell to Cleveland at the close of his first term in the Presidency:

I abate no jot of faith in our countrymen. If false report for a time mislead them, they still are generous and honest in spirit, and when the truth comes to them their justice will not want a generous expression in action. May Heaven give you continued life and vigor, and you shall not await the page of History for a triumphant recognition of the untiring labors, the faithful zeal, the vast blessing in accomplishment and in example and lesson by which you have distinguished your administration of their exalted trust.

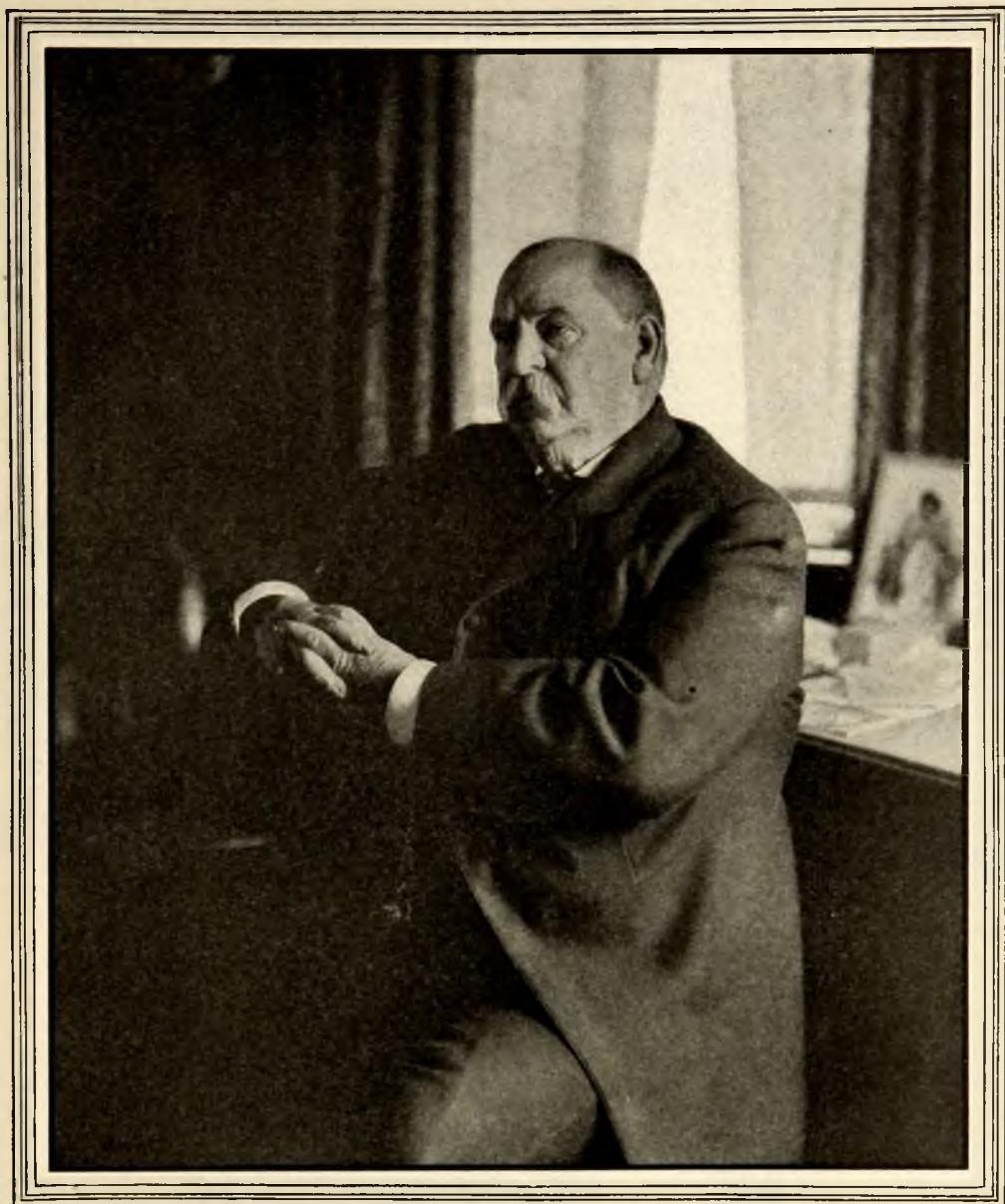
You have so generously offset my sincerity of purpose against my shortcomings in performance, so kindly considered me in all defects and in all my life here, and made your friendship so greatly a source of joy as well as pride, that in the affectionate attachment which warmly glows amidst respect and admiration lies all the pain I have experienced upon any personal grounds in contemplating the change before us. I treasure the pain with the affection. May the day come when the one shall disappear in the joy of the other.

In hope, esteem, and friendship,
Faithfully yours,

W.M. F. VILAS.

One of the most interesting revelations of the house-cleaning process was a document which illustrated Mr. Cleveland's way of dealing with public concerns. A question had been raised about the relation which Mr. Garland, the Attorney-General, had held, before his appointment, as counsel to the telephone patents. The newspapers had been filled with this talk for a time and the opinion prevailed in newspaper circles that the charge contained the potentialities of a real political scandal. In the Cabinet, the conclusion was reached that some official explanation must be made by Mr. Garland. It was therefore agreed that he should prepare a statement, in the form of a letter to the President, to be made public as an authorized defence on the part of the Administration.

We found in the long-locked room the original of this document in the handwriting of the Attorney-General. But Mr. Cleveland had not



From the collection of F. H. Meserve

GROVER CLEVELAND

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1898 BY JAMES S. HALL, IN CLEVELAND'S LIBRARY AT PRINCETON

been satisfied with either the form or the arguments of the suggested letter, and, docketed with it, we found a second draft of the proposed statement. It was in Mr. Cleveland's handwriting, and covered from twelve to twenty pages of foolscap; not one of his easily recognized rough drafts, but a fair copy. He had not been satisfied with the arguments of the Attorney-General in his own behalf, and had consequently taken up the case, studied the details with the same care that he would have given to a law case under his control, and had then written and addressed to himself the letter which, in other circumstances, he would have

submitted to a client in the form of an opinion. Neither statement was ever used; but the incident illustrated Cleveland's painstaking methods of work and furnished a further explanation of the reflected hand which wrote far into the morning in faithful pursuance of duty.

An Appeal from Samoa

Another very interesting document which we found in this room was a letter from Joseph Malietoa, King of the Samoan Islands — our relations with which marked our original venture in colonial government, and also gave our Ministers to England and Germany, with whom

we had then a limited partnership, duties not devoid of difficulty. The King had already made fervid appeals to the Department of State — no doubt with but small encouragement. He therefore wrote directly to the President a pathetic appeal for warships, of which the following is the official translation:

APIA, 24 DECEMBER, 1888.
To HIS EXCELLENCE GROVER CLEVELAND,
President of the United States of America.
YOUR EXCELLENCE:—

I have the honor to inform you that on the last month I wrote a letter to Your Excellency, praying that you with the United States Government would look with compassion on me and the people of this small group of Islands and devise some plan of mercy that would free us from the hard and cruel rule of the German Consul and Captains of German Men of War.

And now I have again to cry to Your Excellency and the United States Government and pray you to help us.

For on the 18th of this month the Germans raised war against me in the early morning, before it was daybreak. Many, seeing the force approaching, thought they were the war party of Tamasese, but as daylight became stronger, we saw that they were the German men-of-war's men and we stopped the fight, as we never intended to show fight to the Germans from the beginning up to the present day. What

brought about this fight with the Germans was the cruel and heartless conduct of the German Consul by trying to put Samoa and the Samoans under the rule and control of the German trader in Samoa. Your Excellency and the Government of the United States, have love for us and extricate me and Samoa from the anger of the Germans, now and for the future.

Oh! that you would send men-of-war here with a favorable decision and with strength in order that we might be protected.

Please entertain the desire sent to Your Excellency and the United States Government in the past month; and this also, and may the United States Government entertain it. Then we under the rule will find peace.

May you live,
JOSEFO I. MALIETOA,
King of Samoa.

II

The campaign of 1892 was one of the oddest ever carried on. Its most unusual feature was the comparative absence of men close to the party machine. In every State, except Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, our original correspondents and advisers were men not known in active political management, either then or since. In many States, in fact in most, the machine was an enemy rather than an aid. If



GROVER CLEVELAND
FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN ON ONE OF HIS FISHING EXCURSIONS



Photographed by Bell

CLEVELAND'S SECOND CABINET

CLEVELAND

CARLISLE
OLNEY

HARMON

HERBERT
LAMONT

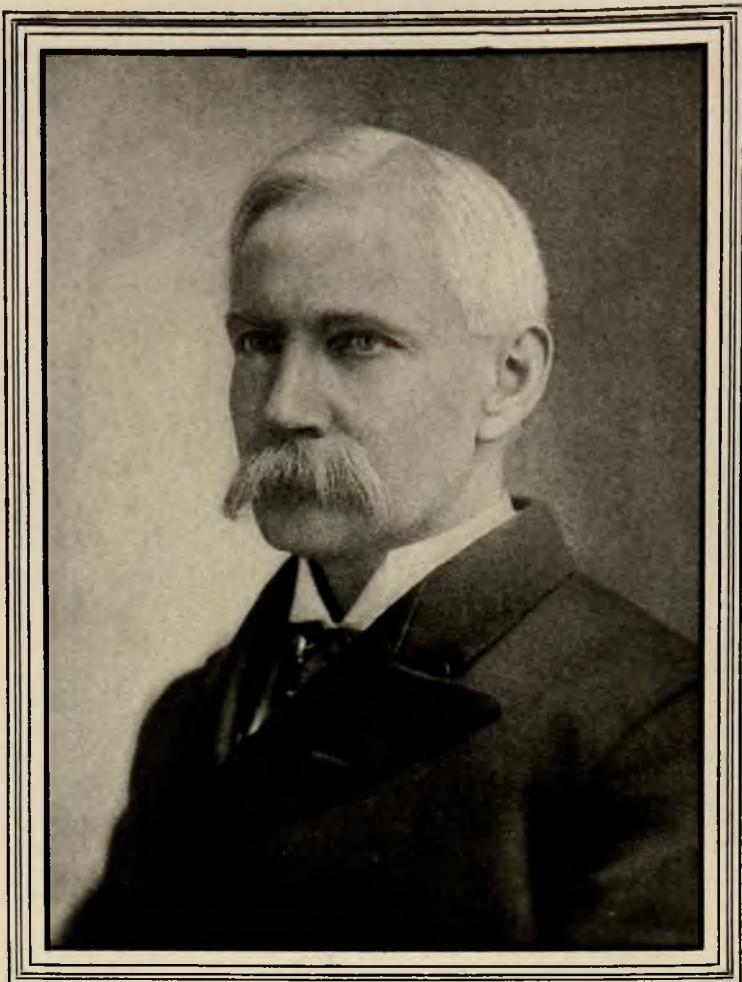
MORTON HOKE SMITH
WILSON

there ever was a movement that derived both its origin and its strength from the people, it was this one. There was no organization behind it; nothing except the personality of a man who had espoused an idea. It was not until the National Convention call, on January 8th, followed by that, issued at unusually short notice, for a State Convention to be held at Albany on February 22d, to choose delegates, that Mr. Cleveland came consciously to think of himself as a candidate for a third nomination.

Thus far, New York politics had not come within the scope of our plan. From whatever point the question might be viewed, the man of our choice had long ceased to represent any one State: he had become a purely national candidate, so that, if he were chosen at all, it must be as the result of a popular movement of the whole country. It would have been a contradiction to conduct a movement without reference to the machine everywhere else, and then to rely upon that power in New York. But the call for the Albany Convention, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have

passed with little notice, at once excited, in every State in the Union, the loudest and most indignant protests. The idea that, when popular sentiment everywhere was practically unanimous for Mr. Cleveland, there was danger that he would be deprived of the support of the delegation from his own State, aroused the deepest resentment. So the so-called "Snap Convention" ran its course, and the delegation was instructed for David B. Hill. After that Mr. Cleveland's nomination became a necessity.

The nomination campaign took on new color, and an activity began that, within a short time, was to involve the entire country. The State of New York, not hitherto looked upon by the Cleveland advocates as an important element in the contest, was now aflame. As if by magic, there sprang into being an organization known as the "Anti-Snappers." A State Convention was called for the purpose of sending to Chicago a contesting delegation, which, while it never presented its credentials, was, with its accompanying workers, probably the most influential ever seen in our great national gatherings. It



WILLIAM L. WILSON

WHO FOR A TIME WAS POSTMASTER-GENERAL UNDER MR. CLEVELAND

early ceased to be a fight on the State machine, and, both in New York and the country at large, it was centered upon Tammany, reviving everywhere the old issue, so brutally asserted by General Bragg eight years before: "We love him for the enemies that he has made."

Whitney Stays Behind the Scenes

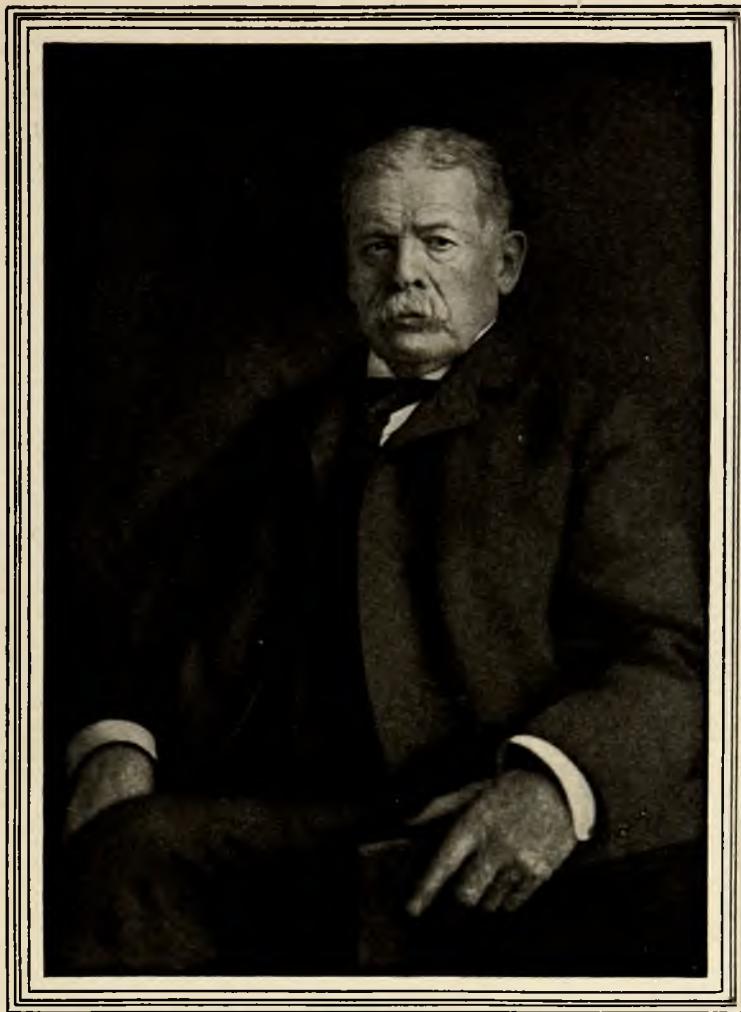
Up to this time the late William C. Whitney had taken no active part in the Cleveland movement. He was known to be opposed to the action of the Albany Convention and had made a vain effort to keep his friend, Mr. Croker, and Tammany from adopting such an ill-starred policy. His loyalty to Mr. Cleveland was never suspected or even doubted, but he had lost some of his influence.

When it came to the consideration of the policy of writing the Ellery Anderson letter, which bears date of February 10, 1891, only a few men were taken into counsel — among whom were Mr. Anderson himself, Mr. Fairchild,

Colonel Lamont, and Mr. Whitney. Of these, only Mr. Whitney opposed the attitude assumed by Mr. Cleveland.

When it came to matters of policy no man enjoyed more of Mr. Cleveland's confidence than did Mr. Whitney; but as this was distinctly a question of principle — and where principle was concerned no politician ever had even the smallest influence with him — the Anderson letter was sent. In the first rough, cut-up draft which is before me as I write, Mr. Cleveland entered pretty fully into a discussion of the currency question as it then presented itself. The letter was written and rewritten, and with each revision its tone against free silver became stronger and stronger, ending with a bitter denunciation of "the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage."

Notwithstanding his perfect agreement in principle with this declaration, Mr. Whitney believed that it was premature and unnecessary



RICHARD OLNEY

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL DURING CLEVELAND'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION, AND SECRETARY OF STATE IN HIS SECOND CABINET

and, as he declared with unusual vehemence, "fatal to Democratic success in 1892, and especially to the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland." For a time, the storm of denunciation with which the letter was greeted seemed to justify these fears, and Mr. Whitney, once out of the circle, kept his own counsel. The relations between the two men never changed as the result of this or any other difference; they simply were not in agreement, for the time, upon a political question.

The "Anti-Snap" movement aroused Mr. Whitney anew. He was too loyal to stand by and see his old chief assailed in his own home. But it was not deemed politic that he should come into the open. He tried, for a time, to bring about a compromise, so that all other New York candidates would retire, leaving the delegation free to represent the obvious sentiment of the State; but this did not commend it

self to either side. He had given no further sign, although some of the managers of the "Anti-Snap" movement, never able to account for certain contributions to the campaign fund aggregating \$15,000, accredited them to Mr. Whitney. Whitney sailed for Europe on the 12th of April, leaving behind him an interview which placed him in the front rank of Cleveland advocates and leaders. There was no longer any question as to where he stood, and, this defined, everybody knew just what he would do.

When Mr. Whitney returned on the 18th of May, after an absence of five weeks, the organization throughout the country had been perfected. Thirty-five State and territorial conventions had then been held, of which twenty-four had given binding instructions for Cleveland; seven were for him, though uninstructed; while only four had either presented other candidates or protested against his nomination.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY AND HIS WIFE, FLORA PAYNE WHITNEY

No party managers had yet done a single thing to bring about cohesion among these disjointed and independent workers.

That task was soon undertaken on a broader and more comprehensive scale than had hitherto been possible. All the separate units of the army, organized without his direct aid, were now awaiting their general in the person of Mr. Whitney himself. He was particularly fitted for this kind of work. Generally indifferent to details, and given to putting off all the larger things that came up as long as possible, he had the rare gift of doing, within a few days, the work it would take the average leader as many weeks to do.

This marvelous power of concentration, amounting almost to genius, was now devoted to the Cleveland cause. Everything that could engage the attention of a man in the prime of life, rich, ambitious, full of energy, was put aside for the duties of the movement. Within a week he had taken in the situation.

Secret Conference at Whitney's House

Mr. Cleveland had been waiting, with some impatience, for Mr. Whitney's return, in order to hold a conference, to be composed of a few of the picked men. I have before me, written with his own hand in pencil, on Mr. Whitney's note-paper, the list of men to be invited to this conference. They were asked by telegraph to

meet at Mr. Whitney's house on a given day. They were also notified by mail. It was the original idea to get men from about twenty States, one from each. This plan was afterward modified, owing to lack of time, and also to keep the meeting as quiet as possible.

On the 9th day of June, 1892, trusted men from nine or ten States came to New York, left their hotels, where they had been directed not to register their names, and began early to arrive at Mr. Whitney's house, No. 2 West 57th Street.*

By eleven o'clock all those expected had arrived, and the conference began, under Mr. Whitney's direction. The men knew both one another and the conditions they had met to discuss, so there was no waste of time. Each man made a report for his own State and for any others within his knowledge, and all available information was laid before the members of the conference.

The organization of the Convention that was to meet in Chicago, twelve days later, was the first business in hand. It was then in order to settle upon the temporary

*Among those who attended the conference at Mr. Whitney's house on June 9, 1892, were Judge William G. Ewing of Illinois; William F. Harrity of Pennsylvania; Samuel R. Honey of Rhode Island; Bradley B. Smalley of Vermont; Samuel E. Morss of Indiana; Don M. Dickinson of Michigan; William F. Vilas of Wisconsin; William L. Wilson of West Virginia; and John E. Russell, Nathan Matthews, and Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts. Mr. Whitney presided, and George F. Parker was secretary.



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1886

chairman. William L. Wilson of West Virginia, himself a member of the conference, was chosen without question. When we sat down to luncheon at about one o'clock, the question of the presidency of the Convention had been reached. There was no time to suspend business, and so the only roll-call of the day came upon this question at table, and ex-Governor

should be invited to attend the next meeting of the conference, which had already been fixed for eight o'clock on June 17th, at Mr. Whitney's rooms in the Hotel Richelieu. As each member was chosen, some one in attendance was authorized to see that he was present, and this process was continued until all the vacancies were filled. After this the nominat-



Photographed by Bell

FRANCES FOLSOM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE TO
GROVER CLEVELAND

James E. Campbell of Ohio was chosen. The vice-presidency was not so much as mentioned.

All this routine disposed of, the really important business of the day was taken up,—making the conference a permanent body until the close of the Chicago Convention, or at least until Mr. Cleveland's nomination had been assured. In order to effect this object, the roll of the unrepresented States was called. A general discussion resulted over the names of those who

ing speeches were taken into account, the men who should make them were selected, arrangements were made for headquarters in Chicago, and the preliminary conference was at an end.

This important meeting was never reported by the newspapers, and from that day to this I have never seen any report of its proceedings. It was a fitting close to a campaign that had been carried on for nearly three years without brass-band methods.



THE LADIES OF THE SECOND CABINET

MRS. OLNEY
MRS. HOKE SMITH
MRS. GRESHAM

MRS. BISSELL
MRS. CLEVELAND
MRS. LAMONT

MISS EMMA MORTON
MRS. CARLISLE

How Whitney Drilled the Delegates

When the conference met in Chicago, at the Hotel Richelieu, on Friday evening, June 17th — after formally opening its rooms at the Palmer House — it had representatives from probably twenty States, and, although probably no future event was then so fully assured

as was Mr. Cleveland's nomination, his friends resolved to take up the task of organization just as if they were beginning anew. The roll of the States was called, each man present reported about the conditions in his jurisdiction and, if asked, did the same for his neighbor States that had no representative present. No conjectures were taken, no surmises or guesses would pass

muster. When the evening's session was over, it disclosed about three hundred sure delegates for Cleveland in less than half the States.

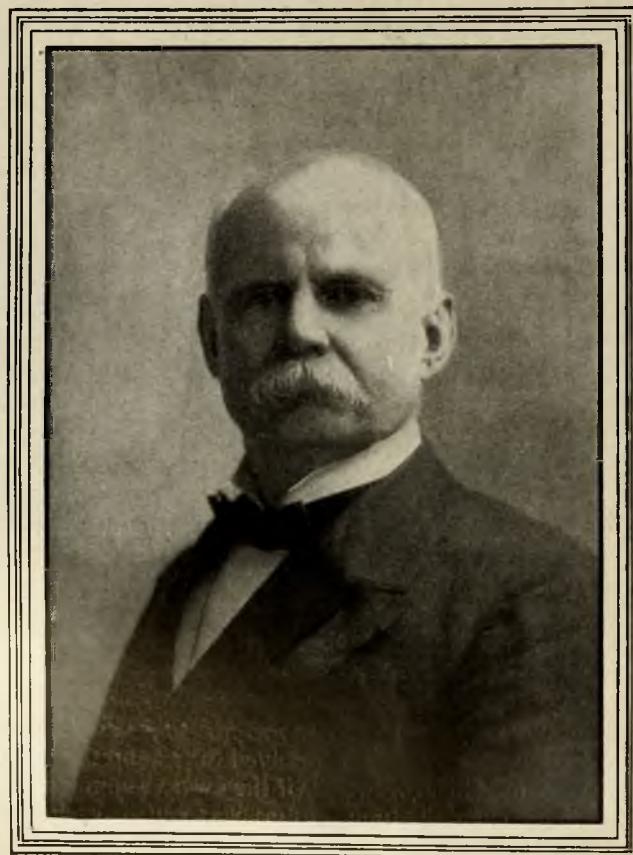
At the third meeting, Sunday night, practically every State was represented, and Mr. Whitney became more and more insistent upon the rigor of the game, with the result that our numbers showed a reduction in some States, though an increase in the total. The leader, usually the perfection of suavity and good nature, was inclined to be sharp with a man who hesitated or speculated.

At the fourth meeting, on Monday, the same policy was pursued, except that as the roll call proceeded the sentiment of each State delegation was discussed more in detail. When the result was once recorded, there was no review of it and no change of votes. Slowly, State by State, the estimate was made, and when, at its close, the figures showed about six hundred votes for Mr. Cleveland on the first ballot, Mr. Whitney threw himself back in his chair and, with obvious relief and satisfaction, said: "Well, that will do. There is no longer any doubt of the result."

III

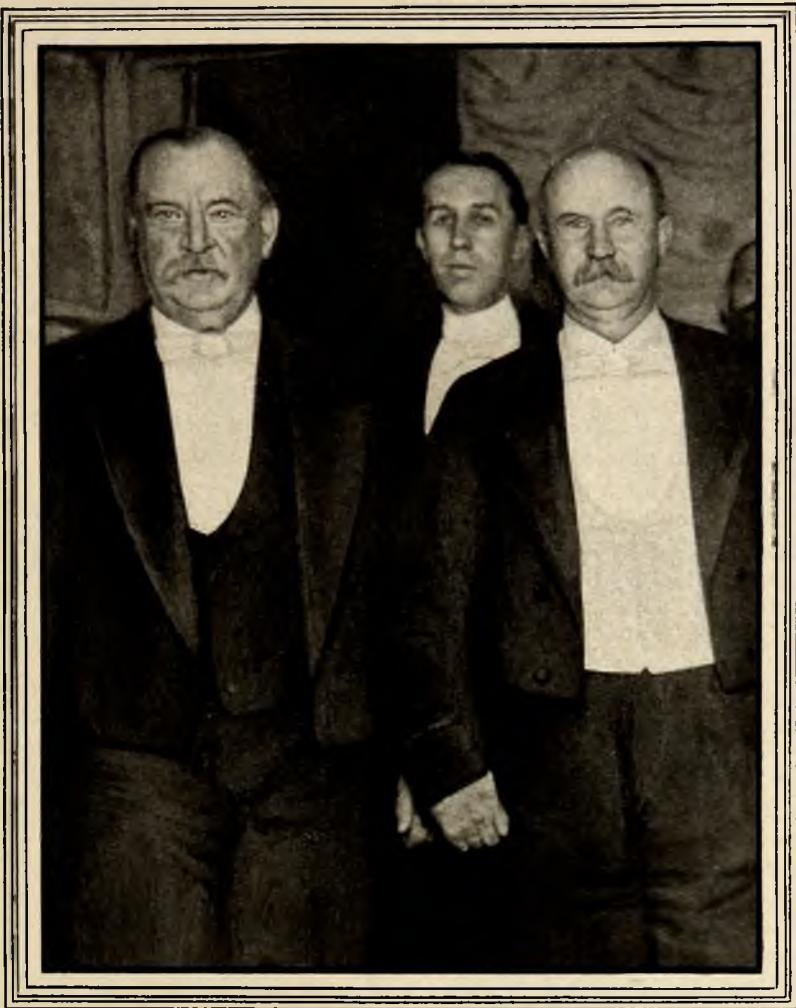
On the second Saturday before the election of 1892, Mr. Cleveland sent for me to come at once to New York. As soon as I arrived, he explained his summons:

"Stevenson has never written any letter of acceptance, and now I have trustworthy information that the Republicans are coming out with a great exposure of his supposed record as a greenbacker, more than twenty years ago. I know how sound his opinions are, but it is necessary for us to meet this threatened movement by spiking our opponents' guns. Stevenson promised me yesterday that he would write a letter of acceptance, but he has left town without doing it. He has gone either to Charleston or to Charlestown, West Virginia—I don't know which—to make speeches. Now, I know it is a hard journey, but I want you to find out where he is, start this afternoon, and get his letter out at the earliest moment. Perhaps," he said in something of an aside, although we were alone, "when you are on the train, in order to save time, it might



ADLAI E. STEVENSON

VICE-PRESIDENT DURING CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION



GROVER CLEVELAND AND DAVID B. HILL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A BANQUET

be well for you to prepare something in the way of suggestion!"

Finding that this errand involved travel of about twelve hundred miles, I took the first train for the capital of West Virginia. As soon as I was seated in the Pullman car I bethought me of Mr. Cleveland's suggestion, took out a pad, and fell to work. Before I reached Trenton, I had written a tentative vice-presidential letter of acceptance. It was strong on sound money and the tariff, with incidental treatment of other questions then current, and amounted to perhaps four hundred words.

Upon arriving at Charleston the next day about noon, I was met at the station by the candidate for Vice-President, the Governor of the State, and the Chairman of the State Committee. In reply to a question about my errand, I told Mr. Stevenson that I had come for his letter of acceptance, and he replied: "Yes, I thought as much." On the way to his hotel, he

asked: "Did you happen to think of writing anything on the way down?" My draft was accepted with verbal changes and with the addition of an extract from one of the candidate's recent speeches on the Force Bill; a typewriter was found, copies were made, and by seven o'clock in the evening they were filed with both the press associations.

At midnight I took my train to New York, and long before I got back the letter of acceptance had appeared in every newspaper in the United States. The Republican charges were forestalled so completely that the matter never was heard of again. Mr. Cleveland was keen enough as a politician when a principle was involved.

Election Night at Cleveland's House

On election night, November 8th, when both the telegraph companies installed instruments in Mr. Cleveland's house, 12 West 51st Street,

all the officers of the committee resorted thither, and the regular headquarters were left to minor employees and their friends. As the returns came in, favorable from first to last, the assemblage of his friends increased with each succeeding hour. About twelve o'clock it seemed desirable that Mr. Cleveland should say a few words to the clamorous, enthusiastic crowd of people outside and dismiss them for the night. This was done with a dignity, an impressiveness, and a readiness which showed his ability to speak well without preparation.

More and more of those who had borne the heat and burden of the day kept coming to the house, so that until perhaps three o'clock — hours after the family had gone to bed — the dining room was kept open for a final reunion. Mr. Cleveland's manner throughout was grave, thoughtful, and silent. He was no doubt turning over in his own mind the thought, afterward so often expressed in answer to those who ventured the hope that he would accept a third nomination: "Sir, it is a solemn thing to be President of the United States."

Cleveland Hoped that Carlisle Would Succeed Him

Three days after the election I spent the whole afternoon with Mr. Cleveland going over the field and discussing the foundations, not yet laid, of his Cabinet. He had then reached a decision in only one case. He had made up his mind to tender the Treasury Department to John G. Carlisle, then Senator from Kentucky, for whom he felt strong admiration. On this occasion he said:

"I believe that this is not only the very best selection that could be made for this office at such a vital time, but in this one instance I am willing to look ahead. You know me well enough to know that I am not looking for the perpetuation of personal power; but our party has just come back with a striking victory, and as a result ought to maintain its hold for years to come. In thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that it would be a wonderful thing if we could look forward to Mr. Carlisle's succeeding to the Presidency in the term to follow mine. I realize how dangerous such planning is, and that both history and precedent are against its success, but as I look at it now it seems to be the one thing that ought to be kept in mind."

The hope was noble and the motive patriotic, but as one looks back over the history of the period which has intervened, the outcome seems, as Mr. Cleveland often said in referring to it in later years, pitiable.

When I suggested the name of Daniel S.

Lamont for Secretary of War, I could see that Mr. Cleveland had never thought of such an appointment, and that it came to him as a complete surprise. "Why," he replied, "the Colonel would command a great deal more influence in his old place as Secretary, than he could possibly have in the Cabinet." I was deeply interested in my own suggestion, because I knew that Colonel Lamont would take nothing below a Cabinet office and that he was averse even to that. I therefore replied that while this judgment was highly complimentary, there was such a thing in politics as promotion. The subject was not again mentioned, but a week later, Colonel Lamont was offered the post of Secretary of War.

Forming the New Cabinet

The third name was that of Hoke Smith of Georgia, an entire stranger to Mr. Cleveland, but one of the most efficient workers in the re-nomination campaign. I thought that this recognition of the younger men of the South was nothing more than just, and that the appointment would fully justify itself — as it did. In my zeal, I visited Justice Lamar in Washington, only a few weeks before his death, and was able to command his hearty co-operation in presenting his friend and fellow citizen as his successor to the office of Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Smith was invited to New York and upon his second visit to Mr. Cleveland was tendered a place in the Cabinet.

Mr. Cleveland wished to obtain a Secretary of the Navy from New England, but after the office had been three times declined, it was offered to Mr. Hilary A. Herbert of Alabama, — originally intended for another post, — and the Attorney-General, in the person of Mr. Richard Olney, was drawn from New England — to make, perhaps, the most wonderful record of any man in the new Cabinet. The Secretanship of State, conferred upon Judge Walter Q. Gresham, was the one surprise of the Cabinet. I have never yet heard of any man to whom Mr. Cleveland had spoken about this office in connection with the appointee, and nobody ever knew how or why he was chosen. Mr. Cleveland had found it difficult to get the right man for this office. He was so perplexed that he made an exception to his rule and tendered the place to Mr. Bayard, his former Secretary of State, who, however, strongly advised against his own appointment and declined.

Cleveland and Morton

When the time came to choose a Secretary of Agriculture, instead of its being one of the easiest Cabinet places to fill because it was the

newest, it proved to be the most difficult. It had assumed a political importance not hitherto suspected. The place was first tendered to the late John E. Russell of Massachusetts, but as Mr. Russell's health was not firm, the offer was declined. The next choice was Horace Boies, whose service as Governor of Iowa had just ended. His age, combined with some political considerations, led Mr. Boies also to decline. Both these refusals had been rather anticipated, and the one name held in reserve was that of J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, whose enemies were nearly as active as his friends. As an old friend of Mr. Morton, I was requested to sound certain of the anti-silver Democrats of the West among whom Mr. Morton was a recognized leader. It was soon made clear to Mr. Cleveland that he was considering the name of a man who for a generation had done conspicuous service in the West, both for sound money and for a revision of the tariff along liberal lines. In the factional divisions in his State, Mr. Morton had actively opposed Mr. Cleveland's nomination in 1884, and had done so with a good deal of personal bitterness. When this was presented to the President as an argument against Morton's appointment, he threw the charge aside with contempt, saying:

"We cannot afford, in this crisis, when, if ever, such men are needed, to let personal considerations enter into account. Under no circumstances will I allow them to influence my opinion or action."

After the appointment had been tendered and accepted, Mr. Morton came to New York, and I had the pleasure of introducing the two men at the Lakewood cottage in which Mr. Cleveland stayed just before going to Washington. Cleveland and Morton, during the second administration, became very intimate friends. No more pertinent illustration than this of Mr. Cleveland's ability to discard personal prejudice ever came to my attention, although there were many others like it.

While the work of Cabinet construction was under way, many petitions and letters came to the President-elect in favor of active but little-known men who could hardly be said to have reached the unquestioned rank which would have entitled them to a Cabinet post. In some instances Mr. Cleveland remarked:

"Now, if I were only free to tender the Commissionership of Pensions or of Patents, or any important independent office to this man, what a comfort it would be to me and what a benefit to the public service! but a place in the Cabinet is impossible, and so it is probable that I cannot avail myself of this man's obvious fitness for some important

place." In one or two cases, notably that of Judge Lochren of Minnesota, he was able to do as he wished, but when the demand came for a Cabinet place or nothing, it was of necessity the latter.

Among these letters received by Mr. Cleveland, one from John P. Irish of California, explaining that Democrats of the legislatures of Oregon, Idaho, and Wyoming, on their own motion, had endorsed him to Mr. Cleveland for Secretary of the Interior, and that those in the California Legislature proposed, with his approval, to do the same, Mr. Irish wrote:

I have declined assent to this, and, as the action taken in other States may reach you, it seems proper to say that I have felt that candidacy, in the current meaning thereof, for a place in your official family, is not becoming.

Proceeding, the letter paid Mr. Cleveland the following tribute, which moved him deeply:

Fifty and more years ago, when the western prairies were untracked, the way across them from one post to another was sometimes marked by a deep furrow, plowed under contract by some stout pioneer. Half a century later, I have found these furrows still plainly marked, and there has risen before me again the team, the plow, and the plowman drawing the guiding mark through a wilderness.

After we are all gone, men will pause by the furrow you are to make in the history of our country and will say, "here the plowman passed; and time toils in vain to conceal his furrow."

My friend, you are selecting your team, but you and no other must hold the plow. If I should go into history as one who helped to pull it, I should be glad, but I shall have always the pleasure of believing in the plowman and knowing that the furrow is to endure.

Cleveland's Admiration for Wilson

If I were asked to name the one public man in whom, of all others outside his official associates, Mr. Cleveland reposed the most confidence and for whom he had the deepest admiration, I would have no hesitation. I should name William L. Wilson of West Virginia. Coming into relations with him when the tariff question had been forced to the front in 1887, the President recognized at once the comprehensive knowledge of this mountain college professor, whose most important schooling came from his boyish service in the Confederate Army. It would have been impossible for anybody even to meet Mr. Wilson without coming under the spell of that charm which, with all his ability and information, was his distinguishing characteristic. During Cleveland's first administration he was one of that group of friends made up of the Cabinet, John G. Carlisle, Roger Q. Mills, Clifton R. Breckinridge, John E. Russell, William D. Bynum, and others of the same type,

who, in both House and Senate, bore the burden of the day in the discussion of the Mills Bill, which was the outcome of the message of 1887.

During the interim between presidential terms, when discussion of this bill was going on all over the country, so that it assumed the proportions of a great moral agitation, Mr. Cleveland still kept up his relations with Mr. Wilson, in so far as distance permitted. He always insisted upon keeping him to the front when important matters were under discussion, and his friends, knowing this, and sharing his admiration for Wilson, made him the president of the Chicago Convention in 1892. Before his departure for Washington for his second inauguration, Mr. Cleveland said to me one day, with a suddenness not unusual with him when a new idea came into his mind:

"Parker, do you know what I would do with William L. Wilson, if I could? I would appoint him Assistant to the President with a salary of \$10,000 a year. As the Executive office is now organized, it can deal, with a fair amount of efficiency, with the routine affairs of Government; but if the President has any great policy in mind he has no one to help him work it out. Yes, I tell you that, while I should hate to take Wilson out of Congress, I would make him my Assistant if I could. I have even half a notion to offer him the place anyhow, and pay him out of my pocket."

Mr. Cleveland paid his last tribute of respect to Wilson by going a long distance to his funeral, and by his activity in raising money for an appropriate memorial to him at Washington and Lee University.

"The Sheet-Anchor of Our Safety"

During the protracted consideration of names presented from every quarter for high positions, the President-elect would often, in moments of leisure or during a discussion, give me his ideas both of the qualities necessary in men chosen for high executive posts, and also, incidentally, of his judgment of the educative power of our institutions. From his various conversations on these subjects, I condense the following expression of opinion:

"Cleveland's Opinions of Men," the third of Mr. Parker's articles, gives Cleveland's estimate of J. Pierpont Morgan, James J. Hill, Joseph B. Foraker, Theodore Roosevelt, and others of the most prominent men of his time.

"While it is an absolute necessity, under our traditions, for a President-elect to take the greatest pains in balancing party position and considerations, and the candidate's State of residence, and to bear in mind that his Cabinet associates must have capacity for executive work, I am not at all sure that this always produces the best results. It strikes the public imagination to choose men who have been Governors of their States, or United States Senators, or active in party management; but it often turns out that these men are taken away from something they know, and to which they have come by gradual steps, to discover that it is difficult for them to adjust themselves to these national problems, which, although they may not be larger or more important, are, at least, entirely different from those to which they have been accustomed. If precedent permitted it, and I had the time, I am sure I could get a perfectly competent Attorney-General in the county seat of any county with which I am familiar. I should not hesitate, in case of necessity, to trust myself and this office in the hands of the best country lawyers in these towns. The same conclusion applies to any other Cabinet Department, unless it might be those of the State and Treasury, where some special knowledge and even experience are desirable."

At another time, when emphasizing this idea in a way he liked to do, he said:

"To me this is the best possible evidence of the success of our system of self-government. So long as we can go out and by seeking find, almost anywhere, men with the fundamental qualities for carrying out our political ideas, there is little likelihood that any overwhelming man will ever become necessary to or will ever be able to command sufficient power to make himself a danger to our institutions. It is this individual capacity that is the sheet-anchor of our safety."

The new Cabinet did not strike the public imagination as favorably as that chosen in the first administration, and yet, on the whole, it was probably quite as strong, if not stronger in executive efficiency. But the Cabinet had so receded in importance that the President was the only man to whom the country looked.

THE VACANT ROAD

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

TO the east of the valley, passing out of sight to north and south, rises the mighty indifference of the mountains. Huge, aged impersonalities, oblivious of the race of men; no one looking up could guess from their dim green reticence that there lay a land of ghosts.

Yet everywhere upon them are the faint traces of a dead generation of men. Untrodden roads lead into blind pockets in the hills; broken and tottering walls sketch phantom farms upon deserted slopes; and night after night the stupid porcupines go rummaging through the gray heaps of timber that were men's dwellings. A futile, melancholy generation of men they were — gone and wholly forgotten, but for these fast obliterating marks upon an obstinate and unconquered land, and their few gaunt, degenerate offspring, still lingering here and there in some corner of this deserted and dejected place.

Down the mountain a man came driving in the late summer afternoon — a low-browed, silent man. His face was covered with a ragged beard; shy brown eyes showed beneath the visor of a faded velveteen cap. Slouched on the down-hill side of an ancient, weak-springed buggy, he held his reins limply above a half-starved colt, all eyes and tail and pipe-stem legs. A denizen of the mountains was passing down for his Saturday evening's touch with civilization at the East Village in the valley.

All at once the man hauled up his horse. It was at the fork where the old road turned off toward Niles' Misery — the place of the murder at the lime kiln. It was twenty years since that; it was fifteen years since a human being had lived there. For years there had been nothing up that road; it led nowhere but to a rotten pile of boards that was once a sawmill, and half a dozen vacant houses dropping piece by piece into their cellar holes.

The mountaineer sat looking up at a new white poster upon a tree. His hairy lips moved as he spelled out the words. It was the

reward for the horse thief — the big Frenchman from the Corners.

The man slouched down again, and drove along muttering —

“Twenty dollars; twenty dollars.” Twenty dollars, tremendous sum — unimaginable.

His eyes sought the ground before him; he sat motionless, reflecting, unnoticed.

The sun set early in the sheer little valley, the evening damp was already in the air; already the veeries had begun their twilight song — distant, elusive, shadowy; full of the dim mystery of the evening woods.

“Twenty dollars,” muttered the man in the decrepit buggy. “Twenty dollars.”

He thought in the straight, obvious lines of primitive desire. Mentally he was more like a furred creature than a man. The horse's hoofs clacked upon the stony road, the ancient buggy racked and rattled and jangled in the uneven ruts, and so he came at last into the Corners.

When he drove into the hamlet, it was already quite dark; looking down the road, the landscape appeared through a dim, bluish film. A few black, unpainted, story-and-a-half houses appeared at irregular intervals, sending up from their chimneys the thin blue of wood smoke into the quiet air. Here and there a soft yellow light appeared in a window; here and there a dim figure passed across the gray road, or along the narrow paths in the dark border. Occasionally sudden noises were heard — the slam of a door, the sharp voice of a woman, the sound of some one chopping wood beside his threshold.

As the man came opposite the second house in the group, he stopped.

“Hi,” he said, and waited.

A dim figure emerged from a black doorway of a lean-to of the house, and came to the buggy side.

“Hello, Sep White, how are ye?” said a cheerful voice.

“Hullo,” said White.

The man in the buggy reached out, gave up a quarter of a dollar, and received a pint of gin.

The transaction was so familiar, it had become automatic; it was not even spoken of.

"You ain't caught the Frenchman, have ye?" said the dim figure by the road.

"No," said White.

"Nor you ain't seen his old woman, neither, have ye?"

"No."

"You knew he took her, didn't you?"

"No."

"Yep, he did, he took her," said the ghostly figure, "and good riddance. Whether they get him or not, there's one thing, we won't have 'em fightin' and hollerin' around here no longer. It's been somethin' terrible lately the way he's been usin' her."

The mountaineer started to drive on.

"You heard about old Niles, didn't you?" said the figure by the road.

"No," said White.

"He's dead."

"Dead?"

"This morning."

White grunted.

"Yep," said the cheerful ghost by the roadside; "yep, cancer got him. He had a hard time of it toward the last; he took on awful, you could hear him screamin' 'way up here — screamin' and hollerin'."

"Pain?"

"Partly that, and partly something else," said the figure in the road, coming nearer and lowering his voice. "Partly something else. About her."

The man in the buggy sat silent.

"About her," went on the conversationalist in the road. "And how he came to do it, and what he done with her afterwards."

"I always thought he done it," said Sep White.

"I know it," said the villager.

The mountaineer nodded silently; gathered up the reins again.

"But of course," said the villager, "we won't know the whole truth of it. His folks won't even let on what he said."

He stepped back, and the buggy rattled on. Down the road, a few hundred yards from the main hamlet, it passed the dark little house of Eleazer Niles' relatives, where he had spent his last days. In the window of the bedroom, usually black, a yellow light shone through the lowered paper shade. Beside that light lay the body of old Niles — the wife murderer. Sep White stared stolidly at it as he passed along.

He thought for a moment of Niles' Misery — the vacant road, the lime kiln, the high-shouldered house with the two dead spruces before

it. Then he stopped his horse, uncorked his bottle, and took a drink of the fiery gin. No sooner was the house out of sight than his mind was back again on its straight path, and he was dreaming of the twenty dollars' reward.

When he reached the East Village grocery store it was still early, and the evening visitors had not yet arrived. The storekeeper, a man with a faded and propitiatory smile, greeted him across the counter. In one of the seats behind the stove the grocer's father, old Mr. Ross, sat within the yellow circle beneath the reflector of the big hanging kerosene lamp. Opposite him, tilted back in his chair, sat the boy from next door, arrayed in his Saturday night festival splendor — a black coat and striped trousers, a thick, ready-made white satin tie, and a stiff hat pushed back from his curls.

The man from the hills sought the background behind the stove, back of Father Ross.

The news of Eleazer Niles' death had just reached them. Old Ross was talking.

"I recollect distinctly how she looked — a little, white, peaked woman — she allus seemed everlastingly afraid of him. In them days he was one of these big hairy fellers, with a ha'sh voice and shoulders like the roof of a barn. He had an almighty high temper, too, specially since things had been goin' against him in money matters. Some thought he's got a little unsettled in his mind; thar was a kind of a taint in the Niles blood. They used to drive into town together, them two, she settin' silent 'way over in one corner of the buggy. I don't believe I ever seen her smile.

"It was a lunsome place in thar then, pretty much as it is now — a hard place for a woman to be livin' week in and week out with a critter like that. His sawmill had failed up, and the other people had come out of thar before that, and them two lived thar in that big house he'd built when he was prosperous — a forbiddin' place to look at, kind of slack and run down; and right over opposite set that old charcoal kiln.

"The fust I remember hearin' was one day they said Leazur Niles was burnin' charcoal in that kiln. Folks remarked it because it was the fust time thar'd ever been a fire in thar. It was built by some New York fellers, but for some reason it seems they failed up before they had a chance to use it. And all the years Leazur Niles had had it, he'd never built a fire in it before. Never a fire in thar before, sir, and never afterwards. And thar never will be, not till the Great Judgment Day.

"But along two or three days after that Leazur Niles come down to town himself —

and his wife wa'n't with him. That was kind of onusual. Somebody ast him about it, thinkin' maybe she might be sick. 'Whar's your wife?' they says.

"She's run away and left me,' he answers 'em in a sort of waver' voice.

"Whar's she gone to?" they asked him.

"I dunno. I think likely she's gone to some relatives of her'n up in the northern part of the State. But I don't know whar she is any more'n you do, and I don't care. She's been threatenin' to run away for some time, and now she's gone, she can stay. I ain't goin' to trouble myself about her.'

"Then he drove along without sayin' anything more. They said afterwards he talked kind of regular — like a schoolboy talkin' a piece.

"Thar wouldn't 'a' been so much thought of that neither, only for what come after it. But pretty soon thar come down ugly talk from the mountain about the way he was carryin' on in thar round his clearin' — settin' guard and watchin' about that coal kiln.

"The fust to see him, as I recollect it, was two little boys who come through thar late one afternoon, startin' back from fishin', and stopped a minute to look at the smoke comin' out of the kiln. All of a sudden they see Leazur Niles comin' round the corner of the kiln, mutterin' in his beard. And when he see 'em, he took after 'em and chased 'em off. He scart 'em so they run 'way down into the Corners — the youngest one cryin' all the way.

"The next one to see him, I guess, was Solon Burgess. He'd been up in thar lookin' at a wood lot of his, and come along back by the road just after dusk one night. And here was the kitchen of the house lighted up, and Leazur Niles with his hair and beard all rumpled up, marchin' to and fro in it, talkin' out loud to himself. And here set the charcoal kiln, smolderin' and smudgin' on the other side of the road. By the Lord Harry, it was lunsome in thar — all dark and kind of blue from the charcoal smoke. It come over him all of a sudden, he said, 'What'd become of poor Mis' Niles?'

"Then all at once, Leazur Niles seemed to hear something. He seen him jump out the door and stan' thar, peerin' up and down the road, listenin'. And in one hand he had his ax. It made a great impression on him, and he come right down and told about it.

"Two or three others seen pretty much the same thing, and before long the hull town knew how Leazur Niles was stayin' in thar in that clearin' settin' guard — prowlin' and glarin' round that charcoal kiln day and night.

Some tried to say he'd gone clear out of his head, bein' lunsome without his wife. But as Solon Burgess said, 'What started him up all of a sudden burnin' charcoal?' They knew better. He wa'n't no more crazy than you nor me. He had a pu'pose in lightin' up that charcoal kiln.

"If we'd had any *selectmen* that had any gumption in 'em that time, we'd 'a' knowed what was inside that kiln. But those fellers didn't dare to. They said as an excuse they couldn't be expected to do anything on just guesswork; it wouldn't be law. The Niles family was pretty high up those days. I guess if they'd 'a' wanted to real bad, they'd found a way somehow.

"Then that thar daredevil Ross Pom'roy he said he was goin' up thar and see. I heard him tell it a hundred times. When he got thar he see what Niles had done. The critter had opened up the kiln — opened her up and burned her out clean. Th' Almighty couldn't 'a' put together what'd been in thar. 'You damn devil!' Ross hollers out to him.

"He came near jumpin' in and poundin' him to death where he stood. But then he thought he'd come down and tell the authorities. And he druv right down and told 'em what he'd seen.

"And *then* they wouldn't do nothin'. What was Ross Pom'roy against the Nileses? But it drifted along and it drifted along, and finally thar wa'n't nothin' ever done about it.

"No, sir," continued the old man, in a half soliloquy, "nothin' ever come of it. By and by Leazur Niles come out thar, and nobody ever molested him. Nobody would have much to do with him, neither. He lived a hard old age, and he died sufferin'."

"They say that old kiln's up in thar yet — just slowly droppin' to pieces year after year. Poor Mandy Niles is gone and 'most forgotten, and now Leazur Niles is dead. And still it sets thar in that dark and forbiddin' place — a monument, you might say, for the thing he done thar. But sure's thar's a livin' God on high, thar never was no other fire lit in this county like that one that was in thar. Was thar, Sep?"

"No," said White, his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"What'd he do it with, Father Ross?" asked the boy.

"'Twas an ax, they say," answered the old man.

The old front door of the grocery jangled and opened, and a head thrust itself in.

"Hey, Bob," called a boyish voice, "come along down street."

"All right," cried the boy, hurrying out.

The door banged after them. There was a moment's silence, then slowly the door reopened, and Asahel Bullock stalked in — Asahel Bullock, the spiritualist, the secret terror of all the children of the place — with his great staff as high as his chin, his long white beard, and ragged, snowy hair, and hollow temples — a tall, great-boned, ancient figure, with broad, thick-muscled shoulders, forced forward by the heavy weight of time.

"Good evenin', Mr. Bullock," said Father Ross, ceremoniously.

"Good evenin'," said the majestic figure.

"Heard the news?"

The figure shook its head in silence.

"Old Leazur Niles is dead."

"So-oh?" said Mr. Bullock, with deliberate wonder. "And yet I ain't surprised, neither. I've been havin' a presentiment for some days—"

Again the door jangled, and a new figure came hustling in. It was Cicero Smith, the carpenter — the village heathen and free-thinker; the hater and hated of the godly of the town — a small, wiry, nervous man, with sandy chin-whiskers, and heavy hair, and the bones of the cheek and jaw standing out prominently from his thin face.

"Hello, Hen," he jerked out to the grocer. "Hello, Sep."

"Well, they say old Leazur Niles's gone finally," he continued, to the group. "The county was saved the expenses of hangin' him, after all."

"Didn't see anything stirrin' up the old road when you come along down, did ye, Sep?" he continued.

The man from the mountains shifted uneasily on his chair.

"I mean it," said the joker solemnly. "Mr. Bullock here, he'll tell you there's spirits and things in there's likely to hop out on you any time."

Old Mr. Bullock stared at him stiffly from beside his staff.

"You mean a good many things don't have no effect on anybody," he said severely.

"Huh," said the scornful one.

"Wal, sir, he wa'n't so far off this time as he might be," said old Father Ross. He paused a moment dramatically. "Thar is somebody in thar now — or somethin'."

The big brown eyes of the mountaineer moved themselves from the floor.

"Old Mandy Niles come back, I suppose," said the scoffer.

"I don't know anything about that, but thar's somebody up in thar now — some woman. Henry," he called, turning.

His son lounged down the store.

"Tell 'em about what you saw yesterday up the old road."

The young man sat down with the group.

"Well, all there is to it is this: Yesterday not being a very busy day here in the store, thinks says I, I'll go fishin'. So I left Father here, and I started out early and went up to Mill Holler brook. I walked 'way up round to the head of it and fished down along the brook. Well, I had pretty good luck—I guess there ain't been anybody there lately — and I stayed just as long's I dared to. You know how early it gets dark up in there.

"But fin'ly I stopped and I struck in on the old road to come home. I was kind of mixed at first — it's getting pretty thick in there; but right after that I see the old charcoal kiln at Niles' Misery, and I knew just where I was. It'd got pretty well on toward night then, but still you could see perfectly plain. So I hurried 'long and came out into the clearin'. I didn't notice anything peculiar — no noise nor nothin'. But just's I got by the house something come across me to look back. And there, standin' beside the end of the kitchen, was a woman."

The man in the shadow behind the stove was leaning forward now, with his eyes fixed on the speaker.

"What'd you been drinkin'?" asked the doubter.

"I hadn't been drinkin' nothing. I see her just as plain as I see you now. She stood there with her back to me, perfectly still, lookin' off, seemingly. She was a little woman, kind of thin, with slopin' shoulders, and she wore a kind of greenish calico wrapper."

"You hear that?" said Father Ross to Mr. Bullock. "Ain't that sing'lar? Ain't that just as perfect a description of old Mandy Niles as you'd ask for — old green wrapper and all?"

"Couldn't been better if he had her right here before him," said the spiritualist solemnly.

"She didn't bite ye, did she?" broke in Cicero Smith.

"No, she didn't, but it struck me all of a heap to see her. I guess I must 'a' looked at her half a minute. Then something took my attention a second, and when I'd looked again she'd disappeared. There wa'n't a sign of her anywhere."

"What'd you do then?" asked Cicero Smith.

"I waited and waited, tryin' to see if I couldn't see her again; and fin'ly, when I didn't catch sight of her, I come out of there."

"Seems to me I'd gone back and gone through the house," said the skeptic.

"Prob'ly you would," said the younger man, flushing. "But I ain't no hero."

"Nope," said Cicero, "you ain't; but Sep White here, he's different. His great-grandfather fit in the Revolutionary War. Didn't he, Sep?"

The mountaineer gazed stupidly at his tormentor.

"Yes, sir, it's well known," said Cicero Smith.

"Wal, it was a strange thing, anyhow, wa'n't it?" asked Father Ross, "seein' a woman in thar that time of night?"

Sep Whiteshifted his body in his chair, opened his mouth as if to speak, and closed it again.

"Well, you noisy critter," said Cicero, "say it out, what is it?"

"Nothin'," said the mountaineer, subsiding.

"Wal, sir, I ain't superstitious," began Father Ross, "but if I was, I think I'd believe that place in thar was possessed. Thar's been some mighty cur'ous things happened thar. In the first place, take the way it looks in thar, with all them trees dead and dyin', just dyin' out in big blotches. They ain't no particular reason they can give for it — only things won't live in thar."

"And then, them cats," suggested the son; "you remember them."

"Yes, *'har!*" exclaimed the old man. "Wa'n't that a cur'ous thing, too? — that time it was full of cats up in thar. A reg'lar plague of cats — black cats and white cats and yeller cats, squallin' and fightin' and scatterin' about that dark and lunsome place day and night. I tell you it was almighty odd."

"Wood cats," suggested Cicero Smith.

"What's that?"

"Oh, just common cats that's been left and's run wild in the woods."

"I dunno anything about that," said the old man, "but it was kind of unseemly."

"Then again, thar's allus been some story or other about the place. You remember that time Mace Phillips fell through into the cellar, and broke his leg, and had to stay thar till they found him. He said he heard things thar he didn't pretend to explain."

"Hedgehogs," said Cicero Smith. "They just the same as proved it."

"Wal, I dunno," said the old man doubtfully; "thar's been some mighty queer stories about that place."

"You don't mean to say you think that's anything supernatral about it, do you?" demanded the atheist.

"I don't say these things have any effect on me," said the old man, retreating. "I don't say they do. But they tend to excite people; they do excite 'em," he explained.

"But what I'd like to know is, what was it I saw up in there?" said the son.

"Come right down to it, are you sure you saw anything?" asked Cicero Smith.

"Yes, *sir*, just as plain as I ever saw anything in my life."

"Well, there are other women besides old Mandy Niles."

"Yes, but what'd they be doing up in there that time of night?"

"Might be berryin'."

"There ain't no berries in there now."

The conversation drifted into a period of half-musing and broken conjecture.

"You don't suppose it's possible Mandy Niles wa'n't dead after all?" hazarded the young man, "but just run away the way he said, and finally decided to come back there again?"

The group considered this impossible.

"It might be somebody like that crazy woman they caught over to South Bradford that time livin' in the woods," suggested Father Ross.

There was an unusual light in the eyes of the mountaineer behind the stove; he kept his eyes upon the faces of the speakers like a young child.

Suddenly Asahel Bullock entered the conversation.

"It's a manifestation you see," he exclaimed in his sonorous voice, "a sign from the sperit world. You might 'a' searched that place over all night and you'd never found nothin' human thar. It was Mandy Niles come back. All these years she's been up in thar, and she's thar now. Thar ain't no doubt of it, and thar never was in my mind. She's troubled in her grave, and she's up in thar to indicate something. A poor, weary, solitary sperit, waitin' and waitin' day and night for somebody to come along and unload her burden."

"Oh, pshaw," said the unbeliever. "Here, I want to ask you something," he continued.

"Well?"

"Did you ever hear of one genuwine case of ghosts?"

"A number of 'em," said Asahel Bullock in secure scorn.

"What's a ghost, anyhow? Let's hear you define it."

"It's the power of the sperit world appearin' and manifestin' itself," said the old spiritualist. "That's all. The sperits that's round us, here and thar and everywhere, watchin' and tendin' and guardin' us in everything we do and think and see — the sperits of them that's passed over. You can't take that away from me; I know it."

"I want to know if you do," said the scorner.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what you want to do is to read Ingersoll and get that foolishness out of your head."

"Ingersoll? Who's this Ingersoll, that he knows so much more'n anybody else?" demanded the old man fiercely.

"He was one of the smartest fellers this country ever produced — that's what he was. If you'd read him, you'd see whether there's spirits or not; he'd show ye. Men's been seein' ghosts ever since the savages first heerd the wind blow at night, but there's never been a real one seen yet, and there never will."

"There won't?" said his opponent, trembling with aged emotion. "I've seen 'em a dozen times myself. What was it I see when my first wife died? What was it I see when my brother passed over — settin' opposite me in my chair in the kitchen, comin' and settin' down beside me on the edge of my bed, and talkin' to me nights? And it ain't only me, neither; it's hundreds and thousands of other people, just's good and respectable citizens as you and your Bob Ingersoll. I tell you it's too late; there ain't no use denyin' such facts at this late day."

"Oh, pshaw," said Cicero Smith. "You'll be tryin' to get me to believe in them miracles the ministers tell about before you get through."

"There's another singular thing," said the grocer; "that I should happen to see whatever it was I saw on just the day old Leazur was dyin'. Of course, I don't take any stock in it, but it *is* singular."

The little company was affected. The late hour, the death, the memories of the old murder, and the natural gravitation of the mind toward the supernatural at such times drew the conversation down strange paths.

But one in the group now paid no more attention. Sep White, having furtively helped himself several times to the contents of his bottle, sat down in his chair, muttering to himself. He struck his fists upon his knees and muttered aloud.

"Hello," said Cicero Smith, quickly, "here's a man holdin' a conversation with himself. Say, what is it, Sep?"

"Nothin'," said White.

"Whose twenty dollars?" asked the freethinker. "What do you mean?"

The mountaineer said nothing.

"I believe that man's got money buried somewhere," said Cicero Smith.

There was a laugh and a silence.

"Wal," said old Mr. Ross, continuing, "I don't believe exactly as Mr. Bullock here, but I do believe thar's a good many things in this

world's never been explained yet and prob'ly never will be. And I allus said if folks did come back or anything of that sort, there be no likelier place than right here in these mountains.

"Look at 'em," he continued, rousing himself, "millions of acres, you might say, stretchin' clear across the State from one end to the other; and all in around 'em the places where folks used to live — cellar holes and empty houses they've come out of, and places where they've been buried — everybody livin' comin' out, and the place gettin' emptier and emptier every year. By the Eternal, I don't believe thar's a lunsomer place on God's footstool than them mountains. If you'd natchally expect anything to happen, you'd expect it thar."

"And when you come right down to it, thar's been a number of things told from thar that's never been explained, exactly. How people come back, things seen or thought to 'a' been seen about just such places as this. I know half a dozen such cases."

Asahel Bullock leaned forward impressively, a fanatic gleam in his eye.

"I tell ye," he said, "to them that knows them mountains, they ain't so lunsome as they look to be. There's those there that never leaves 'em and never will. It's their home just the same as this is yours and mine."

The slow conversation droned along, pushing far and wide about the borders of the Un-discovered Country — conjectures and fears and theories on life and death and the barriers of the grave. Occasionally the drowsy cloud of flies buzzed from the ceiling and settled back again in the solemn pauses of the conversation; occasionally the melancholy, far-off town clock marked another stage in the progress of the night. But over all other sounds domineered the deep voice of old Asahel Bullock, with its insistent reiterations of the mysterious certainties of spiritualism.

At last the freethinker arose to go. "It's gettin' late," he said, "I'll have to be movin' along home, or I won't get my Sunday-school lesson in time for to-morrer mornin'."

It was his regular Saturday night formula for leaving. The little company realized it was time to disperse again.

The carpenter left the store, and old Asahel Bullock rose to follow his example. When he had gone half way across the floor, he stopped, leaning on his staff, his eyes set out into the distance, like some hairy Hebrew prophet.

"They come back; they come back," chanted his great, resonant voice. "The mis'able grave can't hold 'em. Hoverin', watchin', listenin' all around us; they're just as real as we are and a thousand times as free."

He walked slowly out the door. It was now time for White to leave. The father and son were waiting to shut up the store. He rose slowly; at the door he paused a moment with his hands on the latch, as if he wished to speak, and then went out. For a moment he stood slightly swaying upon the upper step. Then he turned and stood within the door again.

"Say, was she kind of a black-lookin' woman?" he called to young Ross.

"Why — yes — kind of," said the grocer, surprised. "Yes, kind of."

"Good-night," said the mountaineer, going out again.

The light in the store went out; the mountaineer was alone again, staring before him toward the mountains. For long, dim miles, a blue-black barrier across the midnight sky, the great funereal succession of hooded peaks marched before him — northward from the unknown wilderness of the Canadas, southward to the sea.

The man was sitting alert and straight upon the seat. He pulled the black bottle from his pocket for the last time, finished its contents, and threw it to the side of the road.

Then he reached forward, took out his whip, and a galloping horse went up the road, and a figure waving its arms in the darkness. They passed the house with the dead body, the exhausted horse slacked its speed, and dragged slowly up the hill. At last they came to where the dim white poster shone from the tree at the fork of the roads. The man stood staring and muttering a moment beneath it. Then, taking an ancient, loose-stocked gun from the bottom of the buggy, he tied his horse and stole into the Vacant Road.

It was very still. What little wind there was had died in the valley where he stood. Once a whip-poor-will chimed suddenly from the roadside as he passed. He shambled on, looking neither to right nor left; first through a stretch of silent woods; then into the first clearing, with the three dull outlines of ruined

houses. The hiss of drizzling water came from the gray tangle of timber which had been the sawmill. The man passed into a second stretch of woods; and the solid silence closed again about him. He moved softly, easily, like a creature of the night woods.

All at once, that most terrible of night sounds — the screaming of a woman. The man started forward on a run. There was a break in the woods, a blur of white, a lime kiln on one side of the road, and across from it a high-shouldered house with a yellow light in one window.

The man loped quickly across the clearing of Niles' Misery — headed toward the screaming in the house; straight to the door; and stood on the threshold, leveling his gun.

"Here, you damned Frenchman," he cried.

The two figures struggling in the center of the room suddenly stood still; the man letting go the club they were fighting for and dropping his hands stupidly by his sides.

The woman sank panting on one of the two boxes which took the place of chairs. The drunken Frenchman leaned against the wall, with the mountaineer watching him.

"He nearly done for me that time," said the woman at last, in a level, monotonous voice.

"Come along," said the mountaineer to the man against the wall.

"Where you tek me dis taime night?" asked the Frenchman.

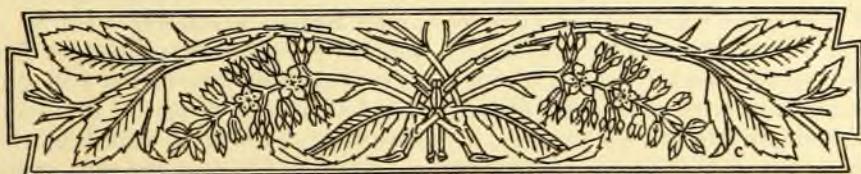
"Down the mountain," said White. "You, too," he said to the Frenchman's wife.

They passed out into the night — the mountaineer driving them before him; out of the evil clearing with the lime kiln, by the ruined mill and its broken houses; out of the Vacant Road.

The figure with the gun looked neither to right nor left; its eyes were fixed continually upon the two figures just before it.

"Twenty dollars," he said ecstatically. "I-God, twenty dollars."

The three plodded heavily down the mountain.



BIBI STEINFELD'S HUNTING

BY
ELEANOR STUART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

SIR HORACE DACRE stood under a tree of a species unknown to him, gazing through field-glasses at six ladylike giraffe who were gracefully eating the shoots from another group of trees which he believed to be locusts. Mountains frowned on him less than twenty miles away, and from the printed evidence of his map he further believed himself in German East Africa, which was annoying, as he had no gun license for that colony.

He had arrived there because the game he had followed from his starting place within British territory seemed anxious to die on German soil; and, in the excitement of the chase, he had had no counter opinions to offer. His African *safari* (journey) was the first holiday he had ever had in a life of banking, and his soul was aflame with the joys of nomadic freedom. He often wished for more to eat, but the scenery was glorious, the game more plentiful than he had believed, and the head men among the porters knew enough English to assure him that he could easily return to Voi when his delight in the mountains was over. Voi is British and on the Uganda Railway.

His porters set off stealthily; thirty naked, sturdy creatures, climbing upward through the violet shadows in a shelter from the sun made by huge ferns and bare, thorny stalks that flowered high in air with a white, bird-like blossom. Parasitic vines twined in complexity over the nameless trees, and doubled back upon themselves, like the cables in a great electrical powerhouse, while the varied life of ant and ape, of parrot and Paa deer, of all the little, swift things that seek the cover of jungles, thrilled through Dacre's consciousness with a thought of how much there is unknown to dry old bankers.

He went on, exulting, with fifteen men before him and fourteen at his back. Kilima'njaro, snow-crowned and mighty, burst on his sight when the jungle foliage grew thinner, and on the slope of one of its gracious foot-hills, green with bunch-grass and a well-grown young apple

orchard, a tiny house nestled, Germanic and incongruous.

Its stockade suggested Nuremberg and protected a vegetable garden from the appetites of herbiferous creatures, its red-tiled roof shone comfortably under a stranger sky, and the birds that perched on it and sang not at all, were tuneless African things unworthy even a sparrow's place in spring-tide and European poetry.

The head man said that this was the Bibi's house. Sir Horace had a vague memory of the word Bibi; he stalked it as he stalked elusive game, and at last it broke from its hiding of many days into a distinct memory. He had heard it in Mombasa and knew it to be a title of respect applied to ladies; "your Highness," some one had said was its meaning.

"What Bibi?" he demanded.

"A German Bibi," was all the answer he received, and his caravan proceeded, under the impetus of a downward slope, to the edge of the ascent of the green hill with the exotic dwelling.

Dacre felt intense exhilaration at the idea of meeting a European lady again. He stopped at a shady spot, and Nguvu, his gunbearer, pulled out a round mirror three inches in circumference and a Charvet cravat, which his master tied very carefully over a flannel shirt which had been fresh in the early morning. He very much regretted that he had regarded a hair brush as superfluous in his early fervor for light traveling, but plied a broken comb with such skill as lack of practice had left to him. He found himself wondering what he should say, with all the glad embarrassment of a lad about to visit the first lady he has ever admired. He told his caravan to rest in the shade, and, followed only by Nguvu, walked up the hill to the stockade and looked through it with friendly curiosity. The place was well ordered but singularly silent, and after a leisurely survey Dacre moved round the angle of the house to the front door.

It was wide open, and the vista of the house

within was delightful. Plates of cheap German ware decorated rough-hewn walls of native wood in what was evidently a dining-room. The sitting-room door was closed, but on the other side of a tiny entry a young woman sat quietly by a high feather bed, neatly spread and empty.

Nguvu knocked gently, and the young woman rose at once, evidently startled.

"Did the Government send you?" she cried in German.

"No," Sir Horace answered with imposing courtesy and also in German. "I was passing by a few miles away, and hearing that there was a European lady so near, I called to pay my respects."

"Come in," she said urgently. "Oh! come in —" She burst into tears, to his great distress and bewilderment, and, opening the sitting-room door, almost pushed him into a large armchair. He wished forcibly that he had not come.

Mechanically, and with a kindness that longed to console, he patted her strong young hand, wondering what he should say, and wisely refraining from saying anything.

"I thought you were the doctor," she gasped between her sobs, "who had come too late."

Dacre nerved himself to a great effort. "Bibi," he said, "I cannot help you if I do not know your trouble. Although I never heard of you until this morning, my intensest desire in life at this moment is to relieve your suffering. Pray, dear Bibi, command yourself and tell me this awful thing which grieves you."

She drew a long breath and showed him her face, which was lovely in spite of disfiguring grief; and, as she strove to stop the sobs that shook her, she wiped away tears from eyes of Delft blue, beneath brown hair touched here and there with bronze lights. Her whole person gave out a sense of great physical strength, of reposed endurance, and unchanging health.

"My name is Minna Steinfeld," she began. "I was born Tieblatt, and I met my dear husband" — here she cried once more — "in Breslau, when he came first from Africa on his first home leave. We loved then right away, and, our parents consenting, we married and came to German Africa, where he was head of the Government *schreiber* — clerks — in Tanga. We were happy, and we went home at last for leave."

Sir Horace had invested large sums for ladies, and he knew that their stories begin, as a rule, when Helen was a child in Troy. He did not interrupt, but continued to pat her strong hand impersonally, as he had seen the family physician do in emotional crises. When she looked

at him, he nodded as if to say, "I'm very glad you spoke of that."

"I cannot tell you," she said at last. "Ask Hamsa, my boy. He knows German — I would like to tell you, but it is too awful."

She fled from the room, and Dacre was presently confronted by a spotlessly neat negro, who stood respectfully in the doorway and greeted him in good German.

"My master," he said, "got fever in Tanga when he got home from his leave, and was made *schreiber* at this caravan station that he might get the strong air of the Bara-Hinterland. But he grew worse, and when we knew he was dying, the Bibi went into the kitchen to sit there while he slept. She slept, too, for she was weary with watching, and when she woke she saw a black-maned lion with a white fore foot drinking up the bath water in the tub. He left the house, and when she went to the master's room, he was gone also. She never saw him again, but I went out, and from what I saw, I knew the lion had taken him away and come back for the water."

"When did this happen?" Dacre's eyes were staring wildly.

"A fortnight last Thursday."

"It is the most terrible story I know," Dacre cried. "It is unbelievable."

"It is quite true," Hamsa answered proudly, "and of course it is terrible, the Bara is more terrible than the anger of God, but it is worse when lions snatch the healthy. My master had to die."

"Oh, be still," Dacre cried, leaving the room.

He went into the garden where the Bibi was leaning against the house wall: He took her in his arms as her mother might have done and begged her to let him send for some woman, or conduct her himself to the coast, but she shook her head.

"Two things I must do," she said stubbornly. "I must make over this place to the Government in good order; I promised my dear husband to do that. And I must get that lion, oh, I must get that lion."

"Dear Bibi," he remonstrated, lapsing again to the family doctor manner, "you cannot get that terrible creature, they are hard to get. I have seen seven or eight and shot but one."

"You have never lived in the Bara," she interrupted. "I have shot eight since my dear husband was taken ill. This is a bad place for lions — but — but *his* lion I would not kill, his lion is a sacred animal." An awed, almost crazy look crept into her face as she whispered thoughtfully, "He is no longer a lion only; dear friend, he is a grave, a mausoleum."

Dacre started back in utter revulsion, but she never noticed it. "See," she cried, pointing,

"these nets hold lions, mine is nearly finished." They moved together to a space of homely flowers such as Germans cherish in their old-world gardens, and showed him a huge native basket filled with leathern thongs. Four hides of incredible thickness were stretched on frames in the sun, and these she cut into thongs with a native knife. Her dexterity interested him. When she had cut a sufficient number, she tossed them into the basket, just lifting out a few to knit deftly together in the manner in which German ladies make fringe, except that she oiled each thong with evil smelling "bull grease."

Sir Horace had profited by many experiences in life, but he was at this moment enjoying his first adventure, and he was at once amazed and interested to observe himself as very much exercised by many emotions whose presence in man's make-up he had hitherto not guessed. The first of these was pity, and the next amazement. He longed to hear all of the narrative, but feared his intrusion on some sacred moment in the tragedy; sitting silent, a sane old financier in the wilderness, baffled by new conditions and stirred by the woe of a lonely lady of much humbler origin than those whose society was his usual diversion.

"I am almost always," the Bibi said shyly, "very quiet and brave. I knew my dear husband had to go, but it was so awful to go in this way, and when his dear parents ask me about his grave, when they say, 'Did you place a wreath for me?' what answer shall I make? It is terrible, but I know that lion from any in the Bara; he was no man-eless man-eater, but a black-maned—"

"I know," Dacre interrupted gently; "your boy told me. Who was with you besides your servant?"

"No one," she continued simply. "Yours is the only white face I've seen since I lost the sight of his."

Dacre was deeply moved. He looked out into the valley which spread smoothly as a river at the foot of the round hill on which they sat. The orchard flung a lattice-like shadow over its eastern end, and no noise of life or strife came from the infinite stretches of desolation surrounding them. It was hard to be prudent in such unprecedent conditions, and with a newborn love of excitement waking wild within, but Sir Horace urged her to abandon her quest of the beast and come with him to the coast and the care of other women.

"No," she replied with a firm finality, "no. I must go when the new caravan *schreiber* comes—perhaps in a fortnight; but until then"— she rose and looked abroad over the

rough parapet which guarded her little plot of clover—"until then, I hunt."

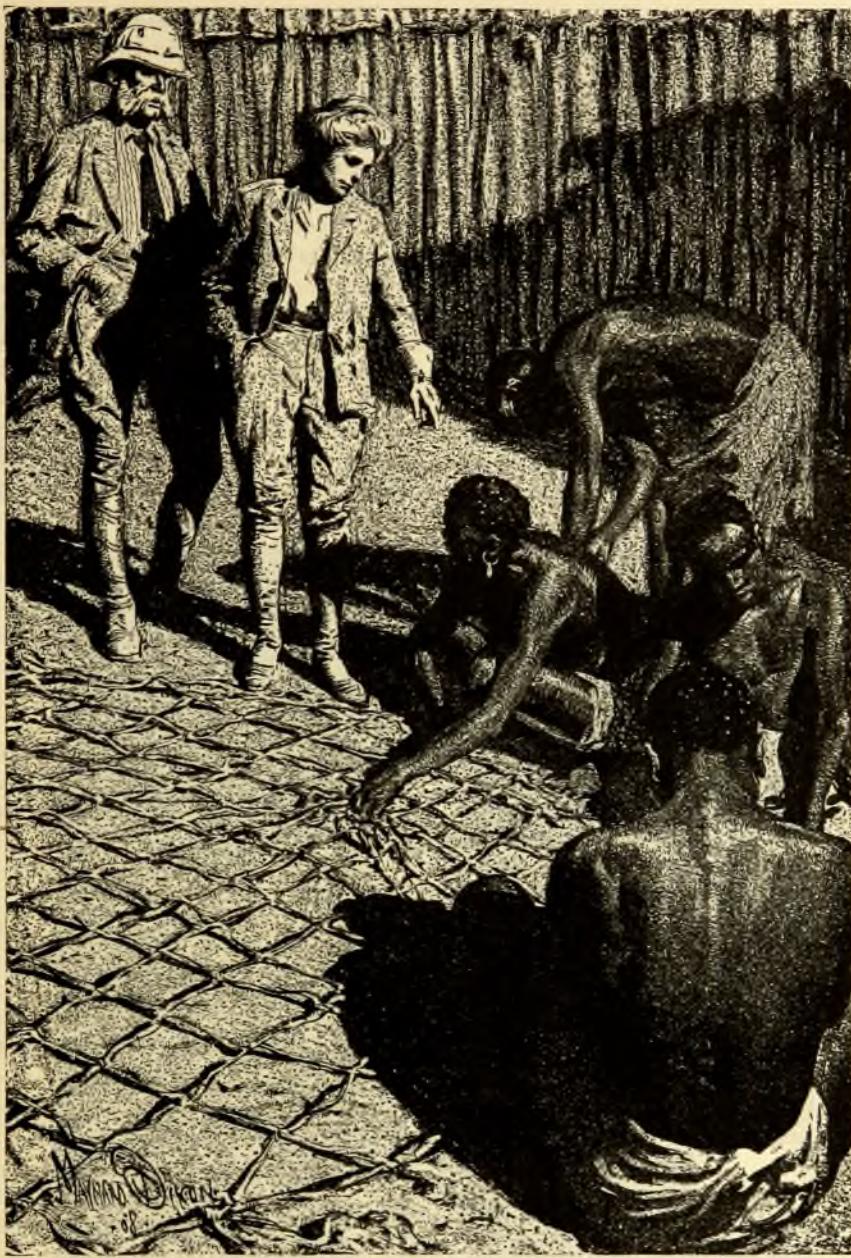
He silently resolved to remain and hunt with her.

The food for his caravan he bought from the Government through the Bibi, who kept her books with precision, and in the evenings he played at scat with her. She often apologized for the absence of a black dress, and sometimes she told him of her life or of her husband's. Her simplicity was appalling, and a great tenacity of sentiment was allied with it. She worked by day on the lion net, until it grew to be a vast knotted cloth, strong enough to hold a rhino. Dacre found himself slipping into her vocabulary and speaking of the lion as a *simba*, and he also found that day or night he was as bent as she was upon his capture. The least promising feature of the quest seemed to his trained caution to be the probability of the lion's sharp teeth biting through the thongs. After consultation with Nguvu, he made a muzzle of cruel efficiency, and thereafter gave himself completely to deferential appreciation of the situation and its victims.

The Bibi showed a not unusual disposition to descant on past pleasures. She told of how very prudent the late Maximilian had been, and how in matters culinary or those of household administration he had ever admitted her supremacy without urging. She was enormously gratified at Sir Horace's title, and when he said to her, "Bibi, I am only a baronet, because my grandfather was a brewer," she answered kindly, "Oh, the people must have beer, Sir Horace," and quite missed his point. She always kept the sitting-room door closed as a good *hausfrau* should, and begged him to see to it if she were in the garden and he within the house, and the amount of scrubbing and rubbing she got through each day was prodigious. Sometimes she told him extraordinary tales of hunts she had gone on with her husband, and her servants bore her out in every story. The house was filled with heads and horns, and all the what-not of a skilled Nimrod, but sentiment and housewifery were what she loved and what she spoke of *con amore*.

"If my dear husband had to go," she would say softly, "I am glad he did not get new clothes at Hamburg—"

And again she said one evening, laying down her cards on the table, "You are the first nobleman I have ever met. I am enchanted to have met a nobleman, and I am glad to have had on diamonds when you came." She pointed to two tiny chips of brilliants in her ears, to which Dacre had often heard her allude as "meine erste Brillanten."



"STRIPPED TO THEIR WAISTS, THE SAVAGES SAT ABOUT THE GREAT WEB AS IF IT WERE A CLOTH SET FOR FEASTING"

"I brush these twice a day," she continued, "just as I brush my teeth—not with the same brush, but quite as earnestly."

Sir Horace used to reprove himself sometimes for being so desperately interested in these confidences, and interrogated the feelings in his old heart with a frightened conviction that spring was not dead. But Bibi Steinfeld's summer was visibly at an end. She spoke only of the chance of capturing the lion, life held no future but that for her. On the sixth day of his stay at Caravan-stelle numero sechs, Provinz Kilima'njaro, the Bibi announced that her net was completed, and assisted by the entire cara-

van spread it out like a carpet beyond the garden's limit.

Stripped to their waists, the savages sat about the great web as if it were a cloth set for feasting. Each man tied lengths of *kiboko* (rhino hide), much thicker than the thongs, to all the knots and joinings at the net's outer edge. Then the Bibi's head man cut out apart of each *kiboko* and filled it with molten lead until the fabric displayed a fringe of sinkers. The moon rose on their labors, shining within the stockade on the fragrant and deserted garden and beyond the pale, on the deep bronze and bare bodies of the workers, who hummed like great bees at their task.

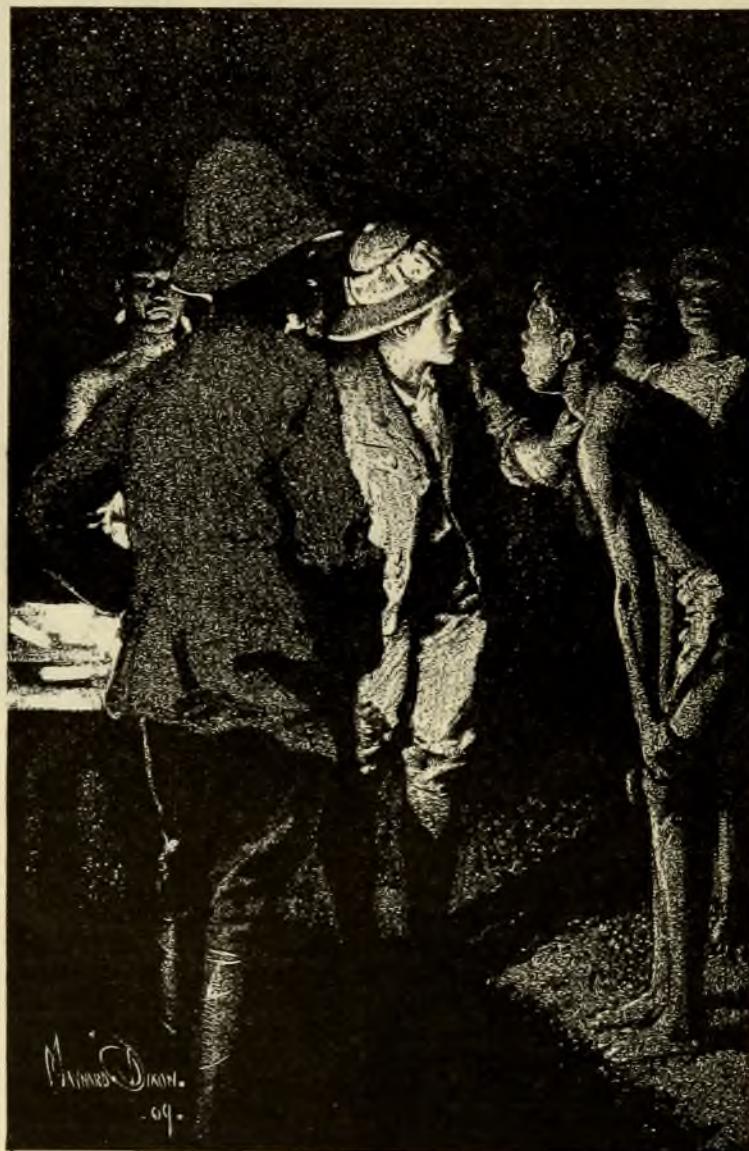
The Bibi had been busy within all day; no chair or table had missed its dusting, and she was now taking leave of the house. Her linen and all her treasures were being packed in the kitchen, and even Sir Horace's hot, upstairs room was dismantled. She had told him she meant to give Maximilian's *remplaceur* his books and keys in the garden. "I shall never enter the house again," she declared, "once it is in order for our successor."

At ten o'clock the net was finished, and Sir Horace went to summon the Bibi to its inspection. She had evidently left her responsibilities to a native clerk and two house-boys, for she stood with the release they had signed in her hand between the lamplight indoors and the brightness of a white moon outside. Sir Horace,

ever fearful of intrusion, stood within the shadow thrown by the house upon the night's brightness as the Bibi crossed her threshold for the last time. He was about to clear his throat to warn her of a witness to her farewell, but restrained himself suddenly, as she stood looking in on her old home, quietly, but with tears and utter faithfulness. Turning, she looked bravely out on the night and the wilderness.

"The net is finished," he proclaimed gently, offering her his arm, for he had observed that the Bibi's literal mind adored formality.

She took it gratefully and moved through the gardens with a gait as womanly as though she were dressed in skirts instead of her long leather tunic and hunting breeches. Her gaiters were



"THEY OPENED THEIR GREAT BLACK-LIPPED MOUTHS"

scratched with many a thorn, and a smartly pipe-clayed sun helmet almost hid the tiny treasured diamonds she wore to go hunting with a nobleman. Hamsa had placed a *punkah* lamp on a table in the garden; and, after the Bibi had looked carefully at the border of sinkers on her handiwork, she began to examine men from the caravan, choosing who were to go with her household goods to the coast, and who were to be hunters like herself. Hamsa and Nguvu were tending the guns by a wind-screened lamp of their own.

One by one the negroes advanced to the table, and the Bibi with her gauntleted hands raised their feet and scanned them attentively; and, as they voluntarily opened their great black-lipped mouths, she looked within them for disease in a spirit of scientific research which astounded Dacre. She shirked no disagreeable detail, but through the long night scanned her bearers and made up the two caravans, saying the one word "*pwani*" to signify those who were to go to the coast, or "*Bara*" to those who were to remain in the Hinterland and aid in her hunting.

Before their coffee was served them in open, smoking pans, false morning had again lightened the world with a livid pallor of death. Those wild flowers of Africa that bloom only in the morning hours, and close in the fierce sunlight as they close at night, starred the reviving tints of vivid green with a thousand points of pink or gold. When the true sunlight shot a golden ray from the side of the world, it showed the coast caravan drawn up to salute and the net carriers with their burden furled upon strong shoulders. The beaters wore shirts of barkcloth, and the gunbearers European coats and white hand-sewn caps. There was more of order, more, even, of ceremony about this hunting trip than Sir Horace had imagined possible.

The Bibi took his arm to leave her garden and walked with the slow state of one who mourns. She paused before the door and said quite simply, "My Maximilian lifted me across that threshold, and I had an impulse to kiss it good-by until I reflected that the lion had crossed it too."

That accounted to Sir Horace for the stockade's unimpaired condition, a problem which had employed his mind for days. The sweet upland air released the heavy odors of frangipanni in a lowland thicket, and at one step they stood in a dense jungle, with an overhanging tangle of starving boughs through which the light of day might scarcely pass. They walked slowly, as the night had been spent in toil, and no one made any effort to see or secure game. Colobus monkeys leaped about above them, and

a hippo sank deeply in the yielding mud of a yawning pool at their approach. But the Bibi's soul was bent on lions; one of her men had been hiding at a favorite drinking place for felines, where the stream ran deep through a stretch that was open plain on one bank and thick cover on the other. It was to this spot that they were directing their steps now for news of the king of beasts.

Sir Horace's mind was so open to the picture of the Bibi's tragedy, of the lion's coming and carrying off his prey, returning sated for water to drink, that revenge had broken forth in him, and he so longed to kill the animal that no other thought visited his consciousness, and he passed the strange trees without any of the careful attention he had bestowed on them as he moved, so short a time ago, through the jungles to the Bibi's house and the new sensations awaiting him in it.

Suddenly she fell on her knees and whistled with the far, clear call of a male heron. Faintly the whistle returned to her, almost like an echo. The negroes put the net down in the worn path, and she motioned Dacre to sit on it near her.

"We shall hear if our boy knows anything now," she said; "he is here, he has whistled."

A leaf stirred near them, and a wild creature with hair like a chenille poodle came through the shrubs with no more motion than a light wind might cause in its passage.

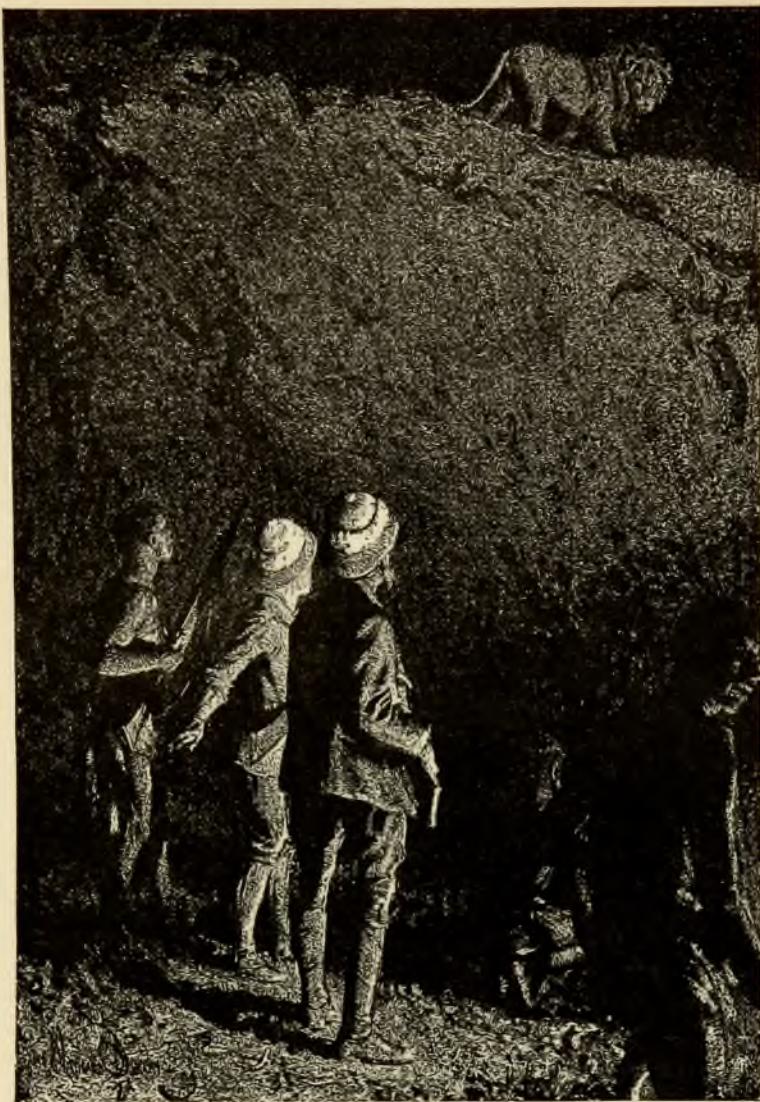
"Jambo," he said in a dull voice.

"Jambo," she answered, "what news of lions?"

"Lions," he observed, "were drinking by starlight between the moon and the sun. The black head and the white foot drank also and lightly, not as he should drink after a kill. His mate goes with him, and he trekked to the stone hill beyond the empty river."

The Bibi thanked him, and he joined their party, after which they ate, and while some of them slept, a few glared into the netted branches until the late afternoon offered a better temperature for progress. The wild flowers opened to another gala hour, and before darkness came the party had camped by a smooth stream evidently much below its normal flood, with a bare ledge of rock to protect them on the other side, which gave on strange cliffs of sand and lines of straggling acacias. The watch was chosen and set, and Nguvu and Hamsa talked quietly of where food was good, and who sewed caps cunningly in Zanzibar, and all the detail of African intimacy which so engrosses the mind of negroes.

Out of respect for the Bibi's bereavement they refrained from singing, but beat their open



"IT IS HIS LION," THE BIBI CRIED SUDDENLY"

hands on the ground in a rhythm and hummed with full resonance.

The night passed without alarms, and in the morning Sir Horace brought down an eland coming in for water. They rested there until after the noon meal, when they moved forward into the strange cliff formation and picked up another of the Bibi's men, who said the lion's lair was near them half way up a slope. His mate had cubs, he added, and man-eaters lived near by, maneless and terrible.

"Haisuro," the Bibi said quietly, which is to say, "no matter."

For a moment as they passed through the tawny streaks of sand alternating with elephant grass, Sir Horace could but wonder if this Amazon of womanly sentiment and deep love of household occupation could be in any sense a part of his life as he saw it in smoke- and care-

filled London. But the zest of the chase was on him, and where her neatly gaitered feet led, he must follow. They camped that night without further incident than the discovery of a dikdik's carcass, half eaten by a lion or his mate, and the sight of a hyena limping meanly along, well under cover.

The third day broke faultless in a stretch of yellow sand, with cliffs at the far end, upon whose crests grew m'vuli trees and shrubs not unlike the Rose of Sharon.

"*Simba*," Nguvu whispered as Dacre and the Bibi took up their guns. A maneless creature with a serious lion's face and kingly stride paraded slowly through the rough amphitheater without a thought of audience or prey. The Bibi raised her rifle, and he fell forward, his hind legs still stiff and his head lower than his tail. Presently he turned on his side and then lay still.

"He is not dead," the Bibi said quietly. "Shoot, Sir Horace."

Dacre shot, but missed; the creature was so still, and so unbelievably near,

that missing seemed a miracle.

"Shoqt, Hamsa," she said politely.

The boy aimed carefully, and at his discharge the man-eater leaped and shrieked, charging on them with a horrible sound of battle and of rage. But he fell limply as he ran, and Dacre shot again to be sure the strife was over. The day wore on, and when night came they moved within the shelter of a high cliff partly stone, anxious to have one quarter whence danger might not assail them suddenly.

She spread the great net on the ground and anointed it afresh with "bull grease," and told the savage with the chenille hair that she meant to hunt with him at daybreak. The fourth day broke cloudless, and the Bibi, Sir Horace, the gunbearers, and Loba, the savage, started up the trail over the cliff that had sheltered them, only to return at dusk without sight of a

lion. The net was still spread, so the camp was moved farther from the cover of the cliff, while the Bibi discussed pitfalls with Hamsa, and Sir Horace saw that she was a little discouraged. They sat at the door of her tent in the darkness, looking up at the cliff, guessing its height and structural element. Sir Horace said chalk, the Bibi said igneous rock, and Hamsa said the hand of God had fashioned it from many things.

The Bibi caught her breath. "Look," she said, and at the same caution Hamsa whispered, "*Simba*."

At the top of the cliff a lion stalked them, going to and fro on his silent pads with his head turned always to one side that he might eye his choice among them. The great rude form of majesty stood out against the blue night, and the regularity of his march and the metronomic certainty of its rhythm seized on Dacre's mind with a fascination, a glowing admiration, and, at the same time, a desire for revenge.

"It is *his* lion," the Bibi cried suddenly. "The left fore foot is white."

Even as she said it, the watch-fire far beneath him sent out a spear of flame which showed the great white pad plainly. The Bibi's plan was laid, her decision was taken. "Hamsa," she said in the quiet of intense excitement, "get behind him somehow with beaters, make him leap the cliff suddenly, the net is spread beneath him. So now—quick, begone, just as the dark lifts, *beat*, he will stalk us long from that height in this darkness. Go."

"Bibi," Hamsa said firmly, "men do not fight lions in the darkness."

"Go," the Bibi said sternly. He hesitated, until she touched him with her foot, and he saw the infinite contempt in her face even in the scant light. His men followed him without protest, while still the lion of Maximilian stalked on with his metronomic monotony of rhythm.

The negroes longed to shoot. They shuddered with eyes on the hankering brute above them, but the Bibi gathered them round her and told them not to trust a shot sped in darkness. The beast was looking for the dawn too, for as the night wore on he paused at the western end of his beat and turning toward the east sniffed the wind which bore him messages of time and intruders, of rains and droughts and all the items of a huntsman's fortune.

The livid false morning pulsed over the Bara in long streaks of gray, and from a distance the sounds of the beaters altered the outline of the lion's head, to those who watched his alert and listening ears from below the cliff.

Her gun was ready, as was Dacre's, but she made every negro pile his up beside her, relenting only toward those who swore by their

fathers' spirits not to fire without command. She knelt, and, advancing steadily, although still on her knees, came to the far edge of the net. The beaters were coming, and the lion paused and looked down the cliff-side to gauge its depths. Bibi Steinfeld rose to her feet, and the wild creature looked at her and leaped.

As a miner's furnace opens to the night, its deep glow leaping from the crowded coals to the very zenith, so the lion leaped on the departing darkness and sped, flame-colored and deadly strong, from the height of his sheer eminence.

"Get back," the Bibi called, "get back, Sir Horace"; but at these words she ran madly forward and tore toward the face of the cliff.

The agony of ages rolled over him as he saw her run. Nguvu was at the net's edge with all his men, and all her bearers seemed remote from her. He covered the beast with his rifle as best he might, but felt his shot bound to fail.

The creature landed, over-jumping his prey by ten feet, and in trying to turn on her his foot caught in the trapping mesh, she had seized the edge of the net and thrown its border of sinkers over him. Nguvu rolled up his edge, and the heavy selvedge bound him as Sir Horace sweated under the weight of his margin and the Bibi burst into wild weeping.

"*Gefangen*," she said weakly; and Sir Horace answered, "My dear Bibi, he is really caught."

Nguvu sat near the beast with a long sharp stick. Every time the lion attempted to bite into the net, he prodded him stoutly. The Bibi approached him quietly and knelt down with tears streaming over her face, and Sir Horace stood just behind her. Suddenly conscious of what the snarling monster meant to her faithful, widowed heart, he raised his hat and stood bare-headed in the presence of the destroyer. The negroes at his example crowded about respectfully, the savage with the stick being alone occupied in this funereal pause.

Then the Bibi raised her clear womanly voice and repeated a psalm, and Dacre said the amen with real feeling, again offering her his arm to conduct her with the formality she so loved to her seat by the waning watch-fires. It was now full day, the exquisite hour of returned life and morning vigor—and he looked at her great strength and the firm outline of her cheeks, paled as much by the climate as by grieving, wondering that life imposed such tyrannies of sentiment on the weakness of women. The men were roping the lion now, and his howls and roaring did away with all reflection. The net still covered him closely, but he was noosed again and again outside it, the ropes drawn taut, wherever they caught; and, placed on a

litter of strong branches, he was ready for the trek. Sir Horace offered his muzzle and was told by Loba that he thought it would do nicely if Sir Horace were able to get it on, after which opinion he put it back in his pocket with a feeling of innocent shame which had not visited him since his far-away school-days.

They started for the coast almost at once. Loba and Nguvu were guides, and the prestige of a live lion stimulated the train of porters so that their work of repacking for the long trek seemed nothing to them. They were able to walk the greater part of the day, protected from the glare of noon by a thick jungle overspreading a waterless ravine, where the Bibi brought down their dinner in the form of some—to her—nameless antelope, with her impassive and sportsmanlike precision of aim. She was not at all weary, while Dacre's head seemed bursting, and pain shot over his shoulders and made him gasp before the night rest came. She was very silent, but sometimes she looked at the netted and still snarling brute on his rough litter, borne by the sweating blacks whose pace was slow from his great weight—and tears gushed from her eyes at the sight.

"Those porters are his pall-bearers," she said once, and Sir Horace replied gravely that he had not thought of that before. Tact had visited him in a great degree, and observing that she abandoned herself to unrestrained sentiment, he did what he could to preserve her mood from any appearance of criticism. After two days of incessant walking, they came to a town of many goats, where the agents of hide-dealers lived in semi-civilized squalor, and where a strong cage was built for the lion. The bearers were anxious to name him, and after a certain hesitation Sir Horace asked the Bibi if she had any choice as to style and title. She answered that there was a name, but she couldn't remember it just then. Later in the day she said very simply that she desired him to be called "Charon," which the bearers accepted, but changed at once to "Karani," meaning *schreiber* or clerk. It seemed to them chosen on account of the late Maximilian's avocation. Dacre was sorry for this alteration, but as she never observed it, he soon ceased to grieve.

There were no white women at the goat-skin town, and after two days of rest the caravan set out very slowly for the coast. The cage was nearly as heavy as the creature it confined, and progress was terribly tedious, but Charon was amply fed and quieter. Dacre used often to gaze on him in horror at the thought of his destructive prowess, but when the Bibi stood by his crib in deep contemplation and her manly

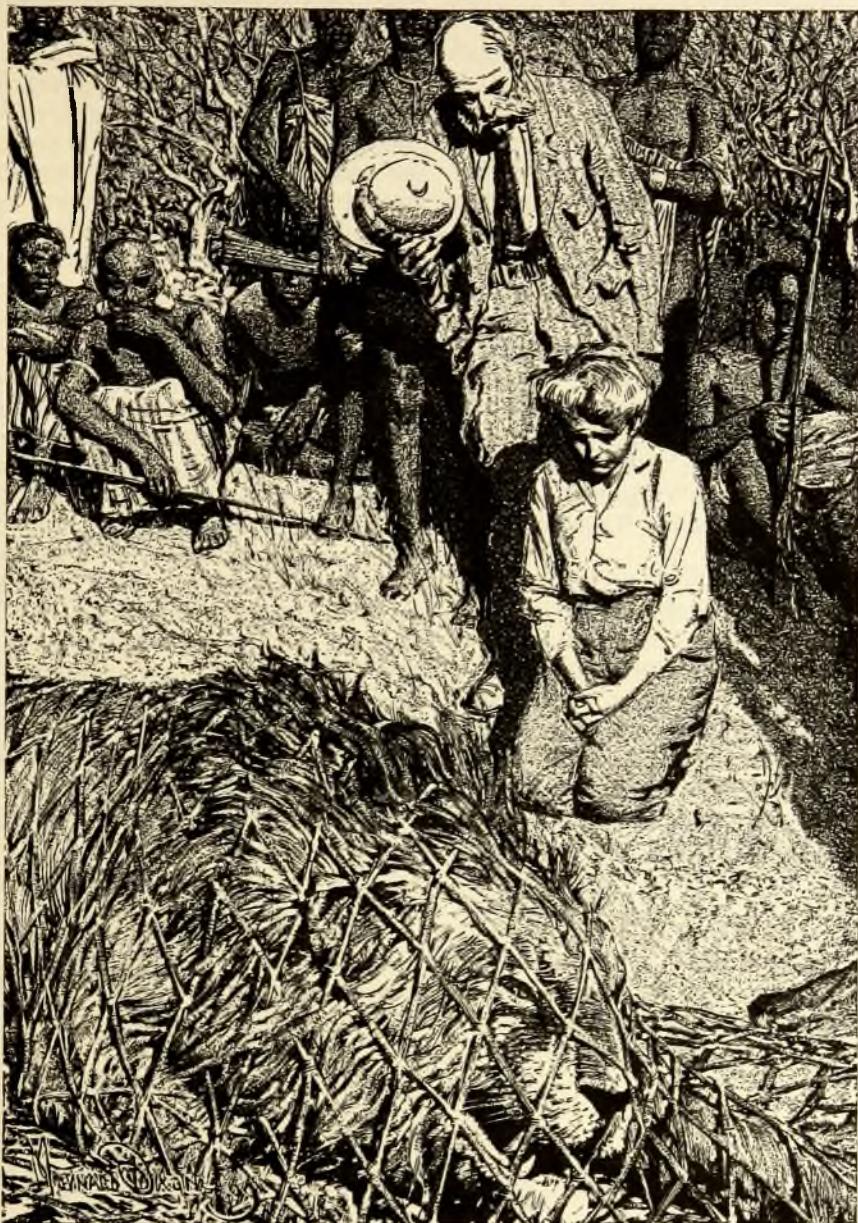
hunting costume, it was to be observed that she lavished on him the mortuary sentiment which all Germans possess, and in which the German middle class luxuriates. Sir Horace habitually offered her his arm as she returned from such visits; it was her ceremony and she loved it.

When, at long last, Dar es Salaam was reached, and he moved once more in a street and saw neat German houses and white women in their rickshaws and was asked to dine at the Governor's, the whole adventure seemed but a dreamed episode, a mad imagining. He was asked by everyone what Bibi Steinfeld meant to do with the lion, but he was quite unable to reply. A captain of a D. O. A. L. steamer was at the table, who took a deep and detailed interest in the fact of the beast's presence in the town, but Dacre avoided him. He had been with the Bibi so long that he had begun to take her view of the animal, though ever so slightly, and no jest could be made in his presence about a tragedy so complete, or a sentiment so extraordinary. As he passed the house of an *unterbeampter* where the Bibi was lodging, on his way to his own room, he saw her, dressed in black and listening to what he surmised must be the respectful condolence of the sea-captain who had preceded him from the Governor's in a rickshaw.

Early next morning she sent Loba for him, and he hastened to her, breakfastless. Her hunting tunic was hanging on a clothes-line far from the screened veranda, and in its stead she wore the dress of a widow, with a bow of crêpe in her bright hair in lieu of the sun helmet.

"I have made all the arrangements," she said sadly, "subject to your approval, dear Sir Horace. Captain Ebbermark has great influence with Herr Hagenbeck, and he has cabled him to-day to see if he would care to buy Charon. Should he buy him, he will go home with me on the ship at Herr Hagenbeck's expense, and instead of having the funeral here, we will have it in Hamburg, where my dear husband's parents live and where our own pastor who married us lives also. This would be very lucky for me, dear Sir Horace, and the Captain thinks Herr Hagenbeck would not object to a funeral in his Thierpark, he rather thinks it would interest people in it."

"My dear Bibi," Sir Horace said, "I think this an excellent arrangement. I have been thinking what disposal you could possibly make of Charon—and I feel this to be very fortuitous. Since you kindly regard me as your adviser, I feel I ought to caution you not to let so—so great an attraction as this lion will be to the Thierpark, once his history is known, go for too small a price. I am essentially a business man,



"HE STOOD BAREHEADED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DESTROYER"

and if I can assist you in the present circumstance, command me."

The Bibi gazed at him with gratitude. "It is also very wonderful for me," she answered, "to have a nobleman at this sad time so truly kind to me. I was boasting of it just now to Frau Vender. If you will see the Captain, I shall always thank you, and oh! Sir Horace, if you could come to my dear husband's funeral in Hamburg, it would do much to console me, and it would be such a great honor for him, a *schreiber*, to have a nobleman for one of his mourners."

The poor Bibi's eyes were suffused with ready

tears as Sir Horace promised. Indeed, he had begun to anticipate the funeral as the fitting end to his treasured adventure, and went away to find the Captain with an eager desire to aid her with all the skill in finance past training had engendered.

But the Captain was a born bargainer, and only the press of business incident to his sailing at midday and a determination not to lose the lion made him accede to Dacre's demands. He did not drink on board, but he gave Sir Horace a rather wonderful libation to the gods of huntsmen which sent him away doubly cheered after his financial triumph. When he told the Bibi

the sum he had obtained, she sat speechless before him.

"I am very rich," she said in her simple fashion. "It is you, you dear nobleman, who have made me very rich, but *Gott!* I am a widow."

Sir Horace rushed back to England and smoky London, to rates of exchange and the petty worries of big interests, which are bound to grow from roots of such health and strength as those of the industries he had planted and fostered. But he always read the Bibi's post-cards before the rest of his mail and awaited her summons to the funeral with more eagerness than he had ever anticipated any other document. It came on one thick September day, and on the tenth of October, the day her black-bordered letter designated, he hastened at nine in the morning from his hotel in Hamburg to the Thierpark.

A throng had preceded him, and on all sides he heard the comments of the curious and observed the interest and awe of the great press of people who had left their work to witness a wonder. The Bibi, shrouded in crêpe and tenderly grieving, took his hand in humble friendship, presenting him to her parents and those of the late Maximilian. Knowing her so well, he had judged that she would appreciate his thought if he provided flowers, and laid the enormous plaque of roses he had brought with him against a neighboring wall. At the last moment he offered her his arm, which she told him she had hoped he would do, and preceded by the Lutheran pastor who had married her, they wound their way to where a large cage smoothed with wreaths and decorous garlands of im-

mortelles stood — a sight to challenge the most casual attention — midway of a green, smooth lawn. A large group of men were already awaiting them and at their approach burst into a chorus, the only audible words to Sir Horace's foreign ear being "überwunden der Löwe." At the music's conclusion the pastor rose and addressed the multitude, which was now unmanageably large, making feeling allusion to life's uncertainty and the Lion of Judah. At this point Sir Horace felt a sudden faintness, for within the decorated cage, no longer cowering in horror of the singers' melody, Charon had aroused himself to move with his frightful, metronomic accuracy of rhythm to and fro as he had moved at the false dawn on that far-away cliff, or as he had stalked the helpless Maximilian before he crossed the threshold of a house already marked for death. The pastor prayed, the chorus sang a final chorale, and the rite was ended, the crowd considerably holding off until the Bibi should have paused in her tearful praying. Sir Horace moved toward the cage to look well on the face of his old traveling companion, whose black mane had grown long and glossy without the thorns and waitabits to tear it from him. Under the majesty of his grim face a heavy collar rested. It had an inscription on a brass plate which he was at great pains to read. It ran as follows:

Maximilian Steinfeld
treuer Gatte von

Minna Steinfeld (geborene Tieblatt)
Er ist geboren in Strassburg den ersten Tag im
siebenten Monat, 1869; gestorben in der Kilima'njaro
Provinz in Africa am vierten Tag des
zweiten Monats, 190—.
Ruhe sanft!

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

HE floated, body and soul in coma plunged,
Fixed certitude of death possessing him,
As one who perishes, deliriously
Hugged in a transport to the downy breast
Of snows immittigable. Yet he smiled,
Abandoning hope and drowning unaware,
Till a great sea-bird, tern or ptarmigan,
Caught by the whiteness of his lonely face,
Swooped low exultantly; huge swish of wings
Measuring his body, as he struck him once.
Thud of the ribbed beak, like a call to arms
Stirring the wounded soldier, called him back
From the luxurious edge of deadly sleep.
He waked. He strove. He swam. He saw the shore.

OUR NATIONAL STAGE

BY

JAMES L. FORD

LET us suppose, by a stretch of the imagination, that some learned bachelor of arts or doctor of laws, invited to address a group of cultivated people, were to declare that the variety, now called the vaudeville stage, so far from being the menace to popular taste that it appears to scholastic minds, is in reality the national stage of America, accurately reflecting the spirit and characteristics of our volatile and many-sided life; and that we must look to it and to its many outgrowths for whatever development our drama is to experience in the years to come, just as we have looked to it in the past for some of the best entertainment as well as the finest artists that our theater has known.

No doubt the learned doctor's assertions would have a preposterous sound to his polite audience. Nevertheless, the deeper we go into the subject, the stronger will be our conviction that, while our academicians are bewailing the "decline of the American drama" and "viewing with alarm" the indifference manifested toward the Shaksperian and other classics and "wondering why no manager can be found who will revive the old comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith," the variety stage, despised by all who know nothing about it, to which the great mass of our people turn to satisfy that craving for entertainment which is as natural to them as that of cattle after salt, has marched on with a rapidity that is amazing to contemplate.

Within my own memory the variety theater was but little better than a dive, frequently run as an adjunct to a rum-shop, and sometimes with waiter girls as an additional attraction. When admission was charged, which was not always the case, the ticket also called for a drink, and not only did respectable women shun these places but respectable men also. Since then it has risen from its low estate to its present proud position, and, during that time, it has never failed to provide the public with abundant wholesome entertainment—not classical, perhaps, but alive with fun and laughter, for which our necessity has been far greater this half century gone than for tears and tragedy.

Through two wars, three or four panics, and innumerable periods of anxiety and hard times, the variety stage has kept on in its upward course, growing as our country has grown in these years, and lifting itself to a state of cleanliness and decency that accurately reflects the temper of the American people.

Booth Once a Variety Performer, Jefferson a Minstrel

It has also given birth to several of the most popular and distinctively American schools of entertainment that our stage has known, and has supplied the legitimate drama with some of its very best actors. Edwin Booth was, in his younger days, a member of a minstrel company and, unless I am mistaken, appeared in some of the variety shows of that period. He lived to become one of the most noble and dignified figures of his day, as well as one of the most distinguished actors that the English-speaking stage has ever known. Mr. Joseph Jefferson was also a minstrel in the early part of his career, and prior to that he and his sister—both mere children—had been wont to perform on Boston Common and pass the hat among the bystanders.

Lotta was known in the mining camps of California and in the early variety theaters of San Francisco long before she came East in the sixties, to win money and fame—"a dramatic cocktail," John Brougham called her—in the legitimate houses of Broadway. William H. Crane used to play the tambourine in a wandering minstrel company. Nat Goodwin, Lillian Russell, and May Irwin came to the front in the early eighties at Tony Pastor's theater. Mr. Goodwin gave imitations of popular actors and has lived to become an extremely popular actor himself. Miss Irwin's remarkable humorous gifts were shown in the condensed versions of comic operas that brought Mr. Pastor's entertainments to a close; and it was in one of these that Miss Russell leaped into fame in a single night.

Perhaps the most important recruit from variety in recent years is David Warfield, who used to give Hebrew and other imitations until

he was fortunate enough to come prominently before the public as a member of Weber and Fields' company, where he attracted the attention of Mr. Belasco. Under the tutelage of this accomplished manager and teacher he has become one of the leading emotional actors of our stage, as well as one of the strongest of box-office attractions. One might go on almost indefinitely with this recital. Let it suffice to say that with the exception of those players who, like Miss Barrymore, Miss Adams, and Mr. Sothern, are of theatric lineage, there are but few stars on our stage who cannot hark back to variety or minstrelsy.

How Stars Are Made on the Variety Stage

The extraordinary popularity of our much abused star system itself, which is so deeply rooted in the soil that the public will not consent to its elimination, comes directly from this national craze for character acting and the development of variety talent incidental to it. And we can trace to the same source the tremendous force exerted by the personality of the player, which is as strong an element in the popularity of Miss Adams, Mrs. Fiske, or Miss Blanche Bates, who were born in the profession, as in that of Mr. Warfield or Nat Goodwin, who won their first spurs in variety and were converted into stars, not by big types and press notices, but by sheer force of popular appreciation.

The old-fashioned variety actors were allowed a certain number of minutes in which to entertain their audience, and at the same time a very wide latitude was given to their endeavors. They might sing or dance or crack jokes, but it was absolutely necessary for them to give a generous measure of amusement while they were on the stage; and variety audiences have always been particularly keen in demanding full value for their money, holding with Alexander Dumas that any form of drama was possible save the kind that bored. Now it happens that "character work," as it is called, has always been popular in this country, both in fiction and on the stage. The Colonel Sellers of Raymond, the Bardwell Slote of Florence, and the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson were as real and as dear to the generation that knew them as if they had stepped out of the pages of Dickens; and it was only natural that variety actors should have developed along the lines of individuality rather than those of pure art.

Joseph Jefferson once said: "The people come to see Jefferson, no matter whether he plays under the name of Rip or Bob Acres or Asa Trenchard. It's always the same old Jefferson they want to see, rather than a man who can sink his own identity in a dozen different parts."

The Humble Beginnings of the Theater in France and Germany

If we turn to the endowed theaters of Europe, we have only to hark back to the beginnings to learn that each one, though it may owe the roof that shelters it to the protective care of government or royalty, actually has its roots deep down in its own soil. The *Comédie Française* had its beginnings, over two hundred years ago, in three traveling companies; and we may trace the beginnings of the Burg Theater in Vienna, of the Berlin Court Theater, and, indeed, of every endowed theater in Germany, directly back over four centuries of time to Hans Sachs, whose powerful plays, rich alike in humor and purpose, and performed in the open market-place by strolling actors, were the direct outcome of the Reformation — a natural revolt from the miracle and religious dramas with which the ecclesiastics had previously fed the craving of the people for the theater. The Sachs plays held the German stage for two centuries and were of incalculable influence in shaping its destinies. The central figure in each was a clown called the *hanswurst*, who was a sort of comic apotheosis of boorish life.

Our Stage the Outgrowth of African Slavery

And, as we may trace the refined and exquisite comedy of a German court theater directly back to the *hanswurst* of the market-place, so may we trace the beginnings of our own national theater, now in the first flush of its lusty youth, directly back to the very blackest soil that our country has ever known; for it is a direct outgrowth of negro minstrelsy, which accurately reflected African slavery in the pathos of its balladry, the heedlessness and in consequence of its mirth, and the suggestion of savagery in its dancing. Unquestionably, the Interlocutor, Bones, and End Men of minstrelsy have their origin somewhere in slavery, just as Harlequin, Columbine, and the other characters in pantomime may be traced directly back to those several Italian provinces of which they were the comic divinities.

It is not easy to trace the variety stage back to its earliest beginnings, for the scent begins to grow faint in ante-bellum days and the trail loses itself beyond recall in the early forties, about which period we encounter traces of what may be called the "Bill Valentine Myth." This I will relate as it was imparted to me by Mr. Valentine himself, in the small Coney Island pavilion that he conducted during his later years.

Mr. Valentine's story is that many years before the Civil War, probably in the early

forties, he opened a small place of amusement somewhere on the East Side. (It must have been small indeed, for there is no record of it in T. Alston Brown's "History of the New York Stage.") Uncertain what to call his place of entertainment, he applied to a friend for a fitting name.

"What sort of an entertainment are you going to give?" said the friend.

"Well, I'm going to give a variety of things," said Mr. Valentine.

"Then why not call it a variety show?" suggested the other.

And thereupon, according to this myth, the term "variety show" came into use.

The first real variety show ever given in New York, according to the authentic Mr. Brown, was at the Hall of Novelty, at the northeast corner of Pearl and Center streets. Here, between the years 1844 and 1848, Matt Brennan, afterward Sheriff of New York, conducted a show given entirely by men in black face. By slow degrees, however, variety emancipated itself from burnt cork and gave place on its program to women performers. It began to flourish in real earnest about the close of the Civil War, as if predestined to take the place of negro minstrelsy, which had received its death blow in the passing of slavery.

Newsboys and Bootblacks the Real Patrons of the Stage

As the boors who roared at the antics of the *hanswurst* in the open market-place four hundred years ago were thereby nourishing the germ of an institution that to-day represents the very best theoretic art and taste in Germany, so have our street boys, with their quick laughter and eager applause, nurtured the roots of the parent stem from which will surely spring in the years to come our own Burg Theater or *Comédie Française*. And I have no doubt that German academic thought of the sixteenth century looked down upon the clown in the public square with a contempt not unlike that with which the philosophers of our own time look down upon the variety stage in its upward march, and the seriously inclined of Queen Elizabeth's reign regarded the broad humor of Falstaff.

For, while our stage owes scarcely anything to scholastic thought, the influence of the newsboy and bootblack in its early development cannot be over-estimated. Every one of the old-time minstrel and variety halls made a special bid for this sort of patronage, and never was a good show yet that did not play to a gallery packed with an eager and appreciative audience. In fact, the newsboys and bootblacks of New York lead the metropolitan procession

that represents dramatic appreciation; and there are few successful stars in the country who will not say that the very first recognition that cheered and encouraged them in their early struggles fell upon them like a heaven-sent blessing from the top gallery.

In the days of my first theater-going, which was toward the close of the Civil War, negro minstrelsy was still in its prime, and the new era of variety had scarcely begun. One of the best black-face entertainments to be found then was that given by Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn. It was the first place of amusement of any kind that I ever visited, and even at this late day I distinctly recall the eventful night when I was taken there by my parents to see Archie Hughes, Billy Emerson, and a score of his black-face coadjutors in the various acts that were popular then.

On that memorable night, I was enraptured with a man who sang in German dialect, "Kaiser Don't You Want to Buy a Dog?" There was a quaint charm in his manner and in his naïve, serious face, and there were certain notes in his naturally sweet voice that have never quite left my memory. My uncle, whom I regarded as a person of mature judgment because he had been shipwrecked on the Pacific Ocean, applauded vigorously and declared that the "Dutchman" was bound to make a name for himself, which in later years he did—as Joe Emmett.

Not long after this visit, Hooley's was destroyed by fire, and the company moved over to 201 Bowery, in New York, then known as Hoym's Theater, and occupying the site of the present People's (Yiddish) Theater. But minstrelsy did not prove a drawing card on the East Side, and so, after various experiments, the premises were finally turned over to a new manager for a two weeks' trial. It was in July, 1865, that this man, who came of a family of show people, and had some of the blood of the wandering gypsy in his veins, and who had already served his apprenticeship as a clown in a traveling circus and as a comedian on the stage of Barnum's "lecture room" in the old Ann Street Museum, threw open the doors of the play-house that was eventually to acquire an international reputation as "Tony Pastor's."

Tony Pastor Starts His Bowery Play-House

Mr. Pastor's work in the upbuilding of our native stage has been of the utmost importance. He has been called with perfect truth the "Father of Variety," and we find him, after forty-three years of successful management, firmly established in Fourteenth Street, under the shadow of Tammany Hall, with a loyal clientèle to brighten his declining years.

In opening his Bowery play-house, Mr. Pastor was inspired with the then novel idea of presenting a clean entertainment that would appeal to women and children. At first, so bad was the reputation of variety, respectable women fought shy of him, and it was not until he offered prizes of the kind calculated to appeal to the thrifty housewives — hams, silks, barrels of flour, and tons of coal — that he was able to secure their attendance. In doing this he was building far better than he knew; for, while the growth of clean variety has been steady and healthful since then, the old-time shows with their refreshment coupons, waiter girls, and other objectionable features have disappeared completely.

The new house began with a salary list of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, which is from one-half to one-tenth of what a single "top-liner" may earn in these days. In the opening bill we find the names of Sheridan and Mack, and Johnny Wild. The treasurer of Mr. Pastor's house was the late Harvey Miner, and his widow was favorably known to the playgoers of a decade and a half ago as Annie O'Neill.

It would be a difficult matter to name the many players of renown who won their first laurels on Mr. Pastor's stage. The late William Hoey made his *début* there, and Charles Evans, who afterward became his partner in "A Parlor Match," once appeared in a juvenile sketch in which he impersonated a young woman so cleverly that Mr. Pastor deemed it expedient to explain in the program that he was really a man. Gus Williams, the famous German comedian, was another of Mr. Pastor's early entertainers, and so were Billy Barry and Hugh Fay, who in later years were very successful with entertainments modeled after those of Harrigan and Hart. Annie Yeamans, the mother of the talented Jenny Yeamans, and the original Cordelia Mulligan in the Harrigan dramas; George Thatcher, one of the very last of the negro minstrels; John T. Kelly, Nelse Seymour, one of the funniest men ever seen on the minstrel stage; and Neil Burgess, who had been discovered by Mr. Pastor in one of the side-shows of the Boston Jubilee, are among those whose names appear on the earlier bills of the house.

Both members of the firm of Poole and Donnelly, who later managed Niblo's, the Grand Opera House, and other metropolitan theaters, played on Mr. Pastor's stage, as did Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart. Mr. Poole wrote a great many of the variety sketches with which the entertainment was always brought to a close. In short, nearly everybody who was anybody in the variety business and many who

have made fame in the legitimate, received their first encouragement from Mr. Pastor's audiences.

While Mr. Pastor was getting respectable women to come to his performances by offering them prizes of coal, silks, and hams, the Howard Athenaeum in Boston, one of the most notable variety houses in the country, was dominated by a gallery of newsboys, led by one "Horse Bite Sullivan," who numbered among his retainers a lad of his own name but another clan, who has since won international renown as John L. Sullivan, the pugilist. It was absolutely necessary for a performer who appeared at this house to win the favor of the "Horse Bite" gang. Failing in this, Mr. Lothrop, the manager, would refuse the grace of even the second night's appearance.

"The Old Homestead" and the Beginning of American Rural Drama

It was at this theater many years ago that a worthy performer, then absolutely unknown to the public, came forth in fear and trembling in a sketch of bucolic life in which he played the part of a Yankee farmer in a manner so unlike anything that had ever been seen before that the "Horse Bite" gang in the gallery sounded the note of approval in a manner that could not be mistaken and, all unknowing, gave the first impetus to a school of drama which is distinctively American, enormously popular, and without its exact equivalent in any other land.

From the very beginnings of our stage, the down-East Yankee has been recognized as a character rich in theoretic possibilities. We find him in 1786 under the name of Jonathan in "The Contrast," the very first American play ever written; and, forty years later, in "The Forest Rose" by Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"; and after that as Sam Slick, Asa Trenchard, and Solon Shingle. In every case he is a stage Yankee, put up to be laughed at, not laughed with. In the sketch produced at the Howard that fateful Monday night, the Yankee farmer was presented for the first time as a character part and not as a laughing-stock; and in this sketch, which was not altogether suited to polite ears, he was seen for many seasons on the variety stage, where he finally attracted the attention of another Yankee, then engaged in the clothing business, but cherishing in his heart a yearning after theatraclals. This man, whose name was J. M. Hill, realized at once that there were great possibilities in Den Thompson's realism. He signed a contract with the actor for a term of years, had his sketch rewritten as a complete and clean evening's entertainment, and in this

play, called "Joshua Whitcomb," and in its successor, "The Old Homestead," this one-time variety actor toured the country for fully thirty years and founded the modern rural drama, which is really the drama of democracy, and the only one in which characters in humble life are presented on a plane of perfect equality with the audience. On the stage of France and Germany and England there is always a touch of condescension, if not of contempt and ridicule, in the treatment of them, and characters of a higher social caste are invariably introduced beside them by way of contrast. In our own rural or "b'gosh" drama, we are introduced to a world that knows no caste better than its own, one in which the farmer, instead of awaking laughter as a butt, gains sympathy and respect.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of these dramas that are to be found on our stage to-day. One of them, called "'Way Down East," has held the boards uninterruptedly for a period of a dozen years, and its author, Mr. Joseph R. Grismer, assures me that within that time, fully fifty plays that are distinct imitations of it have arisen in the land. "The County Fair," "The County Chairman," "David Harum," "Sky Farm," "Eben Holden," "The Village Postmaster," and "Shore Acres"—all these are the direct fruit of Mr. Thompson's early experiment.

"Shore Acres" and "Margaret Fleming"

There are those who believe that in "Shore Acres" the modern American drama reached high-water mark, and there are not a few who maintain that "Margaret Fleming" was an even greater piece of work, which was unfortunate enough to be born before our public was old enough to understand it. This play, which dealt with life in a small town instead of that of the New England hills, grew out of "Shore Acres," just as that had grown out of "The Old Homestead," which had been the direct and legitimate successor to the little variety sketch submitted to the Howard Athenaeum's noisy gallery many years before.

As performed by Mr. Herne and his original company, it was unquestionably one of the most beautiful and interesting representations of rural life that our stage has ever seen. Its most talked-of features were its rather melodramatic fight in the light-house tower and such realistic "effects" as a real turkey dinner and a reproduction of a country barnyard, both of which could have been spared without seriously impairing the strength of the drama. Far better from an artistic point of view, and far more enduring in my own memory, was the

scene in which Mr. Herne as Nat urged his brother Martin not to sell the bit of land on which their mother was buried. In simple, conversational tones, with a bit of string in his hand and a smile on his rugged, weather-worn face, the old man described how his mother had stood on that point of land watching their father as his fishing smack went down before her eyes, and how, when all was over, she had turned to him and said: "Nathan'l, when I die, I want you should bury me right here!" "And there she lies, Martin. Don't sell that piece."

"The Grand Duke's Theater"—A Street Boys' Play-House

It was in the early seventies that a form of entertainment which was destined in later years to play an important part on our stage had its inception in one of the humblest play-houses that New York has ever known. Humble as that play-house was, it had taken to itself the pretentious name of the Grand Duke's Theater, in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who was in this country at the time. It occupied a cellar at the corner of Worth and Baxter streets, and had a seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty, the price of admission being six cents. Tallow candles served as footlights, wash-tubs for private boxes, and a concertina, played in the prompt entrance by an amateur musician, for orchestra. Its audiences consisted of street boys of from eight to sixteen years of age, and its actors were drawn from the same element, receiving for their services from a quarter of a dollar to a dollar a night, paid every evening from the box-office receipts.

Some of the performers on the stage of the Grand Duke's were school-boys and there were others who supported themselves by blacking boots and selling newspapers. Teddy Sullivan, one of the best comedians in the company, found employment in the daytime as an oyster opener; the "straight" man peddled corks for a living; and other players followed various odd and unromantic callings.

It was not long before the Grand Duke's developed a popular feature in the shape of two little boys from the neighborhood of Grand Street, who did the Harrigan and Hart specialty, "Little Fraud," and also the "Lackawanna Spooners," and helped to spread the fame of the little theater so far afield, that the young son of Joseph Tooker, at that time a well-known theatrical manager, obtained permission from his father to start a theater of his own in the cellar of the paternal residence at 24 Norfolk Street. The Five Cent Theater, as the new play-house was termed, was more pretentious

than the other, having scenery that was painted for it expressly by the scene-painter of Booth's Theater, managed at that time by the elder Tooker. The receipts ran well above two hundred dollars a week, and were divided among the members of the company, according to an agreed scale.

Young Tooker realized from the first that if he wished to succeed, he must have comedians as good as those at the Grand Duke's, and therefore, even before he opened his doors, he paid a visit to the corner of Essex and Division streets, where he had been told that a good amateur actor found employment. There he discovered a very small boy with dark eyes, a large nose, and ragged knickerbockers, tending a street soda fountain. This lad agreed to join the new opposition house, provided he could bring with him his side partner, and the two appeared on the new stage with great success and aided materially in building up its popularity. The knickerbockered boy was Joe Weber, and his partner was Lew Fields, and their rivals at the Grand Duke's were Dick and Sam Bernard; the former the funny man and the latter the straight actor or "feeder." Another member of young Tooker's company was a little Irish lad who afterward won fame as William J. Scanlan.

Weber and Fields and the One-Eyed Chinaman of Pell Street

In due course of time the two juvenile play-houses passed out of existence, but three out of four of the principal comedians felt that they had found in the stage their true vocation, and turned their steps toward the variety houses.

For some time Weber and Fields played at the dime museums and other East Side houses, consumed, the while, with the same burning ambition to "get on Broadway" that still animates the soul of every humble member of the dramatic profession. Their first engagement on the main thoroughfare was at Bunnell's Museum at the corner of Eighth Street, then managed by George O. Starr, who succeeded the late Mr. Bailey as managing director of the Barnum and Bailey show. The boys secured their first engagement by means of a trick which all then concerned can well afford to laugh at now. Knowing that both Bunnell and his manager were on the lookout for human freaks, then growing scarcer every day, they circulated rumors about a Chinaman with one eye in the middle of his forehead, whom they had found living in great retirement in Pell Street. The Museum men "bit," and, hoping to learn the secret of his hiding place, engaged the two lads to do their specialties in the Eighth Street house. Thus employed, they contrived to postpone the

inevitable exposure for several weeks, and it was not until Bunnell took them both in a carriage to the Chinese quarter and commanded them to point out the one-eyed mandarin, that they were forced to acknowledge the deceit.

The Bunnell engagement, of course, came to an end at once, but they had been "on Broadway," and that was an important step in their progress. From this moment their rise was rapid, and before long they had originated the sketch of the "Two German Senators," which eventually became the nucleus of a traveling entertainment that they managed themselves. About a dozen years ago they leased the music hall at Broadway and 29th Street, invited their old friend and rival, Sam Bernard, to join them, and there established one of the most meritorious entertainments that New York has ever known.

Harrigan and Hart Create "The Mulligan Guards"

The firm of Harrigan and Hart will always have an honored place in the annals of the American drama, for they developed one of the most vital and excellent types of play that has originated in this country. Harrigan, who, like Ada Rehan, came of a race of ship-caulkers, became a variety actor, and, after some years of wandering, discovered his theatrical affinity in the person of a rosy-cheeked, sweet-natured young Irish boy named Anthony Cannon, who hailed from Worcester, Massachusetts. His new partner took the name of Tony Hart, and the two soon became popular in such sketches as "Little Fraud" and "The Blue and the Gray." Sometimes Hart appeared in women's parts, which he played with such art as to leave his sex a matter of doubt in the minds of his audiences. Harrigan had always had a taste for writing sketches, and so it happened that when the two entered upon what seemed to them a long New York run, he established himself in the Ninth Ward and began to look about him for material suited for the stage. A local target company called the Mulligan Guard attracted his attention and led to the creation of the first of the famous series of farces that came from his pen in quick succession between January, 1879, when the original "Mulligan Guards" was produced, followed a month later by the most successful of them all, "The Mulligan Guard Ball," down to the year 1890, when "Reilly and the Four Hundred" was given at what is now the Garrick Theater, in which play-house Harrigan's career as a metropolitan producer practically came to an end a year or two later.

From the very beginning Harrigan surrounded himself with variety people — among

them such well-known performers as Wild and Gray, Goss and Fox, Tiernan and Cronin, the Sparks Brothers, Annie Yeamans, Johnny Queen, Harry Fisher, Annie Mack, Mike Bradley, and others. Harrigan wrote the sketches, but Tony Hart was the artist of the company, and his untimely death left a place in the dramatic profession that has never been filled. He was a natural-born actor of infinite sweetness and delicacy and of astonishing versatility, playing with equal success such widely different characters as Tony Mulligan, the son of the well-to-do Ninth Ward contractor; Rebecca Allup, the colored woman; an Irish idiot boy; and the rosy-cheeked, white-capped, decent old Irish woman in "Squatter Sovereignty." Harrigan was limited as an actor, but his Dan Mulligan will always be remembered. He drew his inspiration from the old-fashioned down-town quarter of New York, where he found the originals of his own part; of Cordelia, his wife, played by Mrs. Yeamans; of the German Lochmuller; of Captain Primrose of the colored Skidmore Guard, in which part Mr. Wild may be said to have created the modern New York "dandy coon"; of the Reverend Palestine Puter, the colored divine, played by Wild's old partner, Billy Gray; and of a host of other characters that were carried along through the succession of local plays until New York came to look upon them as loved and trusted friends. Not one of these characters that did not literally reek of old-time New York; not one of the scenes in which they took part that did not seem like a real slice of the city's life and customs.

In the beginning, the farces were kept down to about eighty minutes, played in several scenes and without a curtain; and in this form they contained enough song, fun, local color, and farcical action to keep the audience amused, interested, and entertained from beginning to end. The songs for which Dave Braham, Harrigan's father-in-law, wrote the music, proved an important element in these entertainments, and many of them — notably, "The Babies on Our Block," "Dad's Dinner Pail," "Paddy Duffy's Cart," "The Mulligan Guards," and "The Order of Full Moons" — spread the fame of Harrigan and Hart to the uttermost parts of the land and even far beyond the seas.

So long as the Harrigan and Hart Company worked along these lines amicably, their success was prodigious; but in the course of time Harrigan dropped from his program the black-face sketches and other specialties, which had always served to whet the appetite of his audiences for what was to follow, and instead of writing new farces, took to expanding the old ones to three

acts and calling them comedies. Tony Hart left him, and so, one after another, did Mr. Wild, Mrs. Yeamans, and others who had played with him. Billy Gray, Goss, Fox, Johnny Queen, and a few more died, and then the public began to realize that one of the very best forms of entertainment that the town had ever known, had taken a downward course and would soon be numbered among the dead.

Charles H. Hoyt and His Farce Comedies

Farce comedy, which is a distinctively American form of entertainment, sprang from the parent stem of variety at about the same time as the Mulligan dramas. Perhaps the best farce comedies that our stage has known were those of the late Charles H. Hoyt, which came from the variety stage by way of the funny newspaper column. Mr. Hoyt edited one of these columns in a Boston paper, and in his farces he simply dramatized those familiar figures that were so well known to a fun-loving public that they were sure of a laugh the moment they showed themselves on the stage. But the real cause of Mr. Hoyt's remarkable success in this field may be traced to the fact that his satire was always aimed at something — generally a fad or a foible with which every one was familiar. Unlike the majority of farce writers, he never took up his pen without a definite purpose. In "A Milk-White Flag" he satirized the militia; in "A Hole in the Ground," the station agent and other annoyances of railway traveling; and in "A Brass Monkey," the plumbing trade. He reached his highest mark in "A Midnight Bell," a comedy of rural life in which Miss Maude Adams scored her first pronounced hit.

One thing that may be set down to Mr. Hoyt's credit or discredit, according to the point of view, is the fact that he was largely responsible for the fall of the Bowery from its former high estate as a place of mock auctions, hold-ups, concert halls, and general thievery. One night about twenty years ago, the playwright, returning with one of his managers from Brooklyn, by way of the Bowery, paused for a moment for a philosophic glance at that famous thoroughfare, and in that instant his brain conceived a song that should fittingly celebrate what was then, but is no longer, one of the most picturesque and interesting and famous quarters of the town. He entered Steve Brodie's saloon and then and there dictated the verses of "The Bowery," which, set to catchy music, was eventually sung from one end of the country to the other and did so much to warn strangers against its concert halls, cigar auctions, and other predatory devices, that farmers grew

fearful of it, the crowds of strangers that had once filled its sidewalks thinned out, and finally a meeting of the property owners was actually held to deplore the falling off in patronage of their old-time industries and to take measures to restore public confidence.

The German Beer-Garden and the English Music-Hall in America

While the roots of the variety stage have been striking deeper and deeper into the soil, more than one exotic form of light entertainment has endeavored to plant itself side by side with this native tree of lusty growth. One or two of these have flourished for a short time and even borne a little fruit, but not one has become permanently established. This, I think, is chiefly due to the fact that the American mind is opposed to entertainments that have drinking and smoking as an accompaniment. One or two excellent places of amusement, fashioned after the German beer-garden, have existed here for a time, but except when there was an enormous local German population they have not succeeded. The Central Park Garden of the early seventies, in which excellent beer and better music were to be had, will live in memory as the place in which the music of Wagner was first introduced to America under the baton of Theodore Thomas. Koster & Bial's, which is now chiefly remembered by its "cork room," was started as a high-class musical resort under the leadership of Rudolph Bial, who conducted an orchestra of the highest merit. But there were not enough real lovers of music in New York then to support it, or perhaps it would be more truthful to say that the music lovers of that period were not also lovers of beer; and so, after the death of the conductor, the place was given over to variety and burlesque.

The English music-hall was another of these exotics, and this, like many other things English, can boast of a very long ancestry. Its immediate progenitor was the sort of establishment described by Thackeray in the first chapter of "The Newcomes" under the name of "The Cave of Harmony," in which there were glee singing and other kinds of music by amateurs and professionals under the direction of a chairman who, in a way, acted as host to the patrons of the house.

In every one of the earlier music-halls the chairman was the dominant figure. He sat at a table on a raised platform with his back to the stage, a small mirror before him, and a gavel in his hand, and rose in his place to announce the name of each entertainer. It was my privilege, about a dozen years ago, to be bidden to a seat beside this interesting personage, and as I

heard him call off, in sonorous tones, the name and accomplishments of each performer, memory carried me back to the days when Broadway between Houston and Bleecker Streets was the Rialto by day and the fore-runner of the Tenderloin by night, and when two or three places of the Cave of Harmony sort were flourishing under such British titles as "The House of Lords" and "The House of Commons." They were simply English chop-houses, in which food and drink of the very best quality could be had, and in which, on certain evenings in the week — notably Wednesdays and Saturdays — amateurs and professionals were wont to gather to drink mugs of fine ale, eat chops and kidneys and Welsh rabbits, and listen to the comic songs and glees which were rendered in splendid style. The chairman of Harry Clifton's place, the House of Lords, was one Henry Harding, a basso and song writer, whose specialty was "The Vagabond"; and I can hear him now as he called: "Give your orders to the waiter, gents, and silence, please, for the encore song. After that Mr. Harry Valdemar will oblige and after that Mr. Johnny Roach. Give your orders to the waiter, please!"

Keith Starts the First "Continuous Performance" with a Pound and a Half Baby

It was in the month of January, 1883, that Mr. B. F. Keith, who had been studying the show business with far-seeing eyes for many years, presented, in a store that he had leased in Boston, the first continuous show ever seen on any stage. He paid his performers twenty dollars a week for a single turn, and forty for double, and required them to give eight or nine turns a day. His "top-liner," or chief attraction, was a pound and a half baby. The doors of his play-house were thrown open at noon, and from that time until half-past ten at night the performance went on without interruption. Patrons were allowed to spend the entire day in the theater, and at first so many availed themselves of this opportunity to get a substantial filling of amusement at a small cost, that Mr. Keith realized that he must either abandon the idea of a continuous entertainment or else invent some method by which the audience could be driven out of the building and place made for those outside who were waiting for admittance. Necessity is the mother of invention, especially when it is mated with sharp Yankee wit, and it was thus that what is known as "the chaser" came into the world.

P. T. Barnum Invents the First "Chaser"

I am inclined to think that the first chaser of which history has any record was a certain in-

vention of the late P. T. Barnum, on a holiday afternoon when his Ann Street Museum was packed to its utmost capacity, and large crowds on the pavement were vainly attempting to get in. The walls of this establishment were hung with such signs as "This Way to the Happy Family," "Upstairs to the What is It?" "Downstairs to the Mammoth Hippopotamus"; and to these the showman, acting on the inspiration of the moment, added a new one bearing the legend over a pointing hand:

"This way to the Great Exit!"

And the multitudes, believing that the "Exit" was a wild beast from the Antipodes, hurried eagerly down a long passageway and soon found themselves exiled beyond recall in the slush and mud of Ann Street.

In the chaser invented by Mr. Keith, the inferior acts of the show are so arranged that they follow one another till they reach a climax of stupidity, after which the same program is unfurled backward with exasperating slowness; and, as those who have patiently waited through this hour of depression realize that every one of these specialties must be endured again, they leave the theater in droves, permitting those who are standing up in the rear of the seats to come down and take their places, thus making room for others waiting on the pavement outside.

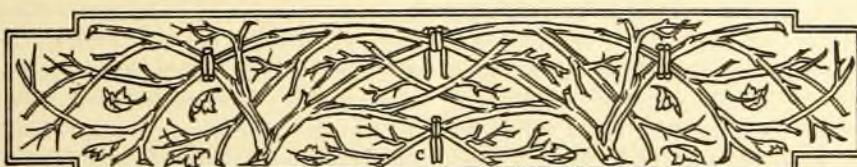
The continuous idea prospered so well in Boston, that in 1892 Mr. F. F. Proctor, who had had a long experience in the business both as performer and manager, opened the doors of the first continuous show in New York in West Twenty-third Street, and a year later his Boston rival established himself on Union Square. Since then the growth of the modern vaudeville stage has been steady and rapid and nearly always in an upward direction. Ten years ago there were in New England five clean variety houses, most of which ran on a salary list that did not exceed three hundred and fifty dollars a week. To-day there are in the same territory twenty-two houses, and one hundred and twenty-five on the various circuits controlled by the four great associated managers,

B. F. Keith, F. F. Proctor, Percy Williams, and William Hammerstein.

It is doubtful if anywhere in the world there is so complete and carefully thought out a system for providing the mass of the people with cheap and wholesome amusement as has been devised by this combination of ingenuity, experience, and familiarity with the popular taste. The one hundred and twenty-five vaudeville houses are all under the control of the United Booking Offices, as the association of the four managers is called. And every week the New York office of this association receives from each of the houses under its control a complete description of its bill, recording the number of minutes given to each act, the number of laughs, and the manner in which it was received by the audience. A wrong reading of a line, an indecorous remark, or a characterization intended to offend persons of any race or religious or political creed is thus reported at once and instantly cut out by orders from headquarters. Of course in this way the same act is reported on from forty or more towns, thus enabling the vaudeville managers to allow for a variety in local feeling or managerial taste.

A glance at the modern vaudeville "wheel" that has replaced the variety dive of half a century ago reveals a clean, wholesome, and popular institution, that worthily represents other institutions of which we are proud, and that seems to have entered upon a period of dignified and prosperous ease as a reward for its long years of hard work. It is not unlikely that its days of usefulness as a forcing-bed for talent have ended, for the germs of art thrive best in poverty and misfortune, and the vaudeville of to-day is altogether too prosperous a field to bear any such harvests of original growth as sprang from the old-fashioned variety and minstrelsy. As well plant strawberries in a bed of round sea-worn pebbles, or roses in a bank of clean white sand as look to this great modern machine for any racy fruits of increase.

In the near future the cheap stock companies are far more likely to supply our stage with the new blood and new ideas which it demands.



THE REFORMATION OF JACK KETCH

BY

JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

LET me down to the eight-hundred-foot level," said Blair, superintendent of the Golden Shoshone, as he passed his son Jim, who was working the hoist. A week before, Jack Ketch, the old engineer, had been "fired" for drunkenness, and Jim temporarily was filling the place.

"Hold on a second," shouted Jim, as his father briskly made his way toward the big iron bucket hanging from the gallows-frame. Blair stopped with a slight impatient frown. "Are you going to take Ketch back?" asked Jim.

"No, never," snapped Blair, the frown on his forehead deepening to a perpendicular crevice.

"He has four kids, and he's the best hoist-man in the country," said Jim, leaning a little wearily upon the iron column supporting the electric controller. He didn't like the work.

"I won't have a man that drinks at the hoist," said Blair conclusively.

"All right," said the son; "then you'd better drive him off the works altogether. He's been hanging around, brooding and filling up with bad whisky; when I passed him at the dumps, this morning, his eyes looked like a wild-cat's."

"I'll see to it. Eight-hundred-foot level, remember," and Blair again started for the gallows-frame.

Jim saw his father step upon the platform projecting over the shaft, sunk a sheer thousand feet into the earth, and swing himself upon the bucket, his feet spread upon the rim, his hands holding the cable which, from the bucket, rose straight to the top of the gallows-frame, turned twice around the cylinder there, then descended in a diagonal to the drum of the electric hoist, about which it was rolled. The controller in his left hand, Jim released the brake with his right; the bucket disappeared smoothly into the yawning hole. For a moment his father appeared as with legs sawed off, then a mere head with hands above it — then was gone. The drum revolved, the cable paid out with a slight, even hissing, and Jim, his eyes alert upon it, counted the white lines that told off the successive levels.

"Two hundred, three-fifty, four hundred, six hundred," he scored off mentally.

Something cold touched his temple, and a voice, still colder, drilled into his brain. "Throw up your hands," it said.

Instantly his right arm shot back the brake; the drum stopped with a grinding shock. And almost at the same time, his heart thumped with the sense of mistake. He had stopped the bucket between levels; had he let it run an instant longer, he could have stopped it at the seven-hundred-foot tunnel, where his father could get off.

He turned square upon the cold impact and the voice, but his hands were not up. Jack Ketch was standing near him, almost against him, his huge frame towering. His eyes were closed to mere slits of malevolent green, upon his purple face little veins throbbed out and in like little red snakes, and his whole big body was vibrating to an internal agitation. But his right hand was steady; and with precision it held the muzzle of a six-shooter against Jim's heart.

The two men eyed each other, their faces almost touching, for a long moment, and to Jim the situation flashed out in sudden vividness, as if it were painted on canvas before him — his father, dangling between levels down in the shaft, and here, this man, afame with drink and vengeance, bent upon possession of the hoist. For a few seconds he measured the chances of sudden attack. By lunging suddenly, very suddenly, instantaneously, he might seize the gun and overpower the man. But as he looked upon the huge vibrating frame before him, the suggestion died. The man was at the least his physical equal, and the revolver was pointing straight at his heart. He dead — the thing was settled, his father in the power of the madman. His life was a trump in the game about to be played; he must preserve it to the last.

"Put down that gun, Jack," he said, smiling and leaning back upon the iron pillar of the controller; "you don't need a gun to speak with me, you ought to know that."

But Ketch only gleamed at him through the slits of his eyes, and said again, "Throw up your hands."

"Oh, shucks, Jack," Blair resumed negligently, "don't put on this kind of business with me. Drop your gun and tell me what you want. You know, Wild West show business don't go with me."

And while he talked, he was pushing the controller forward and back in tentative jerks. The brake was on, and he could not reach it, but he thought that he might, by these little jerks, loosen it, and at the same time raise the bucket a few yards, up to the six-hundred-foot level, where his father could get off.

"I want to run that hoist, that's all," said Ketch. "That's all I want; one hour at it."

"All right," agreed Jim; "that's all right; just wait a second till I let the bucket down to the bottom, and you can have her."

But suddenly Ketch's great body had swept him away from the controller, and he was clear away from the hoist for the precious possession of which he had been sparring.

Again he went through a rapid mental calculation of the chances of a hand-to-hand struggle. But this time Ketch seemed to divine the thought. "If you make one move," he said, calmly placing his revolver in his coat pocket and taking hold of the controller, as if changing an inferior weapon for a more deadly one, "I shoot the cursed bucket to the bottom!"

Jim did not answer. The tone was unmistakable in its determination. "Move over to the corner—no, the otherone—by the coil of rope," Ketch went on without looking up, his eyes upon the drum. Jim obeyed. He went across to the corner, about twenty feet from the brake and controller, and waited, seeking to keep the calm that might enable him to take advantage of the first opportunity.

Ketch was leaning forward, his left hand upon the controller, his right grasping the brake. His eyes went up to the gallows-frame, out in the white sunshine, and traveled down the diagonal of taut cable to the drum at his feet, where they remained fixed for a moment.

"Six-hundred-foot level?" he asked Jim.

"Yep; 'bout twenty feet below the six."

Ketch's right hand took a firmer hold of the brake handle. He pulled it toward him one click, and started to release it.

"Look out," warned Jim, in a colorless voice; "there's a man in the bucket. Murphy's in the bucket, your old pard Murphy."

Ketch raised his eyes and opened them, blood-shot, upon Jim. "There's a man in the bucket, all right," he growled gravely. "'Tain't Murphy, and he's going to dance."

Then, with a short snap, he released the brake. The cable began to pay out, slowly at first, then with increasing speed. The drum revolved with a metallic clang, the cable sizzled, a white mark shot by. Unconsciously, Blair had left his place, and now, close to the ground, with panther stride, he was stalking for the brake.

"Back to your place, Jim!" suddenly thundered Ketch; "back, or I dash the thing to the bottom in a thousand pieces!"

With what was left of his power of repression, Blair sprang himself back to his corner. Smoothly, with a slight hissing sound, the cable paid out. Another white mark flew by—the eight-hundred-foot level. Blair began to count. In ten seconds the bucket would be at the bottom. "One," he counted, "two, three, four, five." An involuntary squawk left his throat. Then, with a calm, strong pull, Ketch brought back the brake handle. There was a grinding sound, a squeak of steel, the drum slowed, stopped.

"God, Ketch, but you scared me," said Blair, passing a limp hand across his wet brow.

But Ketch had turned the controller; the drum again was revolving, but in an opposite direction, winding up the cable; and down in the gloom of the shaft, Jim knew his father to be rising in the bucket, from which he had not had time to get out.

Gradually, Ketch jumped the controller from crank to crank, till the motor was whirring at full speed; the drum turned, swallowing up the cable which came running up to it, and through the shaft the bucket was rising. White marks cascaded down the taut diagonal from gallows-frame to engine, telling off the levels—seven hundred, six hundred, four, three-fifty, two. Motionless, his eyes upon the drum, Ketch seemed plunged in a profound abstraction. "Ketch, for God's sake!" implored Blair.

But Ketch had taken his eyes from the drum and, raising them, was now gazing at the gallows-frame straddling the mouth of the shaft outside. Fascinated, Blair turned and looked with him. Out of the shaft, yawning black in the yellow soil, an endless line of cable was running up toward the top of the frame. Suddenly the bucket shot out; it sprang into the air with a fierce ascensional soar that seemed bound to crash it up against the top of the scaffolding; then, only a few feet away, stopped. It dangled there for a while, slowly revolving upon itself. There was no one standing upon its sides, but Jim caught sight of the top of his father's gray head, projecting slightly above the rim. He had evidently thrown himself to the bottom at the first mad movement

of the car. He raised himself a few inches now; one of his hands waved in the air, as that of a man drowning. "Ketch, let the old man out, let him out," Jim begged—and then the bucket, still turning slightly, plunged into the black mouth roundly a-gape beneath it.

Stupidly Blair watched the drum unwind again its long coil. Ketch let down the bucket with fearful rapidity. But when near the bottom, he gradually braked her (and Blair, through the horror of the moment, was penetrated with the craftsman's admiration at the velvety beauty of the touch) till she hung twenty feet from the end. Immediately his left hand jerked the controller handle forward, one crank, two cranks, three, the whole circle—and the drum again began eating up the long snake advancing toward it, while in the depths the bucket rose. Again it shot into the yellow daylight, again for a tantalizing moment it swayed gently and pivoted—and then again, with a smooth swoop, it shot down into the tube of yielding blackness.

It went down almost to the bottom, then up again into the sunlight, then down again. The third time, Jim noticed, his father's head had disappeared, only the two hands showing on the opposite rims of the bucket; the fourth time, the hands also were gone, and Jim knew that his father was crouching, tense, at the bottom, awaiting the final crash.

Jim, in his corner, made a great effort to concentrate his mind upon the discovery of a successful stratagem; but he could not; external things forced themselves upon him—the cable, long, sleek, sinuous, pouring away from the drum with a slight hissing of viscous tar, then recoiling like a snake about to strike; simultaneously with this, an image, sharp as if etched upon his naked brain, of the bucket, whizzing up and down, up and down, like a great pile-driver, in the bowels of the earth; and then Ketch's skill.

This was fascinating. Ketch, sure of his touch, was playing. Each time he would drop the bucket down the shaft at more vertiginous speed and bring it up to a more abrupt stop. Then, again, he would approach one of the levels with teasing slowness, as if he were going to stop there and give the imprisoned man a chance to get out, and at the last moment shoot the car by like a comet. For a time he tried to see how near he could come to the top of the gallows-frame. After a few attempts, he struck it; it trembled, the bucket whanged resoundingly. He shook his head in disapproval, and at the next upward soar, struck with a slight, sharp impact—and after that, each time, the bucket, bounding out of the earth, struck

the top with a smart rap, calculated with incredible nicety. This whanging tap-tap-tap became the tick-ticking of the monstrous pendulum, telling off its giant oscillations.

"The shift comes on at six?" suddenly he asked of Blair.

"Yes, Kelley comes on at six," Jim answered. He looked at the clock. It was half-past five.

Ketch was again silent. His left hand on the controller, his right upon the brake, he swung the bucket up and down—and a great hoarse chuckle was rising in his throat.

"What are you going to do, Ketch?" asked Blair.

Ketch raised his terrible eyes to him. "Dance him for a while," he answered. "At six, I'll spatter every timber in the shaft with him."

Again nothing was heard in the hoist-room but the clanging rumble of the drum, the crackling of the tarred cable, and, at regular intervals, the whanging tap of the bucket against the top of the gallows-frame. Through the little square window, Blair could see the sun nearing the hills, which took on copper glows. A fresh breeze came in through the door, and the corrugated iron walls of the shed began to give out sharp clicks of cooled metal.

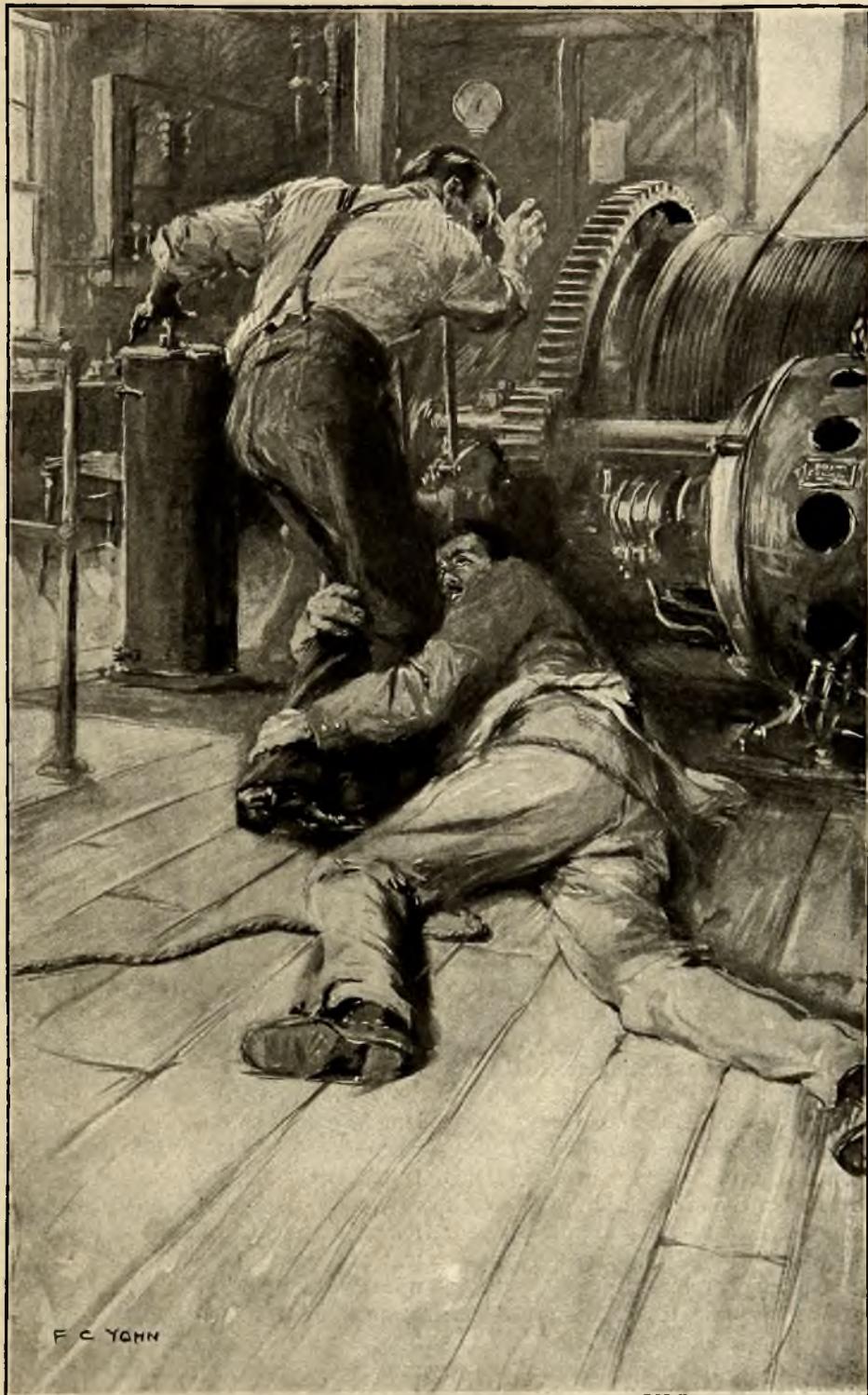
Mechanically, Blair had picked up a coil of the rope lying at his feet. His fingers tied one end in a slip knot. He passed the other end through, drew nearly the whole length after it, and then stupidly examined his unconscious handiwork. Suddenly his heart rose to his throat in a thump of bounding hope. In his hands he held a lasso—and when a boy he had ridden with the California vaqueros.

Spreading out the noose upon the ground and holding one point of the circumference low at the end of his dropped arm, he waited till he had heard the impact of the bucket against the top of the gallows-frame. His hand shot forward with a short, snappy jerk; the rope circle went out and up, spread, hovered an instant, and dropped upon Ketch's shoulders. With a yell, Blair jerked back upon the rope; the noose leaped up about Ketch's neck, tightened. Blair gave another jerk, and Ketch, letting go the controller, slapped the floor with his whole body. Blair leaped toward the brake.

But one of Ketch's long arms struck out like a serpent and twined about his legs, then the other arm snaked around them. "Let me go," he snarled, dropping upon Ketch, scratching, biting, striking him with a frenzy that defeated its purpose.

"Take that rope off," said Ketch quietly; "take it off quick—or he goes to the bottom."

Blair gave a quick glance at the drum; the cable was paying out in long smooth flow; a



"ONE OF KETCH'S LONG ARMS STRUCK OUT LIKE A SERPENT
AND TWINED ABOUT HIS LEGS"

white mark shot by. He made another great effort to free himself, but a strength that seemed supernatural held him. He gave another look, saw another white mark start its diagonal ascent toward the top of the gallows-frame, then, sobbing with haste, he slipped off the rope. Ketch sprang to his feet, snapped back the brake handle. His left hand turned the controller, one crank, two, the drum began to revolve in an opposite direction. "Up he goes!" he shouted with a sort of jovial ferocity.

Blair, panting, backed into his place. He sank to the floor and, his head between his knees, his hands pressed into his eyes, he thought. But only tricks puerile and inadequate came to him.

"Kelley comes on at six?" asked Ketch significantly.

"At six," answered Blair. He looked at the clock. It was a quarter to six.

With soft voice, he began to argue with the madman. He spoke of the old man in the cage, of his age, of his gray hair, of the children he loved, of Nell, his daughter, of his wife; he spoke of Ketch's own—of the woman who had cared for him so many years, of the children she had of him; he spoke of these children, pictured the gloom of tragedy that would surround them, oppress them, crush them, the innocents, through life, should their father prove a murderer.

But Ketch only raised his eyes from the drum and fixed them, red and implacable, upon him for a moment.

Then Blair rose to his feet and menaced. He called Heaven to witness the vengeance that he, Jim Blair, would visit upon the fiend who should thus kill his father. His lips parted and let out a torrent of maledictions to which his brain listened in dazed astonishment. He pictured the hunt, if the deed were done—dogs upon the trail, the outlaw, wounded, starving in the brush; and he promised torture.

But Ketch, again raising for a moment his terrible eyes from the cable, said only, "What do you suppose I carry the gun for? It's for me, at the end!"

It was ten minutes to six. Young Blair, throwing away his pride, the corslet of reserve forged through long lines of Anglo-Saxon ancestors, began to beg. He implored with broken voice; tears ran down his cheeks as down a child's; he knelt, squarely, on both knees.

And Ketch, without looking up, said, "Kelley comes on at six."

It was five minutes to six. The cable paid out fluidly; it recoiled in swan-like movement, and inside the earth the bucket was whizzing

up and down in large oscillation. Blair rose, nauseated by the humiliation to which he had subjected himself; silent and pale, he set every nerve and muscle of his body tense for a last effort.

The first time he had attacked Ketch—that was a mistake. What was important was not to reach Ketch, but to reach the brake. This time, waiting till the bucket was beginning its downward plunge, he would make a sudden lunge for the brake and set it. By timing his attempt with the approach of Kelley, he would probably be able to hold the brake till Kelley entered—and then they would be two against Ketch.

Setting every nerve and muscle tense like a runner for the start, he concentrated his attention upon the sound of footsteps that would herald the coming of the relief, and the final crisis. The drum turned and clanged, the bucket whizzed, the minute hand walked across the face of the clock. Blair panted.

Once he thought he heard the tell-tale crunch of gravel outside, and he lurched forward on his hands. Ketch, also, seemed to have caught the same sound, for his head bent toward his right shoulder in listening attitude. A crunch repeated twice, as of some one taking two steps, then stopping. But the sound ceased. A faint rustling, as of dry autumnal winds dancing along the wall, followed. Suddenly an appearance darkened the doorway, and, like a jangle of sleigh-bells, a laugh rippled in.

"Nell!" cried Blair, astounded.

His sister was standing, a-tiptoe, upon the threshold. Her eyes flashed very blue, and her cheeks were very rosy with the pleasure of the surprise; she wore a pink dress, cascading here and there with lace, beneath which peeped little white shoes with big bows; a tawny parasol twirled over her head.

"What are you men doing here with those long faces?" she asked, amused; and closing her parasol she stepped across the threshold. Immediately the room seemed filled with a rosy atmosphere of frivolity. Jim, within it, felt stricken with a vague sense of ridicule. It was as if he had been caught acting before a mirror. She glided up to Ketch and, with an attentive frown, examined the drum of the hoist. "You're letting some one down," she said, proud of her technical knowledge.

Without answering, but with a red flush mounting the back of his bared neck, Ketch put on the brake as the bucket approached the bottom of the shaft, then immediately, with a movement become mechanical to him in the last hour, he pushed forward the controller. The drum, reversed, began to turn again.



"'WERE YOU TRYING TO HIT THE GALLOWS-FRAME WITH THE
BUCKET EACH TIME?' HE ASKED KETCH"

"Why, you didn't give him time to get out, Jack Ketch," she exclaimed. "Is he coming up?"

The drum revolved, the cable coiled, the white indicating marks shot by. Ketch shoved back the controller, the drum stopped, then slowly began to roll the other way, paying out the cable.

"Jack Ketch, *what* are you doing! Now he's going down again!"

"He's trying the machinery," blurted out Jim, in the throes of an increasing embarrassment.

And Ketch was suffering a similar emotion. His neck was brick-red, perspiration trickled from his forehead. He raised his eyes to Blair; they seemed to beg.

But the young lady, with the intuition of her sex, was becoming uneasy. "Jack Ketch," she cried, "you just stop that. Stop the hoist. You scare me!"

And Jack Ketch, madman bent on murder, threw off the current, put on the brake with a tremendous pull, and leaving the hoist, walked off to a corner of the shed, where he sat down very limply, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "I wouldn't scare you, miss," he murmured; "not for the world!"

Later Jim Blair carefully brought the bucket up to the surface and, aided by Kelley, with great pain extracted from it something as life-

less as a sack of ore, but human in form. And it was very human in language when, after a few minutes of sprinkling in the shadow of the gallows-frame, it broke out in a sputtering expression of opinion about hoist-men in general, and one in particular.

Little by little, however, this very just anger of Blair senior took a queer evolution.

"Were you trying to hit the gallows-frame with the bucket each time?" he asked Ketch, who, looking very sea-sick, was reclining against a post.

Ketch, without opening his eyes, nodded a limp assent.

"You were trying to hit it each time, eh?" Blair repeated, as if unable to assure himself of the interesting fact.

Again Ketch nodded.

"Well, sir, all I've got to say is that you're a corker; a corker, sir," said Blair.

And the next day he sent Ketch to the company hospital, and two weeks later he put him back in charge of the hoist. "The best hoist-man in the country," he now says proudly to visitors, pointing to Ketch, who, a new straightness to his back, stands vigilant at the controller; "and never drinks a drop!"

Which is true. Ketch never drinks now. It must be said, though, that Jim helps him in his reformation. Young Blair watches Ketch pretty closely.

THE CALL

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

SOMETHING calls and whispers, along the city street,
Through shrill cries of children and soft stir of feet,
Till sunlights slant and dazzle, and airs breathe rare and fine:—
The mountains are calling, the winds wake the pine.

Past the quivering poplars that tell of water near
The long road is sleeping, the white road is clear.
Yet scent and touch can summon, afar from brook and tree,
The deep boom of surges, the gray waste of sea.

Sweet to dream and linger, in windless orchard close,
On bright brows of ladies to garland the rose,
But all the time are glowing, beyond this little world,
The still light of planets and the star-swarms whirled.

From "The Way of Perfect Love"

THE RECKONING

BY

ROBERT LOUNSBURY BLACK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEN

ACROSS the tawny floor of the Dakota prairie, where the afternoon heat still shimmered, three or four steers stalked in single file. Behind them flowed the mass of the herd, the line of swaying backs and their swinging tails dim in the brown dust.

Overtopping the rear, two cowboys swayed to the walk of their ponies. At intervals one or the other frightened a yearling back into the mass with a herding yell — “Ai — ee — o — o, Aa — o, Yipee, Chow,” — or, with a sweep of the arm and a sudden jerk backward, snapped a lagging steer with the thirty feet of rope that dragged from the saddle.

The monotony of it grew unbearable, and at last the larger of the two herders — a young giant with extraordinarily long legs, and an evil face scarred across with a blow that had crushed his nose — wheeled his horse toward his companion. As he loped past, he reached out a heavy hand to drag him from the saddle. The other, by contrast a mere boy, had no time to swerve his jaded pony from the attack. There was a staggering shock, but the boy clung desperately to the saddle and righted himself.

“Glue yourself on, Dickie. I’m a-comin’ again,” the man called, as he caromed off. “Hold yer horn an’ lock yer spurs an’ stick to it if ye can.” He snapped the end of his rope into his hand and, pulling out the noose, whirled it once around and threw. The coil unwound like a spring, the noose flying open at the end. It fell true over the boy’s shoulders, and even as it settled he was jerked out of his saddle. Yet almost before he seemed to have touched the ground, he was up and free.

He wavered for a moment, stunned. Then, without a word, he gathered up the reins of his horse and followed the herd on foot. Down in his pocket his hand was gripping an opened knife — a dull Barlow, but with a blade long enough to reach the heart.

“Get on yer bronco again, ye little buzzard,”

yelled the man. “Well, then, don’t. I’ll sure drag ye next time.” He charged in once or twice again, swinging his rope, but a wandering eddy of cattle finally diverted his attention, and he was content thereafter to remain at his own side of the herd.

The boy trudged morosely on through the dust, dragging his reluctant pony. “I’ll kill him,” he muttered, still gripping hard on the knife. “I’ll stick him in the guts an’ watch him bleed to death.”

The last slow mile covered, the herd crowded together on the cut-bank of a creek, and after one or two perverse efforts to break back or along it, splashed across, sucking noisily at the water.

“All over,” the big man called out. “Home to grub, kid?” Dick did not answer; he was sitting on the bank looking steadily over the prairie. “All right. Eat mud, if ye like — all you want! Nice rich mud’s good fer skinny kids.” He turned off in the direction of the ranch.

The boy lingered to chew the cud of his wrongs and, being a boy, found them of exceeding bitterness. The chivalry of the cowboy has been exploited in literature, but — perhaps because with the coming of the settler and the wire-fence, baser men sat the saddles of the heroes — this lonely orphan had suffered among rough men since he had been ten years old, with scarce a hand to succor him.

Gradually, eased by the whispering of the soft wind in the prairie grass and the wonder of the sunset, the boy’s fierce intensity relaxed, and he fell into the dull peace of the animal that has been driven too hard, but has, at last, found rest. Darkness had slipped on him before he climbed into the saddle.

Then over the flat a mile or so, up the alkali barren of a coulée, white in the starlight, around a butte, and the lights of the ranch-house, with a lantern flashing about the corrals, swung into view. “Dog bite it,” the boy muttered.



"HE WAVERED FOR A MOMENT, STUNNED"

Arrived at the stable, he unsaddled his horse and walked over to the grub tent. Supper was eaten. Under the yellow light of a lantern the table lay, chaotic with dirty dishes and scraps of mangled food. The flies slept in black clumps on the canvas walls.

"No supper to-night," bawled the cook from the bunk-house, as he caught a glimpse of the drawn little face. "I can't keep grub all night for you. A kid like you comes in with Bill or he eats dead steer out on the range."

The boy went doggedly on to pick up what scraps of meat and bread he might find. He lingered over them, too sick at heart to eat, but with a half-conscious feeling of refuge. But even as there came over him a dread of the hostility awaiting him, he lashed his mind

from its lethargy, hurried the last mouthfuls, and drove himself toward the bunk-house.

Stepping over the rubbish that had piled up fanwise outside the door-sill, he looked in. The little log hut was packed close with rough beds, on each of which two figures sprawled luxuriously among the dirty blankets. Most had taken off their chaps and boots in deference to the proprieties, but others, of greater individuality, had not. The air reeked of men and tobacco-smoke.

Dick looked first to his belongings. A little old saddle hung over his bed — a third-, fourth-, or tenth-hand army saddle, worth perhaps eight dollars when new, which the boy had bought from Bill for twice that price. Under the dim light of the lantern this piece of prop-

erty did not present its usual stringy, disheveled appearance. He climbed over his bed to look at it. Some one had cut off the saddle strings, wantonly outraging the unwritten law; for what the cowboy leaves beside his bed shall be inviolate. The bitterness that had seethed all day in Dick's mind suddenly boiled out in words.

"Who done that? Dog bite it, who done that? Was it you, Bill, you coward, you dirty horse-thief? Hit a kid an' cheat an' steal when I hain't lookin'! Was it you done that? Or you, Frank? Or you, Simp, to fix me for them

five dollars you borried? Or you, you stinkin Dutchman, you hain't none above this. Oh, damn the whole works — damn you — damn you all!"

The men lay on their beds in surly silence. Then Bill leaped at him, suddenly, from behind. The shock crushed the boy to the floor amid a shower of dirt sifting down from the sod roof. He lay limply under the man, without wasting strength in resistance — but with one hand he clawed at a stubbornly closed knife in his pocket.

The knife flashed out. It was instantly pinned down by Bill's hand, but in that moment



"'GLUE YOURSELF ON, DICKIE. I'M A-COMIN' AGAIN,' THE MAN CALLED"

the boy had slipped from under. He stood up, snarling, poised, and leaped to drive the knife home.

A well-aimed boot stopped him in mid-air; and a moment later some one snatched a revolver from Bill's hand — or there had been a murder done.

Dick awoke next day between white sheets in the ranch-house. During that twelve hours' unconsciousness he had turned from a boy, who could be goaded into curses, into a man, who would kill without a word. Bill himself, being discharged by the "old man," was relieved to get beyond arm's reach of him.

And thereafter Dick grew to know the world as more kindly, and in time all the bitterness of his younger years was gathered into the memory of a tanned face with sandy hair and blue eyes, and with the nose crushed flat across.

II

The clashing train of loaded stock cars clanked away over the rails to the staccato puffing of the engine; the "old man" shouted his last instructions to Dick from the platform of the caboose; soon there was only a daub of smoke on the prairie horizon in the direction of South Saint Paul, and Dick sighed peacefully at the ending of the day's work.

The town of Brand-New lay before him. It was then just three weeks old, and its creator, the railroad, only two; its streets were still ribbed with the stubble of the wheat-field that had been; its fifty or more houses that were to be, either were moving in across the blank prairie or were still in a noisy process of construction; everywhere was the raw, unpainted pine and the tap, tap of hammers. But the town already boasted a soda-fountain and a "blind pig"—North Dakota being, in its wisdom, prohibition. At any other time, Dick would have chosen the milder dissipation, but this day, marking the end of the spring and summer's work — this day of all the year was set apart to gather memories for long, dark hours of night-herding and lonely rides.

As he vaulted into his saddle, a clatter of hoofs thundered behind him, and the Doughgie, Dick's chosen partner, tapped him on the shoulder and flashed past. Instantly Dick was after him, his little cow-pony doubling and stretching under the sting of the quirt. With a wild chorus of yells, children and men scattering before them, they charged up to the stable, flung off, and tied their horses.

"Ohi!" said Dick in the Scandinavian dialect, as they rollicked off toward the blind pig, arm in arm. "Mane hert is full of yoy-i —" But even as he was speaking, he stopped short. Be-

fore them a small boy sat huddled in the hot dust and nursed a thin leg. At the sound of the dry sobbing, Dick's face sobered, and he jerked his arm from under the Doughgie's.

"Gee, Dickie," the deserted one remonstrated "it takes ye for a lump-jawed steer to stampede when ye sees a bawling kid. Why, ye'd steal a calf from its maw an' wet-nurse it. Chow, ye son-of-a-gun, chow out o' that."

"Go 'way," Dick answered, "an' irrigate your dry spots. I got business with this here young maverick. You hit the trail from here pretty sudden." He turned his back, and his friend departed indignantly.

"Hi, kid, fleas been bitin' you? Le's see now. No, no, I won't hurt you none." The boy, surprised out of his sobbing by attention from a tall cowboy in chaps and spurs, uncovered a raw bruise on his small brown leg. "Oh, golly, golly," crooned Dick, "that's sure bad. I reckon you must ha' let a steer take a kick at you? — Or now, say, a man done that —"

"It 'uz Frank," the boy broke out. "I 'uz jes' stan'in' here, 'n' he run across the road 'n' kicked me. 'N' see here," he went on, encouraged by the show of sympathy. He pulled back the cotton shirt from his meager chest. "He done that, too, with the sheep-shears." Dick looked at the long, half-healed scar where the blade had glanced along a rib, and his face hardened.

"Hm — that so!" he said. "Say, kid, d'you ever drink sody? I got ten cents in my pocket jest yellin' sody." The boy scrambled up, his hurt for the moment forgotten, and they went together to the drug-store. Over the drinks they grew intimate.

"Who's this bull that runs the herd — this here Frank?" Dick asked confidentially.

"Why, he uz been livin' with my maw," explained the boy. "He come here from Madona with us."

"Oh!" Dick knew what it meant. He had gossiped with a passerby thirty miles out on the prairie of the arrival of this woman. "Golly, golly, kid, that makes it sure hard for you. But ye got to bear it; bear it an' *buck*. A bad bronco gives in after you devil him an hour or so an' makes a good horse. But once a man lets up, he hain't never a man again. An' when you're plumb played out an' your heart's breakin', you jest got to buck the hardest. Why, I knowed a kid one time, like you — a sure weak little kid — an' they hurt him bad, — but he never give in — no, by —, *he* weren't broke."

As soon as the boy had finished his soda, Dick strode out, planning a more substantial fare.

"I hain't grubbed none since last week, kid," he said plaintively. "I've plumb forgot what way to work my jaws. D'ye think ye could show me how?"

"I hain't had no breakfast either," replied the boy simply.

As they were going into the unroofed, one-room hotel, the Doughgie came running up.

"Still drink-shy," he called out humorously. "Has Sally's angel-child reformed his dear paw?" Then, drawing Dick aside, he whispered: "Ye told me once 'bout a man named Bill — ye remember — that red-haired badman with a busted nose. There's a big feller down to the pig, branded right — a cross-bar from his eye clean to his jaw. Calls hisself Frank Wheeler, but I guess he's yer man Bill, all right."

Dick turned quietly to the boy and put a quarter in his hand.

"Here, kiddie, you go feed in the hotel. Eat good. I'll come later," he said. His eyes were shining. "Thank you kindly, Doughgie, for bringing me them glad tidings. I've waited — lemme see — eleven years for that son-of-a-gun. Sometimes I dreamed that I was a-shakin' his hand. If I'd come on him real sudden-like, the joy might ha' hurt me some."

"He's a bad man, Richard." The Doughgie was more sober. "Ye know why he's kept away from this here country. I seen a gun in his hind-pocket, an' he'll use it, all right, too. Lemme take a share in yer welcome to the stranger."

"Thanks, Doughgie," replied Dick graciously. "But this is my round-up. Lope around in ten minutes and watch me slaughter."

He walked off leisurely down the street — a notable figure, broad-shouldered, slender-hipped, with long muscles that played and knotted as he moved. His back was very straight, and he smiled fearlessly at the world — "a strong man rejoicing to run a race."

At the blind pig a man was idling alone by the bar. Dick sauntered up beside him.

"Have a drink," he said with cordial Western abruptness. The fellow nodded sullenly and muttered "Here's to friends" into his glass.

As he drank, Dick looked at the blue eyes, the familiar sandy hair, and the crushed nose — and he knew his man.

"Say," he said, and shot his arm around the fellow's waist. The big man started back, and Dick's hand jerked free holding a revolver. This he held pointed carelessly at the great, hairy chest showing black against the open V of the shirt. With the other hand he swept his glass to the floor.

"Say, you, I don't drink with no hog. I'm

Dick — Dick the kid at the Quarter-Circle Q Ranch — Richard Deming. You're my friend Bill, that mauled and bullied and near broke me. Bill, I'm goin' to lick you."

He opened the revolver, snapped the cartridges out, and dropped it on the floor beside them. Bill's eyes shifted about the room.

And then came chaos; the shack trembled; the flimsy bar crashed over on the bartender with a tinkle of broken glass. The joyous Doughgie was swept from his feet as he entered, and crawled away bleeding from a chance blow. The fight boiled around and around the room. Suddenly Bill wrenched himself free and jumped through the door. Before he had gone ten strides Dick was on his back and had borne him down. The fine dust of the road flew up in a haze at the shock. In its midst arms and legs were whirling; from it came grunts and gurgles — once the harsh rasp of some one choking. The entire population of the town left their labors and ran in to see. The Doughgie, coming out, mingled among them, revolver in hand to insure fair play. Ten — twenty minutes they peered into the angry center of the fight. Slowly, with fitful spurts, it quieted, and a wandering breeze cleared the dust away. Dick was on top, his legs locked about Bill's writhing body. One arm, swinging like a sledge-hammer, beat the upturned face. Bill, with a final effort, turned himself over to the protecting earth. Dick clung to him and ground the helpless head into the dust. At last the Doughgie, in fear lest Dick kill his man, pulled him off and to his feet. Dick staggered a moment, his eyes on the motionless body.

"I wouldn't ha' missed that for several," he said quietly. "Take me home." Leaning on his friend's shoulder, he walked through the lane of the awe-struck crowd. A disheveled woman cursed horribly after him.

"Whew," said the crowd at last, breaking a long, respectful silence. "What the — of a fight."

Dick washed at the stable pump. "The last licks I put in fer the boy," he said. "Say, Doughgie, we got to rustle that kid out of these works." The boy was waiting for him by the hotel; the whirlpool of the fight had not drawn him with the others into its center.

"You hurt yourself?" he inquired. The Doughgie burst into blasphemous rejoicing. "I just thought I'd wait till you came," the boy continued shyly. "You said you hadn't grubbed, 'n' I thinks p'raps you wouldn't mind my setting next you."

"You sure will — now an' continuous," cried Dick. "Here, Doughgie, lemme make you acquainted with the Kid."

A PORTRAIT PAINTER'S REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN

BY

ALBAN JASPER CONANT

IT was the end of August, 1860, when the Honorable William MacPherson said to me: "You'd better jump on a train and go paint this man Lincoln." MacPherson was the chief pioneer promoter of early St. Louis. He founded Bellefontaine Cemetery, Forest Park, and organized the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, of which he was the first president. He seemed able to get unlimited capital for his enterprises from Morgan, Drexel & Co. of New York.

The Prince of Wales and his suite were to visit St. Louis in October, and the opening of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association Fair had been fixed for that time. To forestall Chicago, we had just originated the "Western" Academy of Art. I was its secretary, and we were to hold an exhibit in connection with the Fair. MacPherson said it would be a good thing for me to hang a portrait of the new leader of the new Republican party. He knew Lincoln and approved of him, was himself a strong Unionist, and, I imagine, was not unmindful of the campaign value of such a portrait in St. Louis at that time. I was in the habit of doing what MacPherson said in those days, for whenever he told people that they ought to sit to me, they sat. So I packed up my gear and went.

Nevertheless, I disapproved heartily of the whole undertaking. I was a youngster then, scarce "come to forty year," and Lincoln meant less to me than did Bryan to Gold Democrats in 1896. I came from a slave State, I was of that strong faction in the North that thought Seward should have had the nomination, and I anticipated a disagreeable task, which I was anxious to get over as quickly as possible.

Arrived at Springfield, Illinois, I repaired with all speed to the old abandoned State House where Lincoln had his headquarters during the campaign. The room that he rented was perhaps sixty feet long by about twenty-five wide, and as I entered I caught my first sight of him standing by a table at the farther

end. He was surrounded by men with whom he was talking interestedly.

I took a seat against the wall, rather more than half way down the room. As I waited, surprise grew upon me. My notion of his features had been gained solely from the unskillful work of the photographers of the period, in which harsh lighting and inflexible pose served to accentuate the deep, repellent lines of his face, giving it an expression easily mistaken for coarseness that well accorded with the prevalent disparagement of his character. But as he talked animatedly, I saw a totally different countenance, and I admitted to myself that his frequent smile was peculiarly attractive. I determined to secure that expression for my portrait.

Across the room a young man was also waiting. From his appearance and manner, I immediately concluded that he was of my ilk and bent on the same errand. While I was undergoing vexation at the prospect of his adding to the difficulty of my obtaining the sittings I desired, Mr. Lincoln approached, and I handed him the introductions and strong recommendations with which MacPherson had armed me. Lincoln read them carefully. "No," he said gravely, shaking his head; "it is impossible for me to give any more sittings."

As I urged upon him the important purpose for which the portrait was sought, and the distance I had come to secure it, the young man I had noticed approached and stood near us. He interrupted Lincoln, who began to deny me again, saying: "Mr. Lincoln, you can give him my sitting for to-morrow. My stay in Springfield is unlimited, and I can arrange for sittings later, to suit your convenience. I should be very glad to facilitate this gentleman's work in that way."

Such professional magnanimity evidently appealed to Lincoln, and he agreed to sit to us together if that would do. So it was settled, and I thanked Mr. Lincoln and the young man. He was George Wright from New Haven, and but for him I should probably have gone

away without the portrait, and cherishing a personal resentment against Lincoln, in addition to the popular prejudice in which I shared.

Long before ten the next morning, we were both on hand at the State House. I set up my easel in the middle of the room and placed a chair for Mr. Lincoln about ten feet away. He was seated at the table, writing, and at the same time dictating to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary. He leaned his head on his left hand and kept running the fingers through his long, unkempt hair. I fumed inwardly, impatient to get on with my work.

Promptly on the hour, Lincoln rose, came over, and without a word threw his angular form into the chair, crossing his legs and settling back with a sigh, as though to a disagreeable ordeal. Immediately his countenance relapsed into impenetrable abstraction; the hard, sinister lines deepened into an expression of utter melancholy, almost despair. The cold sweat started all over me as I contemplated the difficulty of inducing the animation I had observed the day before.

Something had to be done, and I began by asking permission to arrange his hair, which stood out like an oven-broom. He nodded, and with my fingers I brushed it back, disclosing the splendid lines of the forehead. At least that was something, I thought, as I backed away. But it was not enough. All the other features seemed to me hopeless, as I stood there. His ill repute in my section flooded into my mind: his common origin — born of Kentucky "poor white trash"; his plebeian pursuits, his coarse tastes and low associates. He seemed to me, indeed, the story-telling, whisky-drinking, whisky-selling country grocer who they said had been exalted to the exclusion of the astute Seward.

So, as I sat down again before my easel, I made some flippant remark calculated to appeal to the vulgarian. It was then I got my first hint of the innate dignity of the man. He made some monosyllabic reply, and there came over his face the most marvelously complex expression I have ever seen — a mingling of instant shrewd apprehension of the whole attitude of mind back of my remark, pained disappointment at my misunderstanding of him, and patient tolerance of it.

In a flash, I saw I had made a mistake, though not till long afterward did I realize how gross a one. To cover my embarrassment I began at once to question him about the debates with Douglas, which had been fully published in the St. Louis papers.

"In all my life," he said, "I never engaged in any enterprise with such reluctance and

grave apprehension as in that contest. Douglas was the idol of his party, and justly so, for he was a man of great ability. He was reckless in many of his statements, but 'Judge Douglas said so' clinched the argument and ended the controversy. I soon found that my simple denial carried no weight against the imperious and emphatic style of his oratory. Night after night Douglas reiterated that while I was in Congress I had voted against the Mexican War and against all recognition of the gallant conduct of those who had imperiled their lives in it. I knew it was useless to reply till I could adduce such proof as would settle the question forever.

"One night I saw near the platform a Democrat, a personal friend of both of us, who was in Congress when I was. Douglas had the opening speech, and when in my reply I came to the oft-repeated statements about the Mexican War, I told the audience that when I came to Congress the war was all over; therefore I could not have voted against it; and furthermore, that on every resolution of votes of swords and thanks to the officers and soldiers, I voted in the affirmative, except on one occasion when the question was so shrewdly worded that if the Whigs voted for it they would be made to indorse the war. Then I voted no, until Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts added this amendment: 'In a war unjustifiably begun by the President.' Then I voted in the affirmative. 'And,' I added, 'I refer you for proof to the congressional record.' And turning to my Democratic colleague, I said: 'Here is Ficlin, who was in Congress when I was; he will confirm what I have said.'

"He seemed rather reluctant to come, but he was within reach of my long arm, and I took him by the collar and helped him along a little. Finally he said: 'Although I am opposed to Mr. Lincoln in politics, I must say that what he has told you concerning his votes on the Mexican War question is true.' Douglas never said Mexican War again during the whole campaign."

I remember this particularly, because it impressed me even at the time with that remarkable trait of his — the patient waiting, biding his time, no matter how strong the pressure to hasten his decision or precipitate his action. I realized it more fully later. His reply to the open letter of Greeley in the *Tribune* of August 20, 1862, accusing him of conciliating pro-slavery sentiment, is a fine example of it. His course regarding the Emancipation Proclamation is another. Carpenter painted a picture of the Cabinet consulting about the Proclamation. But a member of that Cabinet told me

they knew nothing of his purpose till he suddenly presented at a meeting a draft of the document for their verbal criticism only.

But this, and the other traits he disclosed during the week or more I stayed in Springfield, I was in no attitude of mind to appreciate. At that first sitting my efforts were only temporarily successful in diverting his mind from the sense of present responsibility, obsessed with which he relapsed into the melancholy I desired to avert. I remember how vexed I was at the interruptions of visitors, who were constantly coming in. Though they roused him to some degree of animation, they invariably spoiled his pose, so that I could not work.

One from Alabama, a fine figure of the Southern gentleman, approached with a quick, assured step, introduced himself, and evidently requested that the interview be private, for they soon retired to the other end of the room. The visitor leaned forward in his chair talking earnestly to Lincoln, who reclined easily, stroking his chin, his legs crossed. To the evident anxiety of the other man was added an expression of extreme dissatisfaction when he left, half an hour later. He had, I judged, come to interrogate Lincoln as to what would be the policy of the Government if he were elected. I could hear nothing that was said, but Lincoln chatted with him pleasantly, smiled often, and evidently told some story, his visitor chafing the while, at the exclusion of serious discussion. As I watched, Lincoln's manner impressed me as too full of levity, sadly lacking in a sense of the responsibility of his position; and I said to myself: "Is this the man I must vote for to guide the country in these feverish times—one who trifles with great personalities and issues and dismisses both with a joke?"

I wish I could remember all the visitors and all that Lincoln said at those sittings. But, like many another youngster then, I had no conception of the importance of the events in which I participated. It seemed all in the day's work to me.

At the second sitting, in desperation, I placed a long bench just behind me, and requested that all visitors occupy it. The plan served to keep Lincoln in pose and helped to bring to his face some of the animation I desired. When the string of visitors failed, I knew I must keep his mind from brooding on the present if I would avert his abstracted look, and I soon found that leading him to talk of his past life was the best expedient. He was quite willing to tell of it and even to discuss frankly the unfounded rumors concerning him, many of which I ventured to mention.

I alluded to the accusation that he had been engaged in the whisky trade. "When I was in the grocery business at New Salem," he said, "money was scarce, and I was obliged to receive in exchange all kinds of produce. When enough had accumulated, I loaded it on a flat-boat, took it to New Orleans, and traded it off for supplies. On one of these trips a neighbor of mine asked me to take along three barrels of whisky with my freight, and sell them for him. This I did, and that was the only whisky transaction of my life."

There are people, even now, who are at pains to challenge that statement, but, when Mr. Lincoln made it to me, he also said: "When I went into the grocery business, I had a partner for a while, but I soon found that he absorbed all the profits and there was nothing left for me; so I had to get out and go it alone."

He referred to the firm of Berry & Lincoln. Whatever its dealings in whisky during his connection with it, they were beyond his personal control. It was a mere paper partnership in which his dissent could have had no weight, for he was utterly impecunious at the time.

I remember he told me how, on one of his flat-boat trips, a man asked to be ferried out to a steamboat he was anxious to intercept. Lincoln accommodated him. "As he was about to climb aboard," said Lincoln, "he shook hands with me, and left in my palm a silver half-dollar. I remember with what astonishment I looked at the size of the gift."

He told me, too, how for half a dollar he bought a barrel of odds and ends from a migrating farmer who asked him to take it to lighten his wagon on the heavy roads. After stowing it away for some time, Lincoln came upon it, and found that the only thing of value in it was a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. He described how much it interested him, and I recall vividly the wide, sweeping gesture and high pitch of enthusiasm in his voice as he concluded:

"I fairly devoured every sentence."

It was no secret that he was perennially out of funds for a long time after that. Major John T. Stuart, who encouraged him to study law and first took him into partnership, told me in 1870, when I painted his portrait, that when Lincoln was with him, in 1837, the firm kept no books, but that all the fees were brought in and immediately divided among the three members.

"How much are you worth now?" I asked Mr. Lincoln, when he was telling me of his early struggles. "Well," he replied, "I pay taxes on \$15,000, but I'm not worth \$20,000." That was all he had been able to accumulate

during twenty-three years of law practice, not to mention three terms in the Illinois legislature and one in Congress.

It was necessary to live on into the twentieth century to measure the significance of this and the other things Lincoln told me about himself. My chief concern in the conversations then was to study his features, and I did so with an anxious intensity I have never devoted to a sitter before or since. I have alluded to the noble symmetry of his brow, which instantly revealed itself to my eye; but it was not till years afterward that I saw some measure of the mentality back of it.

His features were the most puzzling that could well be imagined. His bushy, overhanging brows caused a famous sculptor to speak of his rather deep-set eyes as "dark." But close observation revealed them a heavenly blue, and when they were animated, their expression was most captivating. Never was a countenance so flexible as his, nor capable of such changes of expression. The secret lay in his sensitive muscular control of the mouth. That sensitive mouth of his was the index of the mellow human sympathy of his disposition. He was acutely alive to distress in any form, and the cry of a child, particularly, would arrest his attention, no matter what he was engaged upon. Several times, when we were alone together, both working busily, I saw him stop and call to him, for a jocose remark and a handshake, some barefoot boy who had stolen softly up the stairs and was gazing around the half-open door in awe at the famous candidate.

Two incidents on the day of my departure have indelibly impressed me with his almost feminine sympathy.

When I announced the completion of my work, Lincoln came over and, looking at the portrait, said: "You're not going till this evening? I would like Mrs. Lincoln to see that. If you will let it remain here, I will bring her at three o'clock."

They came promptly, bringing several gentlemen and the irrepressible "Tad," after whom trailed a little comrade he called "Jim." Tad was everywhere at once, being repeatedly recaptured by his mother, and waiting but for a favorable diversion to be off again. I noticed with what interested pride Lincoln's eyes followed him about the room.

I uncovered the canvas for Mrs. Lincoln. "That is excellent," she said; "that is the way he looks when he has his friends about him. I hope he will look like that after the first of November."

While we were discussing the likeness, Tad

had again escaped, and had found George Wright's unfinished portrait against the wall. Turning it partly around and peering under the cover, he called out: "Come here, Jim; here's another 'Old Abe.'" Shocked at the child's impropriety before such dignitaries as the Secretary and Auditor of the State, I affected not to hear it. But Lincoln laughed outright and said in a loud aside: "Did you hear that, Conant? He got that on the street, I suppose."

Later in the day I called to say good-by, accompanied by my little daughter of twelve, whom I had brought on the journey to keep me company at the hotel. Mr. Lincoln followed us to the door, said good-by to her, and, as she passed out, gently detained me, asking with unaffected feeling: "Is her mother living?" I answered that she was. "I am so glad to know it," he said; "somehow I had got the idea that she was orphaned, and I was afraid to ask her about her mother lest I might hurt her feelings."

That was the last I saw of him till nearly a year later, when we were all in the midst of the great struggle, and all much more than a year older. Attorney-General Edward Bates had asked me to come to Washington to paint his portrait for the Cabinet series. I had the freedom of his house, and one day he invited me to come with him to see the President. We passed the long line of callers, many of whom had been waiting for days, and, as was the custom with Cabinet officers, we were admitted unannounced.

Lincoln jumped up from his desk and greeted Judge Bates. Then, turning quickly, he extended his hand to me, saying: "I can never forget you. You told me one of the best stories I ever heard." Then to the Judge: "Did you know I am indebted to this man for that 'slow horse story'?" "Mr. President," was the somewhat curt reply, "you tell so many stories that it must be difficult to remember the origin of all of them." When we were without again, Judge Bates said to me: "He tells too many stories — disgusting sometimes."

I had read in the papers how, on his memorable journey to Washington to the inauguration, he began a rear-platform speech at Buffalo or Cleveland, I forget which. In the midst of it he had launched upon the "slow horse story," but before the point was reached, the train pulled out. I had thought then how ridiculous and undignified a figure this story-telling habit made of him.

Some weeks after I saw him in the White House, he, with numerous officials, was at the

Navy Yard where Captain Dahlgren was about to test a new breech-loading gun. Lincoln, in the midst of a group, was greeting those whom he recognized. When he looked in my direction, I raised my hat with the rest. Presently he looked at me again, and, stretching out his long arm, grasped my hand, saying: "I am glad to see you. I shall never forget you." Then to the group: "I am indebted to my friend here for one of the best stories I ever heard." Whereupon a stately gentleman, immaculately dressed, said in measured tones: "Mr. President, if the story was so fine, suppose you give it to us while we are waiting." Lincoln began it, but before the point was reached, the gun boomed out and silenced him.

I had had abundant exemplification of his story-telling ability in Springfield, and had told him the "slow horse story," one day, in an effort to rouse him from his abstraction.

Yankee wit was mentioned at one of the sittings and Lincoln had said: "That is something I always admired and coveted." Some one said: "Why, you certainly have the credit of possessing it in large measure." "No," said Lincoln, "not the genuine. I don't remember that I ever got credit for it but once." Then he told how, hurrying once through a court-room, he was ordered by the judge to defend a prisoner accused of assault and battery. A witness was just testifying that the complainant had been fought all over a field. "On cross-examination," said Lincoln, "I asked him, 'How large was that field — twenty acres?' 'No,' he replied. 'Ten acres?' 'No.' 'Were there two acres?' I persisted. 'Yes, just about two,' he agreed. 'And you saw him fight this man all over the field?' pointing to the prisoner. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'did you ever see a fight before that turned out so little to the acre?' The witness admitted with a grin that he had not, the judge smiled, and the jury snickered. So, saying that as this crop was so poor it did not seem worth further cultivation, I submitted the case. Some of my friends said it was Yankee wit, but that was the only time I ever got credit for it. I wish I had it."

I could not but recognize the wit in the stories he told, but I saw in them for a long time no more than the deplorable clinging of a habit acquired from being reared on the farm with the "hired help." I did not see till later that it was the striking touch of human nature in each, often emphasized by gross absurdity, which after all to his mind lifted them above the level of vulgarity. His own perceptive faculties were so keen and inclusive that he

took in whole situations at a glance. He saw them in pictures, and in that calm self-possession of his, from which he was never betrayed into an unfortunate expression, he used his stories to answer those who would be so answered — "for without a parable spake he not unto them."

Something of this I began to see that winter in Washington. No one who did not live there at the time could realize how utterly the Capital and the affairs of the nation were at sixes and sevens. I think those who observed Lincoln then will admit that his greatness shone out from the clamor of those first two years more vividly than in the comparative equilibrium of the latter half of the war.

It was a sickly winter. I lost my own two boys during it. And Lincoln buried his son Willie, and ever after there was a new quality in his demeanor — something approaching awe. I sat in the fifth pew behind him every Sunday at Dr. Gurley's church, and I saw him on many occasions, marking the change in him.

But the sight of him that contrasted most sharply with what I had seen in Springfield, and yet confirmed it all, was on the day he reviewed Colonel Baker's crack California regiment. Baker was a personal friend of the President. He came marching proudly down to the White House, with his fourteen hundred "returned Californians," most of whom were to meet death with their leader not many days later at Ball's Bluff. There were two bands, one leading, the other bringing up the rear.

Just before Baker reached the steps, Lincoln came out rather hurriedly and walked to the end of a buttress. I was within six feet of him. He wore a somewhat baggy business suit, his hair was disordered, and out of one coat pocket a handkerchief or some white document protruded as if hastily stuffed there.

Lincoln stood perfectly still, statuesque, with the old abstraction I knew so well, gazing into vacancy, seeing nothing.

As the soldiers countermarched, the two bands came together, each playing a different tune, creating a ridiculous discord. I can see Colonel Baker now, in his splendid uniform, wheeling his horse in amongst the musicians and striking at their instruments with the flat of his sword, till finally he made them comprehend that he wished them to cease. Then he rode up to the President and saluted, beginning a profuse apology for the "horrible blundering in the music."

"It didn't disturb me in the least," said Lincoln.

“MARRIAGE À LA MODE”

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR (SEE FRONTISPICE)

V

IN the drawing-room at Heston Park, two ladies were seated. One was a well-preserved woman of fifty, with a large oblong face, good features, a double chin, abundant grey hair arranged in waved bandeaux above a forehead implying some strength of character, and a pair of challenging black eyes. Lady Barnes moved and spoke with authority; it was evident that she had been accustomed to do so all her life; to trail silk gowns over Persian carpets, to engage expensive cooks, and rely on expensive butlers, with a strict attention to small economies all the time; to impose her will on the household, and the clergyman of the parish; to give her opinions on books and expect them to be listened to; to abstain from politics as unfeminine, and to make up for it by the strongest of views on church questions. She belonged to an English type common throughout all classes — quite harmless and tolerable when things go well, but apt to be soured and twisted by adversity.

And Lady Barnes, it will be remembered, had known adversity. Not much of it, nor for long together. But, in her own opinion, she had gone through “great trials,” to the profit of her Christian character. She was quite certain — now — that everything had been for the best, and that Providence makes no mistakes. But that, perhaps, was because the “trials” had only lasted about a year, and then, so far as they were pecuniary, the marriage of her son with Miss Daphne Floyd had entirely relieved her of them. For Roger now made her a handsome allowance, and the chastened habits of a most uncomfortable year had been hastily abandoned.

Nevertheless Lady Barnes’ aspect on this autumn afternoon was not cheerful, and her companion was endeavouring, with a little kind embarrassment, both to soothe an evident irritation and to avoid the confidences that

Roger’s mother seemed eager to pour out. Elsie French, whom Washington had known three years before as Elsie Maddison, was in that bloom of young married life when all that was lovely in the girl seems to be still lingering, while yet love and motherhood have wrought once more their old transforming miracle on sense and spirit. In her afternoon dress of dainty sprigged silk, with just a touch of austerity in the broad muslin collar and cuffs, — her curly brown hair simply parted on her brow, and gathered classically on a shapely head, her mouth a little troubled, her brow a little puckered over Lady Barnes’ discontents, — she was a very gracious vision. Yet behind the gentleness, as even Lady Barnes knew, there were qualities and characteristics of a singular strength.

Lady Barnes, indeed, was complaining, and could not be stopped.

“You see, dear Mrs. French,—” she was saying, in a rapid, lowered voice, and with many glances at the door — “the trouble is that Daphne is never satisfied. She has some impossible ideal in her mind, and then everything must be sacrificed to it. She began with going into ecstasies over this dear old house — and now! — there’s scarcely a thing in it she does not want to change. Poor Edward and I spent thousands upon it, — and we really flattered ourselves that we had some taste! — but it is not good enough for Daphne!”

The speaker settled herself in her chair, with a slight but emphatic clatter of bangles and rustle of skirts.

“It’s the ceilings, isn’t it?” murmured Elsie French, glancing at the heavy decoration, the stucco bosses and pendants above her head, which had replaced, some twenty years before, a piece of Adam design, sparing and felicitous.

“It’s everything!” Lady Barnes’ tone was now more angry than fretful. “I don’t, of

course, like to say it — but really Daphne's self-confidence is too amazing!"

"She does know so much," said Elsie French, reflectively. "Doesn't she?"

"Well! — if you call it knowing. She can always get some tiresome person, whom she calls an 'expert,' to back her up. But I believe in liking what you *do* like, and not being bullied into what you don't like!"

"I suppose if one studies these things —" Elsie French began timidly.

"What's the good of studying!" cried Lady Barnes. "One has one's own taste, or one hasn't."

Confronted with this form of the Absolute, Elsie French looked perplexed, especially as her own artistic sympathies were mainly with Daphne. The situation was certainly awkward. At the time of the Barneses' financial crash, and Sir Edward Barnes' death, Heston Park, which belonged to Lady Barnes, was all that remained to her and her son. A park of a hundred acres and a few cottages went with the house; but there was no estate to support it, and it had to be let, to provide an income for the widow and the boy. Much of the expensive furniture had been sold before letting, but enough remained to satisfy the wants of a not very exacting tenant.

Lady Barnes had then departed to weep in exile on a pittance of about seven hundred a year. But with the marriage of her son to Miss Floyd and her millions, the mother's thoughts had turned fondly back to Heston Park. It was too big for her, of course; but the young people clearly must redeem it, and settle there. And Daphne had been quite amenable. The photographs charmed her. The house, she said, was evidently in a pure style, and it would be a delight to make it habitable again. The tenant, however, had a lease, and refused to turn out until at last Daphne had frankly bribed him to go. And now, after three years of married life, during which the young couple had rented various 'places,' besides their house in London, and a villa at Tunis, Heston Park had been vacated; Daphne and Roger had descended upon it, intent upon its restoration; and Lady Barnes had been invited to their councils.

Hence, indeed, these tears. When Daphne first stepped inside the ancestral mansion of the Trescoes,— such had been Lady Barnes' maiden name,— she had received a severe shock. The outside — the shell of the house — delightful! But inside! — Heavens! — what taste! — what decoration! — what ruin of a beautiful thing! Half the old mantelpieces gone, the ceilings spoilt, the decorations 'busy,' pretentious, overdone, and nothing left to console her but an

ugly row of bad Lelys and worse Highmores, the most despicable collection of family portraits she had ever set eyes upon.

Roger had looked unhappy. "It was Father and Mother did it," he admitted penitently. "But after all, Daphne, you know they *are* Trescoes!" This with a defensive and protecting glance at the Lelys.

Daphne was sorry for it. Her mouth tightened, and certain lines appeared about it, which already prophesied what the years would make of the young face. Yet it was a pretty mouth, — the mouth, above all, of one with no doubts at all as to her place and rights in the world. Lady Barnes had pronounced it "common" in her secret thoughts, before she had known its owner six weeks. But the adjective had never yet escaped the "bulwark of the teeth." Outwardly the mother and daughter-in-law were still on good terms. It was, indeed, but a week since the son and his wife had arrived, with their baby girl, at Heston Park; since Lady Barnes had journeyed thither from London to meet them, and Mr. and Mrs. French had accepted an urgent invitation from Roger, quite sufficiently backed by Daphne, to stay for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. French's old pupil, before the reopening of Eton. During that time there had been no open quarrels of any kind. But Elsie French was a sensitive creature, and she had been increasingly aware of friction and annoyance behind the scenes. And now here at last was Lady Barnes unchained! — and Daphne might appear at any moment, before she could be recaged.

"She puts you down so!" cried that lady, making gestures with the paper-knife she had just been employing on the pages of a Mudie book. "If I tell her that something or other — it doesn't matter what — cost at least a great deal of money — she has a way of smiling at you that is positively insulting! She doesn't trouble to argue — she begins to laugh — and raises her eyebrows. I — I always feel as if she had struck me in the face! I know I oughtn't to speak like this — I hadn't meant to do it — especially to a countrywoman of hers, as you are —"

"Am I?" said Elsie, in a puzzled voice.

Lady Barnes opened her eyes in astonishment.

"I meant" — the explanation was hurried — "I thought — Mrs. Barnes was a South American?"

"Her mother was; of Spanish blood, of course; — you see it in Daphne."

"Yes — in her wonderful eyes!" said Mrs. French warmly. "She has given them to the child."

"Ah — and other things, too, I'm afraid!"

cried Lady Barnes, carried away. "But here is the baby."

For the sounds of a childish voice were heard echoing in the domed hall outside. Small feet came pattering, and the drawing-room door was burst open by Roger Barnes, holding a little girl of nearly two and a half by the hand.

Lady Barnes composed herself. It is necessary to smile at children, and she endeavoured to satisfy her own sense of it.

"Come in, Beattie!—come and kiss Grannie!" and Lady Barnes held out her arms.

But the child stood still, surveyed her grandmother with a pair of startling eyes, and then, turning, made a rush for the door. But her father was too quick for her. He closed it with a laugh, and stood with his back to it. The child did not cry, but with flaming cheeks she began to beat her father's knees with her small fists.

"Go and kiss Grannie, darling," said Roger, stroking her dark head.

Beattie turned again, put both her hands behind her, and stood immovable.

"Not kiss Grannie," she said firmly. "Don't love Grannie."

"Oh, Beattie!" Mrs. French knelt down beside her. "Come and be a good little girl—and I'll show you picture-books."

"I not Beattie—I Jemima Ann," said the small, thin voice. "Not be a dood dirl—do upstairs."

She looked at her father again, and then evidently perceiving that he was not to be moved by force, she changed her tactics. Her delicate, elfish face melted into the sweetest smile; she stood on tiptoe, holding out to him her tiny arms. With a laugh of irrepressible pride and pleasure, Roger stooped to her and lifted her up. She nestled on his shoulder, a small Odalisque, dark, lithe, and tawny, beside her handsome fair-skinned father. And Roger's manner of holding and caressing her showed the passionate affection with which he regarded her.

He again urged her to kiss her grandmother; but the child again shook her head. "Then"—said he craftily—"Father must kiss Grannie." And he began to cross the room. But Lady Barnes stopped him, not without dignity.

"Better not press it, Roger,—another time."

Barnes laughed, and yielded. He carried the little child away, murmuring to her—"Naughty, naughty, ittie girl!"—a remark which Beattie, tucked under his ear, and complacently sucking her thumb, received with complete indifference.

"There, you see!" said the grandmother, with slightly flushed cheeks, as the door closed,

"the child has been already taught to dislike me, and if Roger had attempted to kiss me, she would probably have struck me."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. French. "She is a loving little thing."

"Except when she is jealous," said Lady Barnes, with significance. "I told you—she has inherited more than her eyes."

Mrs. French rose. She was determined not to discuss her hostess any more, and she walked over to the bow window as though to look at the prospects of the weather, which had threatened rain. But Roger's mother was not to be repressed. Resentment and antagonism, nurtured on a hundred small incidents and trifling jars, and, to begin with, a matter of temperament, had come at last to speech. And in this charming New Englander, the wife of Roger's best friend, sympathetic, tender, with a touch in her of the nun and the saint, Lady Barnes could not help trying to find a supporter. She was a much weaker person than her square build and her double chin would have led the bystander to suppose; and her feelings had been hurt.

So that when Mrs. French returned to say that the sun seemed to be coming out, her companion, without heeding, went on, with emotion:

"It's my son I'm thinking of, Mrs. French. I know you're safe—and that Roger depends upon Mr. French more than upon any one else in the world—so I can't help just saying a word to you about my anxiety. You know, when Roger married, I don't think he was much in love—in fact, I'm sure he wasn't. But now—it's quite different. Roger's a very soft heart, and he's very domestic. He was always the best of sons to me, and as soon as he was married, he became the best of husbands. He's devoted to Daphne now, and you see how he adores the child. But the fact is—there's a person in this neighbourhood"—Lady Barnes lowered her voice and looked round her—"I only knew it for certain this morning—who—well!—*who might make trouble!* And Daphne's temper is so passionate and uncontrolled, that—"

"Dear Lady Barnes—please don't tell me any secrets!"

Elsie French, imploring, laid a restraining hand on the mother's arm, ready, indeed, to take up her work and fly. But Lady Barnes' chair stood between her and the door, and the occupant of it was substantial.

Laura Barnes hesitated, and in the pause two persons appeared upon the garden path outside, coming towards the open windows of the drawing-room. One was Mrs. Roger Barnes;

the other was a man, remarkably tall and slender, with a stoop like that of an overgrown school-boy, silky fair hair and moustache, and pale grey eyes.

"Dr. Lelius!" said Elsie, in some astonishment. "Was Daphne expecting him?"

"Who is Dr. Lelius?" asked Lady Barnes, putting up her eye-glass.

Mrs. French explained that he was a South German art-critic — from Würzburg — with a great reputation. She had already met him at Eton and Oxford.

"Another expert!" said Lady Barnes, with a shrug.

The pair passed the window, absorbed apparently in conversation. Mrs. French escaped. Lady Barnes was left to discontent and solitude.

But the solitude was not for long.

When Elsie French descended for tea an hour later, she was aware, from a considerable distance, of people and tumult in the drawing-room. Daphne's soprano voice — agreeable, but making its mark always, like its owner — could be heard running on. The young mistress of the house seemed to be admonishing, instructing some one. Could it be her mother-in-law?

When Elsie entered, Daphne was walking up and down in excitement.

"One really cannot live with bad pictures because they happen to be one's ancestors! We won't do them any harm, Mamma! — of course not. There is a room upstairs where they can be stored — most carefully — and everybody who is interested in them can go and look at them. If they had only been left as they were painted! — not by Lely, of course! — but by some drapery man in his studio — *passe encore!* — they might have been just bearable. But you see some wretched restorer went and daubed them all over a few years ago."

"We went to the best man we could find! — We took the best advice!" cried Lady Barnes, sitting, stiff and crimson, in a deep arm-chair opposite the luckless row of portraits that Daphne was denouncing.

"I'm sure you did. But then, you see, nobody knew anything at all about it in those days. The restorers were all murderers. Ask Dr. Lelius."

Daphne pointed to the stranger, who was leaning against an arm-chair beside her in an embarrassed attitude, as though he were endeavouring to make the chair a buffer between himself and Lady Barnes.

Dr. Lelius bowed.

"It is a modern art" — he said, with diffidence, and an accent creditably slight — "a

quite modern art. We have a great man at Würzburg —"

"I don't suppose he professes to know anything about English pictures, does he?" asked Lady Barnes, with scorn.

"Ach! I do not propose that Mrs. Barnes entrust him wid dese pictures, Madame. It is now too late."

And the willowy German looked, with a half-repressed smile, at the row of pictures, all staring at the bystander with the same saucer eyes, the same wooden arms, and the same brilliance of modern paint and varnish, which not even the passage of four years since it was applied had been able greatly to subdue.

Lady Barnes lifted her shoulders and eyes — a woman's angry protest against the tyranny of knowledge.

"All the same, they are my forebears — my kith and kin!" she said, with emphasis. "But of course Mrs. Barnes is mistress here. I suppose she will do as she pleases."

The German stared politely at the carpet. It was now Daphne's turn to shrug. She threw herself into a chair, with very red cheeks, — one foot hanging over the other, and the fingers of her hands, which shone with diamonds, tapping the chair impatiently. Her dress, of a delicate pink, her wide black hat, and the dark, glowing eyes in the small pointed face beneath it; the tumbling masses of her dark hair as contrasted with her general lightness and slenderness; the red of the lips, the whiteness of the hands and brow, the dainty irregularity of feature: these things made a Watteau sketch of her, all pure colour and lissomeness, with dots and scratches of intense black. Daphne was much handsomer than she had been as a girl; but also a trifle less refined. All her points were intensified: her eyes had more flame; the damask of her cheek was deeper; her grace was wilder, her voice a little shriller than of old.

While the uncomfortable silence which the two women had made around them still lasted, Roger Barnes appeared on the garden steps.

"Hullo, any tea going?" He came in, without waiting for an answer, looked from his mother to Daphne, from Daphne to his mother, — and laughed uncomfortably.

"Still bothering about those beastly pictures?" he said, as he helped himself to a cup of tea.

"Thank you, Roger!" said Lady Barnes.

"I didn't mean any harm, Mother." He crossed over to her and sat down beside her. "I say, Daphne, I've got an idea. Why shouldn't we let Mother have them? She's going to take a house, she says. Let's hand them all over to her!"

Lady Barnes' lips trembled with indignation.

"The Trescoes who were born and died in this house belong here!" The tone of the words showed the stab to feeling and self-love. "It would be a sacrilege to move them."

"Well, then, let's move ourselves!" exclaimed Daphne, springing up. "We can let this house again, can't we, Roger?"

"We can, I suppose," said Roger, munching his bread and butter, "but we're not going to."

He raised his head and looked quietly at her.

"I think we'd better!" The tone was imperious. Daphne, with her thin arms and hands locked behind her, paused beside her husband. Dr. Lelius, stealthily raising his eyes, observed the two. A strange little scene! — not English at all. The English, he understood, were a phlegmatic people. What had this little Southerner to do among them? And what sort of person was the husband?

It was evident that some mute colloquy passed between the husband and wife — disapproval on his part, attempt to assert authority; defiance on hers. Then the fair-skinned English face, confronting Daphne, wavered and weakened, and Roger smiled into the eyes transfixing him.

"Ah!" thought Lelius, "she has him! de poor fool!"

Roger, coming over to his mother, began a murmured conversation. Daphne, still breathing quick, consented to talk to Dr. Lelius and Mrs. French. Lelius, who travelled widely, had brought her news of some pictures in a château of the Bourbonnais, pictures that her whole mind was set on acquiring. Elsie French noticed again the *expertise* of her talk, the intellectual development it implied, the passion of will that accompanied it. "To the dollar, all things are possible" — one might have phrased it so.

The soft September air came in through the open windows, from a garden flooded with western sun. Suddenly through the subdued talk which filled the drawing-room — each group in it avoiding the others — the sound of a motor arriving made itself heard.

"Heavens! — who on earth knows we're here?" said Barnes, looking up. For they had only been camping a week in the house, far too busy to think of neighbours.

They sat expectant and annoyed, reproaching each other with not having told the butler to say "not at home." Lady Barnes' attitude had in it something else — a little anxiety. But it escaped notice.

Steps came through the hall, and the butler, throwing open the door, announced:

"Mrs. Fairmile!"

Roger Barnes sprang to his feet. His mother, with a little gasp, caught him by the arm instinctively. There was a general rise and a moment of confusion, till the newcomer, advancing, offered her hand to Daphne.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Barnes, I am disturbing you all. The butler told me you had only been here a few days. But Lady Barnes and your husband are such old friends of mine that as soon as I heard — through your old post-mistress, I think! — that you had arrived — I thought I might venture?"

The charming voice dropped, and the speaker waited, smiling, her eyes fixed on Daphne. Daphne had taken her hand in some bewilderment, and was now looking at her husband for assistance. It was clear to Elsie French, in the background, that Daphne knew neither the lady, nor the lady's name, and that the visit had taken her entirely by surprise.

Barnes recovered himself quickly.

"I had no idea you were in these parts," he said, as he brought a chair forward for the visitor, and stood beside her a moment.

Lady Barnes, observing him, as she stiffly greeted the newcomer, — his cool manner, his deepened colour, — felt the usual throb of maternal pride in him, intensified by alarm and excitement.

"Oh, I am staying a day or two with Duchess Mary," said the newcomer. "She is a little older — and just as odd, poor dear, — as she used to be. Mrs. Barnes, I have heard a great deal of you! — though you mayn't know anything about me. Ah! — Dr. Lelius!"

The German, bowing awkwardly, yet radiant, came forward to take the hand extended to him.

"They did nothing but talk about you at the Louvre, when I was there last week," she said, with a little confidential nod. "You have made them horribly uncomfortable about some of their things! Isn't it a pity to know too much?" She turned towards Daphne. "I'm afraid that's your case, too!" she smiled; and the smile lit up a face lovely in feature, but full of delicate lines — lines, so to speak, of living, which no effort had been made to disguise; a tired face, where the eyes spoke from caverns of shade, yet with the most appealing and persuasive beauty.

"Do you mean about pictures?" said Daphne, a little coldly. "I don't know as much as Dr. Lelius."

Humour leapt into the eyes fixed upon her, but Mrs. Fairmile only said:

"That's not given to the rest of us mortals! — But, after all, *having's* better than *knowing*. Don't — *don't* you possess the Vitali Signorelli?"

Her voice was most musical and flattering

Daphne smiled in spite of herself. "Yes, we do. It's in London now — waiting till we can find a place for it."

"You must let me make a pilgrimage — when it comes. But you know! — you'd find a number of things at Upcott — where I'm staying now — that would interest you. I forget whether you've met the Duchess?"

"This is our first week here," said Roger, interposing. "The house has been let till now. We came down to see what could be made of it."

His tone was only just courteous. His mother, looking on, said to herself that he was angry — and with good reason.

But Mrs. Fairmile still smiled.

"Ah! the Lelys!" she cried, raising her hand slightly towards the row of portraits on the wall. "The dear, impossible things! Are you still discussing them? — as we used to do!"

Daphne started.

"You know this house, then?"

The smile broadened into a laugh of amusement, as Mrs. Fairmile turned to Roger's mother.

"Don't I, dear Lady Barnes? Don't I know this house?"

Lady Barnes seemed to straighten in her chair.

"Well, you were here often enough to know it," she said abruptly. "Daphne, Mrs. Fairmile is a distant cousin of ours."

"Distant, but quite enough to swear by!" said the visitor gaily. "Yes, Mrs. Barnes, I knew this house very well in old days. It has many charming points." She looked round with a face that had suddenly become coolly critical, — an embodied intelligence.

Daphne, bewildered, a little on edge, yet divining for the first time a listener worthy of an effort, began to talk with some rapidity of the changes she wished to make. She talked with an evident desire to show off, to make an impression. Mrs. Fairmile listened attentively, occasionally throwing in a word of criticism or comment — in the softest, gentlest voice. But somehow, whenever she spoke, Daphne felt vaguely irritated. She was generally put slightly in the wrong by her visitor, and Mrs. Fairmile's extraordinary knowledge of Heston Park, and of everything connected with it, was so odd and disconcerting. She had a laughing way, moreover, of appealing to Roger Barnes himself to support a recollection or an opinion, which presently produced a contraction of Daphne's brows. Who was this woman? A cousin? — a cousin who knew every inch of the house? — and seemed to be one of Roger's closest friends? It was really too strange that in

all these years Roger should never have said a word about her!

The red mounted in Daphne's cheek. She began, moreover, to feel herself at a disadvantage, to which she was not accustomed. Dr. Lelius meanwhile turned to Mrs. Fairmile, whenever she was allowed to speak, with a joyous yet inarticulate deference he had never shown to his hostess. They understood each other at a word, or a glance. Beside them, Daphne, with all her cleverness, soon appeared as a child for whom one makes allowances.

A vague anger swelled in her throat. She noticed, too, Roger's silence, and Lady Barnes' discomfort. There was clearly something here that had been kept from her — something to be unravelled!

Suddenly the newcomer rose. Mrs. Fairmile wore a dress of some pale grey stuff, cob-web-light and transparent, over a green satin. It had the effect of sea-water, and her grey hat, with its pale green wreath, framed the golden-grey of her hair. Every one of her few adornments was exquisite, — so was her grace as she moved. Daphne's pink and black vivacity beside her seemed a pinchbeck thing.

"Well, now, when will you all come to Upcott?" Mrs. Fairmile said graciously, as she shook hands. "The Duchess will be enchanted to see you any day — and —"

"Thank you! — but we really can't come so far," said a determined voice. "We have only a shaky old motor — our new one isn't ready yet — and besides we want all our time for the house."

"You make him work so hard?"

Mrs. Fairmile, laughing, pointed to the speaker. Roger looked up involuntarily, and Daphne saw the look.

"Roger has nothing to do," she said quickly. "Thank you very much, we will certainly come. I'll write to you. How many miles did you say it was?"

"Oh, nothing for a motor! — twenty-five. We used to think it nothing for a ride, even, — didn't we?"

The speaker, who was just passing through the door, turned towards Roger, who, with Lelius, was escorting her, with a last gesture, — gay, yet like all her gestures charged with a slight yet deliberate significance.

They disappeared. Daphne walked to the window, biting her lip.

of whom were clearly anxious to capture her attention; and by way of protecting herself from them, she spent the late afternoon in looking through Italian photographs with Dr. Lelius.

But about seven o'clock Roger found her lying on her sofa, her hands clasped behind her head — frowning — the lips working.

He came in, rather consciously, — glancing at his wife in hesitation.

"Are you tired, Daphne?"

"No."

"A penny for your thoughts, then!" He stooped over her and looked into her eyes.

Daphne made no reply. She continued to look straight before her.

"What's the matter with you?" he said at last.

"I'm wondering," said Daphne slowly, "how many more cousins and great friends you have that I know nothing about. I think, another time, it would be civil — just that! — to give me a word of warning."

Roger pulled at his moustache.

"I hadn't an idea she was within a thousand miles of this place! But if I had — I couldn't have imagined she would have the face to come here!"

"Who is she?" With a sudden movement Daphne turned her eyes upon him.

"Well, there's no use in making any bones about it," said the man, flushing. "She's a girl I was once engaged to — for a very short time," he added hastily. "It was the week before my father died — and our smash came. As soon as it came, she threw me over."

Daphne's intense gaze, under the slightly frowning brows, disquieted him.

"How long were you engaged to her?"

"Three weeks."

"Had she been staying here before that?"

"Yes — she often stayed here. Daphne! don't look like that! She treated me abominably — and before I married you I had come not to care twopence about her."

"You did care about her when you proposed to me?"

"No! — not at all. Of course — when I went out to New York, I was sore, because she had thrown me over."

"And I" — Daphne made a scornful lip — "was the feather-bed to catch you as you fell. It never occurred to you that it might have been honourable to tell me?"

"Well, I don't know — I never asked you to tell me of your affairs!" Roger with his hands in his pockets, looked round at her with an awkward laugh.

"I told you everything!" — was the quick reply — "everything."

Roger uncomfortably remembered that so, indeed, it had been, and moreover that he had been a good deal bored at the time by Daphne's confessions.

He had not been enough in love with her — then — to find them of any great account. And certainly it had never occurred to him to pay them back in kind. What did it matter to her or to any one that Chloe France had made a fool of him? His recollection of the fooling, at the time he proposed to Daphne, was still so poignant that it would have been impossible to speak of it. And within a few months afterwards he had practically forgotten it — and Chloe. Of course, he could not see her again for the first time without being "a bit upset"; mostly, indeed, by the boldness — the brazenness — of her behaviour. But his emotions were of no tragic strength, and as Lady Barnes had complained to Mrs. French, he was now honestly in love with Daphne and his child.

So that he had nothing but impatience and annoyance for the recollection of the visit of the afternoon; and Daphne's attitude distressed him. Why — she was as pale as a ghost! His thoughts sent Chloe Fairmile to the deuce.

"Look here, dear!" he said, kneeling down suddenly beside his wife. "Don't you get any nonsense into your head. I'm not the kind of fellow who goes philandering after a woman when she's jilted him. I took her measure, and after you accepted me I never gave her another thought. I forgot her, dear! — bag and baggage! Kiss me, Daphne!"

But Daphne still held him at bay.

"How long were you engaged to her?" she repeated.

"I've told you — three weeks."

"How long had you known her?"

"A year or two. She was a distant cousin of my father's. Her father was Governor of Madras, and her mother was dead. She couldn't stand India for long together, and she used to stay about with relations. Why she took a fancy to me, I can't imagine. She's so booky and artistic — and that kind of thing — that I never understood half the time what she was talking about. Now, you're just as clever, you know, darling, — but I do understand you."

Roger's conscience made a few dim remonstrances. It asked him whether in fact, standing on his own qualifications and advantages of quite a different kind, he had not always felt himself triumphantly more than a match for Chloe and her cleverness. But he paid no heed to them. He was engaged in stroking Daphne's fingers, and studying the small, set face.

"Whom did she marry?" asked Daphne, putting an end to the stroking.

"A fellow in the Army — Major Fairmile — a smart, popular sort of chap. He was her father's aide-de-camp when they married, just after we did, and they've been in India, or Egypt, ever since. They don't get on, I believe, and I suppose she comes and quarters herself on the old Duchess — as she used to on us."

"You seem to know all about her! Yes, I remember now I've heard people speak of her to you. Mrs. Fairmile — Mrs. Fairmile — yes, I remember," said Daphne, in a brooding voice, her cheeks becoming suddenly very red. "Your uncle — in town — mentioned her. I didn't take any notice."

"Why should you? She doesn't matter a fig! — either to you or to me."

"It matters to me very much that these people who spoke of her — your uncle — and the others — knew what I didn't know!" cried Daphne, passionately. She stared at Roger, strangely conscious that something epoch-making and decisive had happened. Roger had had a secret from her all these years; that was what had happened; and now she had discovered it. That he could have a secret from her was the real discovery. She felt a fierce resentment, and yet a kind of added respect for him. All the time he had been the private owner of thoughts and recollections that she had no part in; and the fact roused in her a tumult of bitter feeling. At the same time, the very disturbance which it produced in her sense of property brought back something of the passion of love she had felt in the first year of their marriage. During these three years, indeed, she had more than once shown herself absurdly jealous, for the merest trifles. But Roger had always laughed at her, and she had ended by laughing at herself.

Yet all the time he had had this secret. She sat looking at him hard with her astonishing eyes; and he grew more and more uneasy.

"Well, some of them knew," he said, answering her last reproach. "And they knew that I was jolly well quit of her! I suppose I ought to have told you, Daphne, — of course I ought — I'm sorry. But the fact was I never wanted to think of her again. And I certainly never want to see her again! Why, in the name of goodness, did you accept that tea-fight?"

"Because I mean to go."

"Then you'll have to go without me," he said, incautiously.

"Oh! — so you're afraid of meeting her! I shall know what to think if you *don't* go!" Daphne sat erect, her hands clasped round her knees.

Roger made a sound of wrath, and threw his

cigarette into the fire. Then, turning round again to face her, he tried to control himself.

"Look here, Daphne, don't let's quarrel about this. I'll tell you anything you want to know — the whole beastly story. But it can't be pleasant to me to meet a woman who treated me as she did — and it oughtn't to be pleasant to you, either."

"She simply wants to get hold of you again!" cried Daphne, springing up with a violent movement, her face blazing.

"Nonsense! She came out of nothing in the world but curiosity — and because she likes making people uncomfortable. She knew very well mother and I didn't want her!"

But the more he tried to persuade her, the more determined was Daphne to pay the promised visit, and that he should pay it with her. He gave way at last, and she allowed herself to be soothed and caressed. Then, when she seemed to have recovered herself, he gave her a tragi-comic account of the three weeks' engagement and the manner in which it had been broken off; caustic enough, one might have thought, to satisfy the most unfriendly listener. Daphne heard it all quietly.

Then her maid came, and she donned a tea-gown.

When Roger returned after dressing, he found her still abstracted.

"I suppose you kissed her?" she said abruptly, as they stood by the fire together.

He broke out in laughter and annoyance, and called her a little goose, — with his arm round her.

But she persisted.

"You did kiss her?"

"Well, of course I did! What else is one engaged for?"

"I'm certain she wished for a great deal of kissing!" said Daphne quickly.

Roger was silent. Suddenly there swept through him the memory of the scene in the orchard, and with it an admission — wrung, as it were, from a wholly unwilling self — that it had remained for him a scene unique and unapproached. In that one hour the "muddy vesture" of common feeling and desire that closed in his manhood had taken fire, and burnt to a pure flame, fusing, so it seemed, body and soul. He had not thought of it for years, but now that he was made to think of it, the old thrill returned — a memory of something heavenly — ecstatic — far transcending the common hours, and the common earth.

The next moment he had thrown the recollection angrily from him. Stooping to his wife, he kissed her warmly. "Look here, Daphne! I wish you'd let that woman alone! Have I ever

looked at any one but you, old girl, since that day at Mount Vernon?"

Daphne let him hold her close; but all the time, thoughts — ugly thoughts — "like little mice ran in and out." The notion of Roger and that woman, in the past,— engaged,— always together, in each other's arms, tormented her unendurably.

She did not, however, say a word to Lady Barnes on the subject. The morning following Mrs. Fairmile's visit that lady began a rather awkward explanation of Chloe Fairmile's place in the family history, and of the reasons for Roger's silence and her own. Daphne took it apparently with complete indifference, and managed to cut it short in the middle.

Nevertheless she brooded over the whole business, and her resentment showed itself, first of all, in a still more drastic treatment of Heston, its pictures, decorations, and appointments. Lady Barnes dared not oppose her any more. She understood that if she were thwarted or even criticised, Daphne would simply decline to live there, and her own link with the place would be once more broken. So she withdrew angrily from the scene, and tried not to know what was going on. Meanwhile a note of invitation had been addressed to Daphne by the Duchess and had been accepted; Roger had been reminded, at the point of the bayonet, that go he must; and Dr. Lelius had transferred himself from Heston to Upcott and the companionship of Mrs. Fairmile.

It was the last day of the Frenches' visit. Roger and Herbert French had been trying to get a brace or two of partridges on the long-neglected and much-poached estate, and on the way home French expressed a hope that now they were to settle at Heston, Roger would take up some of the usual duties of the country gentleman. He spoke in the half jesting way characteristic of the modern mentor. The old didactics have long gone out of fashion, and the moralist of to-day, instead of preaching *ore retundo*, must only "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike." But hide it as he might, there was an ethical and religious passion in French that would out, and was soon, indeed, to drive him from Eton to a town parish. He had been ordained some two years before this date.

It was this inborn pastoral gift, just as real as the literary or artistic gifts, and containing the same potentialities of genius as they, which had led him to feel a deep anxiety about the Barneses' *ménage*. It seemed to him necessary that Daphne should respect her husband; and

Roger, in a state of complete idleness, was not altogether respect-able.

So with much quizzing of him as "the Squire," French tried to goad his companion into some of a squire's duties. "Stand for the County Council, old fellow," he said. "Your father was on it, and it'll give you something to do."

To his surprise, Roger at once acquiesced. He was striding along in cap and knickerbockers, his curly hair still thick and golden on his temples, his clear skin flushed with exercise, his general physical aspect even more splendid — an unfriendly observer might have said more florid — than it had been in his first youth. Beside him, the slender figure and pleasant, irregular face of Herbert French would have been altogether effaced and eclipsed, but for the Eton master's two striking points, prematurely white hair, remarkably thick and abundant, and very blue eyes, shy, spiritual, and charming.

"I don't mind" — Roger was saying — "if you think they'd have me. Beastly bore, of course! But one's got to do something for one's keep."

He looked round with a smile, slightly conscious. The position he had occupied for some three years, of the idle and penniless husband dependent on his wife's dollars, was not, he knew, an exalted one in French's eyes.

"Oh! you'll find it quite tolerable," said French. "Roads and schools do as well as anything else to break one's teeth on. We shall see you a magistrate directly."

Roger laughed.

"That would be a good one! I say, you know, I hope Daphne's going to like Heston."

French hoped so too, guardedly.

"Of course mother and I get along here all right. We've got to pick up the threads — but we know all the people — and we like the old place for grandfather's sake, and all the rest of it. But there isn't much to amuse Daphne here."

"She'll be doing up the house."

"And offending mother all the time! I say, French, don't you think art's an awful nuisance? When I hear Lelius yarning on about 'quattrocento' and 'cinque-cento' — I could drown myself. No! I suppose you're tarred with the same brush." Roger shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I don't care — so long as Daphne gets all she wants — and the place suits the child."

His ruddy countenance took a shade of anxiety. French enquired what reason there was to suppose that Beattie would not thrive perfectly at Heston. Roger could only say that the child had seemed to flag a little since their arrival. Appetite not quite so good — temper difficult — and so on. Their smart

lady-nurse was not quite satisfied. "And I've been finding out about doctors here," the young father went on, knitting his brows. "All blokes, most of them,— and such old blokes! I wouldn't trust Beattie to one of them. But I've heard of a new man at Warwick — awfully good, they say — a wunner! And, after all, a motor would soon run him out!"

He went on talking eagerly about the child, her beauty, her cleverness, the plans Daphne had for her bringing up, and so on. No other child ever had been, ever could be so fetching,— so "cunning," so lovely, such a duck! The Frenches, indeed, possessed a boy of two reputed handsome. Roger wished to show himself indulgent to anything that might be pleaded for him. "Dear little fellow!" of course. But *Beattie!* — Well, it was surprising, indeed, that he should find himself the father of such a little miracle; he didn't know what he'd done to deserve it. Herbert French smiled as he walked.

"Of course, I hope there'll be a boy!" said Roger, stopping suddenly to look at Heston Park, half a mile off, emerging from the trees. "Daphne would like a boy,— so should I,— and particularly now that we've got the old house back again."

He stood and surveyed it. French noticed in the growing manliness of his face and bearing, the signs of things and forces ancestral, of those ghostly hands stretching from the past that in a long settled society tend to push a man into his right place and keep him there. The Barnes family was tolerable, though not distinguished. Roger's father,— his great temporary success in politics and business,— had given it a passing splendour, now quenched in the tides of failure and disaster which had finally overwhelmed his career. Roger evidently did not want to think much about his Barnes heritage. But it was clear also that he was proud of the Trescoes; that he had fallen back upon them, so to speak. Since the fifteenth century, there had always been a Trescoe at Heston; and Roger had already taken to browsing in county histories, and sorting family letters. French foresaw a double-barrelled surname before long; perhaps just in time for the advent of the future son and heir, who was already a personage in the mind, if not yet positively expected.

"My dear fellow — I hope Mrs. Barnes will give you not one son but many!" he said in answer to his companion's outburst. "They're wanted nowadays."

Roger nodded and smiled, and then passed on to discussion of county business and county people. He had already, it seemed, informed himself to a rather surprising degree. The shrewd, upright country gentleman was begin-

ning to emerge — oddly — from the Apollo. The merits and the absurdities of the type were already there, indeed, *in posse*. How persistent was the type, and the instinct! A man of Roger's antecedents might seem to swerve from the course, but the smallest favourable variation of circumstance,— and there he was again on the track, trotting happily between the shafts.

"If only the wife plays up!" thought French.

The recollection of Daphne, indeed, emerged simultaneously in both minds.

"Daphne, you know, won't be able to stand this all the year round," said Roger. "By George, no! — not with a wagon-load of Le-lusses!" Then, with a sudden veer, and a flush, "I say, French, do you know what sort of state the Fairmile marriage is in by now? I think that lady might have spared her call, don't you?"

French kept his eyes on the path. His manner, and the tone of the questioner, implied a past history. It was to him, indeed, that Roger had come in the first bitterness of his young grief and anger, after the "jilting." French had tried to help him, only to find that he was no more a match for the lady than the rest of the world.

As to the call and the invitation, he agreed heartily that a person of delicacy would have omitted them. The Fairmile marriage, it was generally rumoured, had broken down hopelessly. "Faults on both sides, of course. Fairmile is and always was an unscrupulous beggar! He left Eton just as you came, but I remember him well."

Roger began a sentence to the effect that if Fairmile had no scruples of his own, Chloe would scarcely have taught him any; but he checked himself abruptly in the middle, and the two men passed to other topics. French began to talk of South London, and the parish he was to have there. Roger, indifferent at first, did not remain so. He did not profess, indeed, any enthusiasm of humanity; but French found in him new curiosities. That children should starve, and slave, and suffer — *that* moved him. He was, at any rate, for hanging the parents.

The day of the Upcott visit came, and in spite of all recalcitrance, Roger was made to mount the motor beside his wife. Lady Barnes had entirely refused to go, and Mr. and Mrs. French had departed that morning for Eton.

As the thing was inevitable, Roger's male philosophy came to his aid. Better laugh and have done with it. So that, as he and Daphne sped along the autumn lanes, he talked hard about anything and everything. He expressed,

for instance, his friendly admiration for Elsie French.

"She's just the wife for old Herbert — and, by George, she's in love with him!"

"A great deal too much in love with him!" said Daphne, sharply. The day was chilly, with a strong east wind blowing, and Daphne's small figure and face were enveloped in a marvellous wrap, compounded in equal proportions of Russian sables and white cloth. It had not long arrived from Worth, and Roger had allowed himself some gibes as to its probable cost. Daphne's simplicity, the pose of her girlhood, was, in fact, breaking down in all directions. The arrogant spending instinct had gained everywhere upon the moderating and self-restraining instinct. The results often made Barnes uncomfortable. But he was inarticulate, and easily intimidated,— by Daphne. With regard to Mrs. French, however, he took up the cudgels at once. Why shouldn't Elsie adore her man, if it pleased her? Old Herbert was worth it.

"Women"— said Daphne—"should never put themselves wholly in a man's power!" Moreover, wifely adoration was particularly bad for clergymen, who were far too much inclined already to give themselves airs.

"I say! Herbert never gives himself airs!"

"They both did — to me. They have quite different ways from us — and they make one feel it. They have family prayers — we don't. They go to church — we don't. They have ascetic ideas about bringing up children — I haven't. Elsie would think it self-indulgent and abominable to stay in bed to breakfast — I don't. The fact is, all her interests and ideals are quite different from mine — and I am rather tired of being made to feel inferior."

"Daphne! what rubbish! I'm certain Elsie French never had such an idea in her head. She's awfully soft and nice — I never saw a bit of conceit in her."

"She's soft outside — and steel inside. Well, never mind! — we don't get on. She's the old America — I'm the new," said Daphne, half frowning, half laughing. "And I'm as good as she."

"You're a very good-looking woman — anyway," said Roger, admiring the vision of her among the warm browns and shining whites of her wrap. "Much better-looking than when I married you." He slipped an arm under the cloak, and gave her small waist a squeeze. Daphne turned her eyes upon him. In their black depths his touch had roused a passion which was by no means all tenderness. There was in it something threatening, something intensely and inordinately possessive.

"That means that you didn't think me good-looking at all — as compared with — Chloe?" she said insistently.

"Really, Daphne!" Roger withdrew his arm, with a rather angry laugh. "The way you twist what one says! — I declare, I won't make you any more pretty speeches for an age."

Daphne scarcely replied, but there dawned on her face the smile — melting, provocative, intent — which is the natural weapon of such a temperament. With a quick movement she nestled to her husband's side, and Roger was soon appeased.

The visit which followed always counted in Roger Barnes' memory as the first act of the tragedy, the first onset of the evil that engulfed him.

They found the old Duchess, Mrs. Fairmile, and Dr. Lelius alone. The Duchess had been the penniless daughter of an Irish clergyman, married *en secondes noces*, for her somewhat queer and stimulating personality, by an epicurean duke, who, after having provided the family with a sufficient store of dull children by an aristocratic mother, thought himself at liberty in his declining years to please himself. He had left her the dower-house, — small but delicately Jacobean, — and she was now nearly as old as the Duke had been when he married her. She was largely made, shapeless, and untidy. Her mannish face and head were tied up in a kind of lace coif; she had long since abandoned all thought of a waist; and her strong chin rested on an ample bosom.

As soon as Mrs. Barnes was seated near her hostess, Lelius — who had an intimate acquaintance, through their pictures, with half the great people of Europe — began to observe the Duchess' impressions. Amused curiosity, first. Evidently Daphne represented to her one of the queer, crude types that modern society is always throwing up on the shores of life, — like strange beasts from deep-sea soundings.

An American heiress, half Spanish — South-American Spanish — with no doubt a dash of Indian; unlimited money, and absurd pretensions — so Chloe said — in the matter of art; a mixture of the pedant and the *parvenu*: — where on earth had young Barnes picked her up? It was in some such way, no doubt — so Lelius guessed — that the Duchess' thoughts were running.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Barnes was treated with all possible civility. The Duchess enquired into the plans for rebuilding Heston — talked of her own recollections of the place and its owners, hoped that Mr. Barnes was pleased with the

neighbourhood, and finally asked the stock question:

"And how do you like England?"

"Moderately!" said Daphne, with a smile, the colour rising, as she became aware, without looking at them, that Roger and Mrs. Fairmile had adjourned to the farther end of the large room, leaving her to the Duchess and Lelius.

The small eyes above the Duchess' masculine nose sparkled.

"Only moderately?" The speaker's tone expressed that she had been for once taken by surprise. "I'm extremely sorry we don't please you, Mrs. Barnes!"

"You see, my expectations were so high!"

"Is it the country, or the climate, or the people, that won't do?" enquired the Duchess, amused.

"I suppose it would be civil to say the climate!" replied Daphne, laughing. Whereupon the Duchess saw that her visitor had made up her mind not to be overawed. The great lady summoned Dr. Lelius to her aid, and she, the German, and Daphne kept up a sparring conversation, in which Mrs. Barnes, driven on by a secret wrath, showed herself rather noisier than Englishwomen generally are. She was a little impudent, the Duchess thought, decidedly aggressive, and not witty enough to carry it off.

Meanwhile Daphne had instantly perceived that Mrs. Fairmile and Roger had disappeared into the conservatory; and though she talked incessantly through their absence, she felt each minute of it. When they came back for tea, she imagined that Roger looked embarrassed, while Mrs. Fairmile was all gaiety, chatting to him, her face raised to his in the manner of one joyously renewing an old intimacy. As they slowly advanced up the long room, Daphne felt it almost intolerable to watch them; and her pulses began to race. *Why* had she never been told of this thing? That was what rankled; and the Southern wildness in her blood sent visions of the past and terrors for the future hurrying through her brain, even while she went on talking fast and recklessly to the Duchess.

At tea-time, conversation turned on the various beautiful things which the room contained—its Nattiers, its Gobelins, its two *dessus de portes* by Boucher, and its two cabinets, of which one had belonged to Beaumarchais, and the other to the Appartement du Dauphin at Versailles.

Daphne restrained herself for a time—asked questions—affected no special knowledge. Then, at a pause, she lifted a careless hand, enquiring whether "the Fragonard sketch" oppo-

site were not the pendant of one—she named it—at Berlin.

"Ah-h-h!" said Mrs. Fairmile, with a smiling shake of the head, "how clever of you! But that's not a Fragonard. I wish it were. It's an unknown—Dr. Lelius has given him a name."

And she and Lelius fell into a discussion of the drawing that soon left Daphne behind. Native taste of the finest, mingled with the training of a lifetime; the intimate knowledge of collections of one who had lived among them from her childhood: these things had long since given Chloe Fairmile a kind of European reputation. Daphne stumbled after her, consumed with angry envy,—the *précieuse* in her resenting the easy mastery of Mrs. Fairmile, and the wife in her offended by the strange beauty, the soft audacities of a woman who had once, it seemed, held Roger captive, and would, of course, like to hold him captive again.

She burned in some way to assert herself, the imperious will chafing at the slender barrier of self-control. And some malicious god did, in fact, send an opportunity.

After tea, when Roger, in spite of efforts to confine himself to the Duchess, had been once more drawn into the orbit of Mrs. Fairmile, as she sat smoking a cigarette between the two men and gossiping of people and politics, the butler entered, and whispered a message to the Duchess.

The mistress of the house laughed.

"Chloe!—who do you think's called? Old Marcus!—of South Audley Street! He's been at Brendon House—buying up their Romneys, I should think!—and as he was passing here, he wished to show me something. Shall we have him in?"

"By all means! The last time he was here, he offered you four thousand pounds for the blue Nattier," said Chloe, with a smile, pointing to the picture.

The Duchess gave orders, and an elderly man, with long black hair, swarthy complexion, fine eyes, and a peaked forehead, was admitted, greeted by her, Mrs. Fairmile, and Dr. Lelius as an old acquaintance. He sat down beside them, was given tea, and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. Daphne, who knew the famous dealer by sight and reputation perfectly well, was piqued that he did not recognize her. Yet she well remembered having given him an important commission not more than a year before her marriage.

As soon as a cup of tea had been despatched, Marcus came to business. He drew a leather case out of the bag he had brought into the room with him, and the case, being opened,

disclosed a small but marvellous piece of Sévres.

"There!" he said, pointing triumphantly to a piece on the Duchess' chimney-piece. "Your Grace asked me — oh! ten years ago — and again last year — to find you the pair of that. Now — you have it!"

He put the two together — and the effect was great. The Duchess looked at it with greed — the greed of the connoisseur. But she shook her head —

"Marcus, I have no money."

"Oh!" he protested, smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

"And I know you want a brigand's price for it."

"Oh, nothing — nothing at all."

The Duchess took it up, and regretfully turned it round and round.

"A thousand, Marcus?" she said, looking up.

He laughed and would not reply.

"That means — more. Marcus — how do you imagine that an old woman like me, with only just enough for bread and butter, can waste her money on Sévres?" He grinned. She put it down resolutely. "No — I've got a consumptive nephew with a consumptive family. He ought to have been hung for marrying, — but I've got to send them all to Davos this winter. No, I can't, Marcus. I can't — I'm too poor." But her eyes caressed the shining thing.

Daphne bent forward.

"If the Duchess has *really* made up her mind, Mr. Marcus, — I will take it. It would just suit me —"

Marcus started in his chair.

"*Pardon, Madame!*" he said, turning hastily to look at the slender lady in white, of whom he had as yet taken no notice.

"We have the motor. We can take it with us," said Daphne, stretching out her hand for it triumphantly.

"Madame," said Marcus, in some agitation, "I have not the honour. The price —"

"The price doesn't matter," said Daphne, smiling. "You know me quite well, Mr. Marcus. Do you remember selling a Louis Seize cabinet to Miss Floyd?"

"Ah!" — the dealer was on his feet in a moment, saluting, excusing himself. Daphne heard him with graciousness. She was now the center of the situation. She had asserted herself and her money; Marcus outdid himself in homage. Lelius, in the background, looked on, a sarcastic smile hidden by his fair moustache. Mrs. Fairmile, too, smiled; Roger had grown rather hot; and the Duchess was frankly annoyed.

"I surrender it to *force majeure*," she said,

as Daphne took it from her. "Why are we not all Americans?"

And then, leaning back in her chair, she would talk no more. The pleasure of the visit, so far as it had ever existed, was at an end.

But before the Barnes' motor departed homewards, Mrs. Fairmile had again found means to carry Roger Barnes out of sight and hearing into the garden. Roger had not been able to avoid it; and Daphne, hugging the eather case, had all the same to look on.

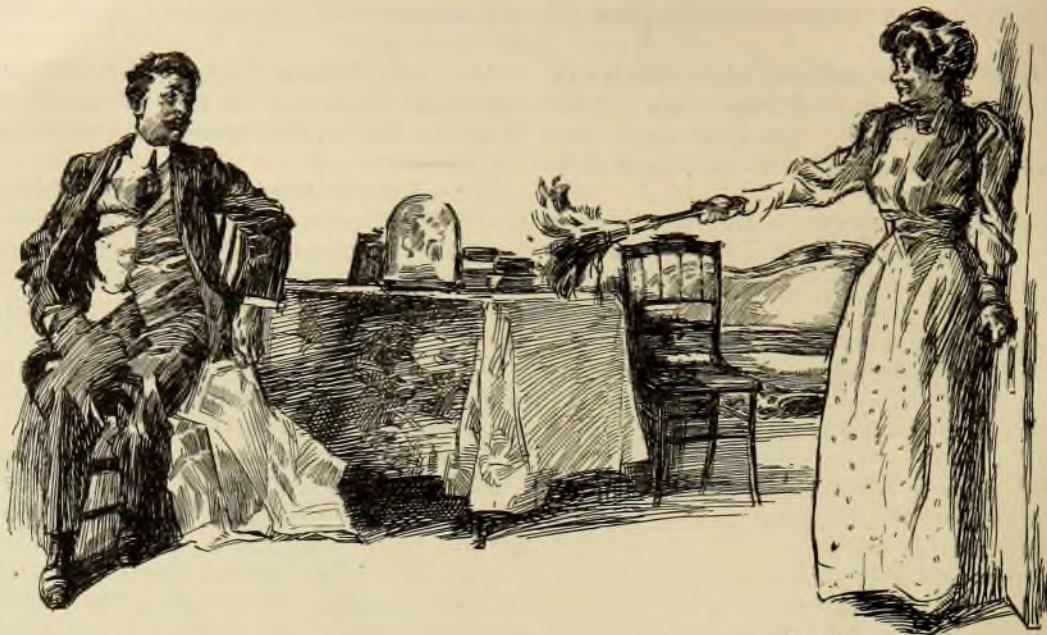
When they were once more alone together, speeding through the bright sunset air, each found the other on edge.

"You were rather rough on the Duchess, Daphne!" Roger protested. "It wasn't quite nice, was it, outbidding her like that in her own house?"

Daphne flared up at once, declaring that she wanted no lessons in deportment from him or any one else, and then demanding fiercely what was the meaning of his two disappearances with that flirt, Mrs. Fairmile. Whereupon Roger lost his temper still more decidedly, refused to give any account of himself, and the drive passed in a continuous quarrel which only just stopped short on Daphne's side of those outrageous and insulting things which were burning at the back of her tongue, while she could not as yet bring herself to say them.

An unsatisfactory peace was patched up during the evening. But in the dead of night Daphne sat up in bed, looking at the face and head of her husband beside her on the pillow. He lay peacefully sleeping, the noble outline of brow and features still nobler in the dim light which effaced all the weaker, emptier touches. Daphne felt rising within her that mingled passion of the jealous woman, which is half love, half hate, of which she had felt the first stirrings in her early jealousy of Elsie Maddison. It was the clutch of something racial and inherited, a something which the Northerner hardly knows. She had felt it before on one or two occasions, but not with this intensity. The grace of Chloe Fairmile haunted her memory, and the perfection, the corrupt perfection of her appeal to men, — men like Roger.

She must wring from him — she must, and she would — the full history of his engagement. And of those conversations in the garden, too. It stung her to recollect that after all he had given her no account of them. No! — he had her money safe. Now, no doubt, he thought — and Mrs. Fairmile thought — they could do as they pleased. The heat and corrosion of this idea spread through her being, and the will made no fight against it.



THOMAS FOGARTY

MRS. SWEENEY'S VENGEANCE

BY
CHARLES R. BARNES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

HERE'S me," complained Mrs. Sweeney, "living in Central Park West like a shoe-string sport, and my brother-in-law, Mike Sweeney, drownding in elegance in a bum East Side neighborhood. You heard of him, ain't you, Mister? He's a prom'nt citizen. If you was in Noo York four years ago, you'll recollect how he was caught with graft money sticking out all over him, and handed a ticket to Sing Sing for two years. That lovely man, Lawyer Schmitheimer, kept him out, and now he's alderman again. He ain't got nothing except money these days, but little sister-in-law don't get none of it — not her! Honest, the political graft's so good that he's hanging ice — that's what my husband usta call di'mon's — all over his family. And me, where do I get off at? In my little Central Park West flat, making a bluff! Millionaires all around, and me taking pay guests, which means roomers anywheres else, and working like a whipped-in winner — me, the widow of the smoothest book-maker that ever followed the ponies!"

"Perhaps," said the Boarder, "he observes

your residence in this expensive locality, and reasons that you have ample means."

"Tain't that so much," Mrs. Sweeney hastened to correct; "it's him thinking he's above me that hurts most. You see, my poor dead husband, being a race-track gambler, was sort of looked down at by them politicians. Brother-in-law Mike alwus said that my Dan got his money in a low-down way, while Mike and them peeled it off the public funds as pay for getting abused by the papers — for being goats, as Mike puts it. He argued that senators and congressmen done them tricks and was considered respectable, so him and them with him was respectable too, no matter how much honest graft they took. And many's the time he's said to me, 'Belle, your man is a parasite on the race-track sports, and parasites is no good — take it from me.'"

"You should pay no attention to him," advised the Boarder. "Be independent and live your life without reference to him."

"Sure, don't I try to do it?" cried Mrs. Sweeney. "But he's forever butting in. He's more bother than rent day. I ain't never told you this, but night before last I sent my little

girl to the delicatessen store, just this side of Columbus Avenue. You can't never tell what's going to come off on these Noo York streets after dark, so I stood down there in the door-way to keep an eye on the kid. Well, along comes Mike. What he was doing this far up-town, I don't know, unless he was spying on me. When he seen me, he stops.

"Hello, Belle," he says. "Who you waiting for?"

"Mr. Sweeney," says I, "I'm waiting for my daughter, Henriette."

"G'wan," he says, looking that wicked at me out of the corner of his eye. I seen what he meant, so I keeps him there, hot-airing, you know, in a small-talk way, till along comes Hennie with the little bunch of feed I sent her for. Then I hands him a warm one.

"Hennie," I says, "come in; women's characters ain't safe on the streets at night," I says, "for the original Mr. Buttinsky is loafing around to put 'em on the blink," I says—just like that."

Resentment flashed in the eyes of the gambler's widow as she finished. She was still young, but grief over her bereavement and close contact with a buffeting world had impressed her comely features with a hard, cynical expression, in which a touch of sadness lurked. The loose, extravagant life of the race-track had also traced its story. There was a noticeable lack of luster in her brown eyes. The revels that had followed her husband's lucky days were hinted at in the lines from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth. The Boarder often marveled that she should retain so much freshness after her long immersion in the wild tumult, the crazy hilarity, of the race meet and its aftermath.

"In them days I must have looked like a fairy princess, with all the jools Dan lit me up with," she had told the Boarder, in one of her many confidences. "We was living high then. Sometimes Dan would win thousands in one

day, and then he'd burn so much money that the ashes would blockade the trolley-cars. Them times he would slip off seven or eight hundred from his roll and say: 'Keep this for me, Belle, so we'll have a stake when we get this celebration spirit out of our systems.'

"Dan was the best husband! He always took me with him on them bats. There was us and Mr. and Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen, and Lucky O'Hara, and the blonde Swede lady he was engaged to, and the Plunger Einsteins, and honest, it was the loveliest mob! There wasn't nothing too good for us. Dan usta send word to the chefs in them swell hotels to be sure and serve us lobsters that was caught at Newport. We wouldn't stand for nothing cheap. And he always made 'em put champagne in the finger bowls. We'd have boxes at the theaters, and cabs—say, ain't cabs the one best bet, though! The cabbies all knowed Dan. He had 'em bought with tipping them so much, and whenever he was down town and got so

full he couldn't walk, some cabby would pick him up and bring him home, and say to me: 'No charge, Mrs. Sweeney, — alwus glad to do you a favor.'"

Mrs. Sweeney lived much in the long ago. Her big, roystering husband had been her idol, and she passed dreaming hours of delicious reverie with his memory. The present was to her a cruel reality. It was made up, for the most part, of scrimping for the rent and harboring ill will toward her rich, sneaking, hard-hearted brother-in-law. And lately, it seemed to the Boarder, her antipathy had been developing under periods of brooding. After relating the episode of Hennie's trip to the delicatessen store, she had cried:

"How I hate that man, Mister!"

And this was but one of many similar outbursts. Mike's appearance in Mrs. Sweeney's horizon always foredoomed her to trivial persecution. After each meeting, a full account of it was poured into the



Boarder's ears, together with a prayer for vengeance. The relative, it appeared, pursued his disconcerting warfare with positive genius. Only a few days before, he had offered to secure the harassed lady a position as matron of a police station.

"The idee of making beds for a lot of flat-footed cops!" Mrs. Sweeney had exclaimed. "Me that had wore di'mon's so big and plenty that the people in the hotels by the race-tracks usta stare something fierce when I come in to breakfast."

So she lived her life, fuming because of the East Side alderman, and planning revenge. As the days passed, she grew systematic in her hatred, and catalogued the component parts of her grudge. Every annoying incident was given a niche in memory, together with an appropriate method of punishment.

"My time will come some day," she loved to prophesy, "and then the neighbors will hear Mike Sweeney making a noise like a man hollering for help."

Mrs. Sweeney's "time" was such a vague thing that she hardly recognized it when it arrived. Indeed, she read the newspaper article twice before she fully comprehended its meaning to her. And then the malice that the name of Mike always brought into her expression was illumined with delight. It was not good to look upon, that ensemble of triumphant bitterness.

"Ah-h-h — h-h-ah!" she whispered, eagerly drinking in each word of the black-headlined story, "the beast is going to get what's coming to him now!"

Clutching the paper, she ran in search of the Boarder. With joyous impatience she thrust the column of type under his eyes.

"Stung!" she shrilled; "stung!"

The Boarder read a recital of sordid graft. Mike Sweeney had been caught with marked money, foisted upon him in some dicker that involved the purchase of his threadbare statesmanic honor. With icy glee, the article recounted Mike's previous tumble from grace.

"The pitcher," it concluded, "appears to have gone twice too often to the well. Last night the District Attorney said that ample evidence to send Sweeney to the penitentiary is in his possession, and that he would leave no stone unturned to accomplish this result."

"Honest, Mister, I could holler hurrah!" declared Mrs. Sweeney, as the Boarder looked up from his reading. "If I haven't doped it out wrong, it's Mr. Brother-in-law to the little iron cell. Say, it just tickles me stiff!"

The exhilarating news acted as a powerful stimulant on Mrs. Sweeney's spirits. Ignoring

the expression of shocked surprise on the Boarder's face, she babbled on and on, occasionally taking inspiration from the glaring headlines of what she considered Mike's epitaph.

"The luck has turned, Mister, the luck has turned!" she cried. "It's just like my Danny usta say things was. One day the other man's up and you're down. I'll never forget how Dan usta beat the changing luck idea into me. 'Luck runs in streaks, little girl,' he would say. 'The man that's on Tranquillity Boulevard today will be beating it down Hard Luck Alley to-morrow — or the day after, anyway.'

"Why, the day he asked me to marry him he began learning me that big principle of the race-track. You see, I was a lady clerk in a souvenir joint at West Baden Springs, Indiana. Dan was there getting the champagne of an easy money season boilt out of him in the baths, and picking over the rich invalids for marks to skin at poker. We gets acquainted through him coming in the Emporium to buy picture post-cards to send back East. The minute I seen him, I gasps, 'Oh, what a lovely man!' And he was that, too, Mister. He was big and grand — not skinny and church-looking like you.

"And he had such good taste in picking out them post-cards that you couldn't help admiring him. All of them said something about staying away from the saloons now, which was what he was doing. He was partial to them cards with pictures of water-wagons. And as he was sending them to his Noo York friends, any lady would have admired his tact and saw in him the perfect gen'l'm'n.

"We got to be great friends, I tell you. Then one day I got up against it. The boss had fired me, and I didn't have any more job than a rabbit, and I was pretty blue when Dan found me.

"How much was you getting, kid?" he says, when I told him how I'd been ruled off the track, so to speak.

"Six-fifty a week," I says, kinda sharp, having a grouch good and plenty on account of getting the tin can tied to me.

"Well, kid," he says, 'come on and trade stables. The game you're playing ain't no good. There ain't enough in it for you. Now, sign with me, and I'll give you a marriage certificate in a nice gilt frame, and a swell flat in little old Noo York, and half my bank roll when I ain't working it at the track — what?'

"Aw, quit your kidding," I says, in repartee, for I couldn't get busy with the idea that a grand rich fellow like him could be risking a bank roll on a never-wasn't like me.



"Is it a bet, little girl?" he says, quick and sharp-like. Then I seen he meant it, and I says:

"Sure. I'm game."

"Of course I didn't say it in them very words, for I didn't know nothing but common, vulgar Indiana yap talk then. But anyway, it meant yes. Say, Mister, you just can't imagine how I worshiped that great big handsome man. Why, when he opened his arms and I ran to a clinch, I would have traded my hope of heaven for a rain check to Dan's little old fireside. My!

"And right then and there, Mister, he began educating me in the science of luck.

"You was down and out when I come along to be your meal ticket, kid," he said, "and you'll find it that way always — only more so in the life I'm taking you to. So don't never be discouraged. The luck's got to turn. Alwus remember that."

"It's so, too, Mister. Here I was, thinking that Mike Sweeney wasn't never going to play into my hands, so I could double-cross him for his meanness to me. And just when he was the sassiest, along comes Mr. District Attorney with a lemon. He catches Mike with the goods on him, and all the time, me, Belle Sweeney, holds a hand that takes a few chips in this new game."

"What!" exclaimed the Boarder.

"Yes, sir," — Mrs. Sweeney's speech was high with excitement — "the little lady has some cards right off the bottom of the deck where the big ace seems to have been put. Two weeks ago Mike brought some men here saying they was hunting rooms. I was called away for a minute, and when they thought they was alone, they gave him that money. I heard all they said, and saw Mike take the bills and stuff them in his pocket. Pretty soon they went away, saying the rooms wasn't big enough. Of course I was suspicious, but for the life of me I couldn't guess out what it was all about. But I know now, Mister. And it's me for that revenge thing! Yes, sir, my chance has come, and I'm going to take it. He may be my brother-in-law, but I swear, Mister, I'm going on the witness-stand and do my best to send Mike Sweeney to Sing Sing!"

In exquisite elation Mrs. Sweeney sailed off into remote precincts of her flat, in order that the Boarder might ponder alone, and fully realize the awful doom of Mike. This was an event of magnitude, as she saw it. Indeed, it was the Great Day of her Central Park West life. All morning she found keen delight in contemplating the certain undoing of Mike. And not the least of her thanksgiving sprang from a mental picture of the alderman's family writhing under the sting of comment. Mame Sweeney, sparkling like the park grass on a dewy morning with her husband's "ice" investments; snippy, uppish Maggie, the daughter, glittering likewise, had been thorns in Mrs.

Sweeney's flesh. Now they would, of course, dress in black and move out to Harlem, or Hoboken, or some place where nobody knew them. The luck had turned, indeed.

More about Mike appeared in the next morning's papers. The case was very complete, the Boarder decided, as he finished the article. Then, as he folded the paper to read it more fully on the ride down town, Mrs. Sweeney tapped on his door.

"I'd be obliged if you'd let me go with you," she began. "There's something about that villain Mike's affairs that I want to have over with, and I'd feel better if somebody goes with me — just as far as the man's office where I'm going — say, it's real nice of you to be so accommodating!"

He noticed in her manner an unwonted restraint, and in her speech a stifled eagerness. She had donned her best regalia for the trip — an elaborate, flashy black velvet gown, a relic of the good old days; long white gloves, and patent leather shoes, adorned with glistening silver buckles. Her hat was a wonderfully gaudy creation over which floated a joyous green feather. Here and there blazed a piece of showy jewelry, while on her face was the flush of art.

"I needed some one to keep me from backing out," she told him at the entrance of the great down-town office building. "Thanks, Mister, for coming." Then, with the high, exaggerated hand-shake which she had learned from Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen and the other ladies of race-track prominence, she bade him good day and stepped inside. The elevator shot her up, up, up, and presently she found herself offering her card to an office-boy.

"He'll see you," said the youth, returning. Her breath was coming in weak gasps, and her knees seemed about to fail her as she passed through the suite, toward the door on which appeared the word "Private." She resented these evidences of timidity, and set her teeth angrily together in an effort to overcome her frailty. Why should she feel so? She remembered vividly when she thought nothing at all of dashing past the office-boy and bursting in upon the man behind that door with a merry "hello." He had been Dan's friend and her friend in the departed days. Why, then she had called him by his first name, notwithstanding his millions and the glamour which his great racing-stable cast about him.

It was a luxuriously furnished place, this den of the powerful financier. Mrs. Sweeney experienced a feeling of awe when she entered, in spite of her quondam familiarity with it. Then her shyness, her fear, her constraint van-

ished, as her eyes rested upon the picture of Jockey Peters on the wall above the eminent man's desk.

"He was a peach in his day, wasn't he!" she exclaimed, indicating the picture.

"A remarkable youngster, indeed," he agreed, advancing to meet her. "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Sweeney. Please sit down."

"The bunch alwus said you was square," she cried vehemently, "and you're proving it now by treating me as if I was still parading on the club-house porch instead of being a down-and-outer."

"Tell me about yourself," suggested the turf enthusiast. "I have from time to time made inquiries, and I know of you in a general way. Can I be of assistance — ?"

"No — no — it ain't what you think, Mr. Connors. I get along all right. But I do want a favor — say, do you remember when your horse, Tanglefoot, won the Gentlemen's Handicap? Gee, there was a horse, wasn't he!"

"Mrs. Sweeney," said Connors, eagerly leaning forward and holding up an impressive finger, "if that horse had lived he would have — "

"Say, Mr. Connors, I ain't got time to talk horse dope now; and anyway, I've heard you brag about Tanglefoot before. I know just what you're going to say: If he had lived, he'd have been so fast that they'd have to make asbestos tracks to keep him from burning them up!"

Connors sank back in his chair and laughed. "Well, yes," he admitted, "I was about to say something of the sort. But, Mrs. Sweeney, Tanglefoot was a remarkable horse. He — "

"Now, you just wait. There was a plot that Tanglefoot's jockey was in, to let that old selling plater, Flyaway, win that handicap. There was a note give to you about that time, and you took the tip and slept in the stall and never let Tanglefoot get out of your sight till he went after that cup with an honest jockey up. There wasn't no name to that note — "

"I have always been very grateful to you for that, Mrs. Sweeney," he said. "I knew who warned me. I have my ways of finding out things."

Mrs. Sweeney's demeanor grew more serious, and her next words came somewhat reluctantly:

"Of course, I'd have tipped that thing off to you anyway, but I had another reason for doing it. Dan was in the scheme, and I spoiled it for his sake. You see, it hurt me to think he'd do dirty work like that. So I blocked the game to keep his hands clean. Dan had good impulses, Mr. Connor, but Gold Dollar Cohen and them cheap, never-wasn't society

guys usta be all the time setting up the pins to get him in wrong. Now, I've just spoke of that Tanglefoot deal so you can see that I've got a reward coming."

"Please tell me, Mrs. Sweeney, what I can do." Connors was becoming mystified. Had his visitor been the average woman of his acquaintance, he would have known by the amount of preliminary fuss that the desired favor was some trivial thing. But the woman before him was, he argued, different. Mrs. Sweeney was Mrs. Sweeney. Therefore he warily avoided committing himself in advance.

"What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can keep my crook brother-in-law out of Sing Sing, Mr. Connors," she declared with a simple directness that at once enlightened and appalled him. "He's went and framed up trouble for himself again."

"Ah, yes, I read of it," Connors acknowledged.

"Mike's exasperating," she hastened to explain. "He gets on my nerves often. It's real vexing when your relatives lands in jail, and I don't want Mike sent there. Not that I don't think it would learn him a lesson. Sometimes I'm ready to believe that he's so crooked he can't lay down. And as I say, he gets me all fussed now and then with his petty larceny disposition. For his sake I'm willing to believe that he don't mean nothing by his careless treatment of me. And I'm sure his thieving is just a habit."

"But, Mrs. Sweeney —" interposed Con-

nors. The lady, however, was speaking, as she hastened to remind him.

"Yes, yes, I'll add up my talk pretty soon, so don't you rush at the barrier till you get the word. I want to tell you how annoying it would be to Mame Sweeney if her husband gets sent up. Just think how embarrassed you'd feel if your wife took a bribe from some bum contractors, and the patrol wagon backed up to your house, and it was ten days on the Island for Genevieve, like I see in a newspaper poem the other day. I tell you, Mr. Connors, you don't realize them things till somebody shows them to you in a way that strikes home."

"If Mike needs money or counsel —" suggested the besieged magnate, as the speaker paused to let her words take effect.

"Now, Mr. Connors, you know it's nothing like that — you know, don't you? Money and lawyers ain't the best bets at this time. It's influence — yes, sir, influence. Mike needs the little word you can pass along for him. It ain't no use arguing that you fellows in the Street don't run Noo York and the country and just about everything else. If one of you was in trouble, somebody would get instructions — oh, you know, Mr. Connors, how to do it. I'm just a woman, and of course I don't know how such things is brought off. But I know they are did, all right. Just as sure as you're alive, they're did! First the papers make a big splurge about somebody that goes wrong. Then there's the little word I'm talk-

THURSTON MARY

"HOW MUCH WAS YOU GETTING, KID? HE SAYS!"



ing about. After that there ain't nothing much, but a few editorials on what a shame it is that nobody ain't doing nothing about it. Pretty soon along comes a terrible murder or a scandal or something, and justice ain't in the running any more. Everybody has forgot.

"There's Mike's daughter to consider, too, Mr. Connors. She's going to be married to a swell saloon-keeper on Third Avenue. If Mike goes to jail, it will ruin her married life, because her husband will always have it to

parted lips with a wonder that melted into admiration. For he had penetrated beneath the surface. Throughout Mrs. Sweeney's plea there had been a forced enthusiasm that had not escaped him. And instinctively he felt that the scoundrel brother-in-law's champion had driven herself to the cudgels. Doubtless she had forced herself to forget much that rankled. The picture of her caring for Jockey Thompson after his mount had fallen on him flashed across his mind. She knew that Thompson had spoken of her as "a Indiana



THOMAS FOGARTY.

"'OH, MR. CONNORS,' SHE CRIED, 'PLEASE, PLEASE SAVE MIKE!'"

throw up to her that her father wasn't slick enough to keep out of Sing Sing, like other grafters does. It's a disgrace she wouldn't never get over. As long as Mike side-stepped trouble, people respected him, but now they've all got him spotted for a dub. It would help Mike live down this dreadful opinion, too, Mr. Connors, if you'd be his friend. Why, it would be the making of him. He'd be real careful with his stealing in the future. And when it leaks out that his influence is strong enough to stall off the law, people will respect him something fierce."

Mrs. Sweeney leaned forward impetuously and clasped her white-gloved hands in a straining grip.

"Oh, Mr. Connors," she cried, "please, please save Mike!"

Shrewd, world-wise Connors regarded the questioning eyes, the flushed face, and the

yap, a b'gosh lady, you know, who kept buttin' into swell racing society, instead of helping father to balance mashed potatoes on his knife."

There was an unwonted softness in Connor's blue eyes as he rang for his secretary.

"Call up Finnegan," he commanded, "and tell him to lunch with me at the Bridle Club. Say it's important — one-thirty. That is all."

"Finnegan — Finnegan," pondered Mrs. Sweeney; "oh, I know. He's the big boss that runs the whole town, ain't he?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sweeney," replied Connors, laughing.

"Then you're going to — ?"

"It will be all right," he assured her. "I shall talk the case over with Finnegan. Mike won't go to Sing Sing. Trust the matter to me — no, no, do not thank me. I am only

paying off my obligations. I have owed you something ever since I received the little note in the Tanglefoot affair."

Mrs. Sweeney had a confused recollection of a friendly smile, a warm, firm hand-clasp, and hearty words of well-wishing which rang sincere, as she left the office. Also she remembered a very attentive clerk who saw her to the elevator, descended with her, and deftly tucked her into a carriage which appeared conveniently out of the chaos of traffic.

"And here I thought my cab-riding days was over and done with," she told the Boarder that evening. "Honest, it was so natural, the smell of the cushions and all! I could almost

see my Dan, loaded with champagne to the eyebrows, sitting there beside me with his feet sticking out of the cab window. Oh, it was just heavenly, it was, Mister!"

"I think," observed the Boarder, "that your attitude toward Mike reveals a commendable spirit of forgiveness."

"Forget it," she snapped. "Mike's a disgrace. The reason I went and plugged for him was because I got to thinking it would be awful bothersome to have the neighbors saying. 'Mrs. Sweeney, she's got a brother-in-law Mike doing time.' That's why I done it."

Whereat a cynical, incredulous grin appeared on the Boarder's face.

TO SOME FLOWERS

GROWING NEAR A WALL OF PORTLAND HARBOR

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

WHAT will you bring to-day?
Nod once if it be grave,
Nod thrice if it be gay!

Primrose with eyes for night,
Sweet-peas with wings for flight,
Poppies with cups for dew,
Love in the midst of rue:
Which nods to me?

No, you turn your faces all one way
Against the wall,
Because a wind from off the sea
Draws its chill fingers o'er your cups
And bids your petals fall.

You do not nod,
You beckon neither once nor thrice
To me, but to the earth
There slips a cover manifold
Of every hue.
And o'er the wall beside the sea
Curl mist and myriad broken wings.

Such gift you give to me!

THE STRENGTH OF THE LAW

BY

F. J. LOURIET

IT had been a profitable day for Nolan in the front saloon. Crowds of the idle curious, with a thirst for local color, and, incidentally, a dryness of the throat aggravated by much talking, had flocked to the scene of the latest excitement in the prison city, and still fluctuated in little groups before the bar.

In the back room, however, the faithful group around the stove showed an unwonted lack of interest in the business of the bar. They sat in dejected silence, hardly glancing up when the keeper opened the side door and stood scraping his shoes on the sill to remove the clinging snow. Even his cheery "Hello, boys!" brought no response.

He seated himself, filled his pipe carefully, and looked around him.

"What's the matter with you fellers?" he asked, lighting up. "Anybody'd think this was a funeral, the way you all sit around and stare."

"That's comin' soon enough, ain't it?" returned the little old man. Then, suddenly looking at Doyle, he blurted out, "Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"Know nothin'," answered the keeper. "I've just come off duty up at the pen. Why? Who's dead?"

"Jack Moreland killed a man out there this afternoon—" nodding his head toward the front.

"Jack Moreland! Jack Moreland killed a man!" cried Doyle, gripping the arms of his chair and half rising to his feet. "What d' you mean?"

"Mean just what we say, Doyle," said the man with the chin-whiskers, soberly. "Jack Moreland killed a man, name o' William Stebbins, out there in the front room this afternoon. You can hear the crowd 'round the bar yet."

"Jack Moreland killed Bill Stebbins!" repeated Doyle, sinking back heavily into his chair. "Oh, the fool! the fool! But I might've known it would come. It had to."

"I don't know how you figger that out," said the old man. "He didn't have no call to do it,

so fur as I could see. Just rushed in through the door and struck him on the chin once, and he dropped and split his head open on a cuspidor."

"How'd you know it was Bill Stebbins?" demanded Doyle. "Who knew him?"

"Nobody knew him," informed the young man in the red necktie; "on'y, after he'd croaked, they found letters in his pocket addressed to that name. So it's a cinch it's William Stebbins, all right, whoever he was."

"Where's Moreland now? Did they get him?"

"Sure. He didn't try to make no break. Anyhow, Nolan grabbed him and held him till the cops come, and they took him off in the hurry-up wagon."

"He'll get life, for sure," remarked the old man.

"He will, will he? Maybe I'll have something to say about that myself," said Doyle hotly.

"Tain't no use, Doyle. Tain't no use at all," remonstrated the old man. "Jack killed him right enough, and there's five witnesses to it. Besides, this feller didn't say nothin' to him. Jack just rushes in at 'im, an' hollers out somethin' awful, an' hits 'im once, an' down he goes an' cracks his head clean open."

"You can't do nothin'," added the young man.

The keeper's face set sternly.

"Can't do nothin', can't I?" he said, rising and pacing the floor. "Can't do nothin'? I can talk! I can tell what I know. I'll tell it to you fellers right here, to start with; and then I'll tell it to the papers; and I'll tell it to the jury. And if that don't do the business, I'll go to the Governor and tell it to him, and we'll see whether I can help Jack Moreland or not!"

And Doyle pushed the button savagely. The little group watched anxiously his steady pacing up and down. When he gulped the stiff drink of whisky which the bartender brought in response to his order, they glanced

at one another significantly, but no one uttered a word until he had swung around and resumed his seat.

Then the quiet man said, "Tell us, and let's see if we can help, too."

Doyle looked at them all for a moment.

"I ain't got no right to go off like that," he said finally; "only, this thing knocked me out just at first. You see, I knew Jack pretty well — you all knew he'd done time up there, didn't you?"

"Oh, that's all right!" "Sure!" "That don't make no difference to us," came the reassuring chorus.

"Well, then," said Doyle, "I'm goin' to tell you the whole story, and I want you to tell it outside, so folks 'll understand there's such damnable extenuatin' circumstances that there ain't no call to convict him.

"You fellers and plenty others know that Jack's done his bit,—done it like a man, too, and never a squeal out of him,—but you don't know, none o' you, why he got it, and that's part of what I'm goin' to tell you now.

"He was sent up for embezzlement — takin' some sixty dollars from the drawer where he was bookkeeper, when his kid died. He was only gettin' eighteen a week, and he and his wife hadn't been married but about two years; and what with the expense o' bringin' the kid into the world, when it went out again so soon they didn't have nothin' saved up to bury it with. He asked his boss to lend him the money, and he'd pay it back five a week, but the old skinflint said the rules of the company wouldn't allow it. But the baby had to be buried somehow, so Jack took the stuff, and the thing was done decent-like, with a few flowers and all. But he hadn't been clever enough, and the money was missed. They didn't spot him, though, till the next week, when he was puttin' back the first five; and then they nabbed him.

"His wife was a little mite of a thing no bigger than a pint o' cider, but she was sand clean to the backbone. She'd been a stenographer before she was married, and the minute Jack was arrested she just got a move on herself, and landed a job the next day. The money she made got Jack a lawyer, too, though that didn't help him none. All these cheap shysters ever do is take your money and advise you to plead guilty and they'll fix it with the prosecuting attorney so he'll let you off light. When Jack plead guilty, the judge handed him out a five-spot and told him he ought to be thankful to get out that easy. So the only comfort he had out of his wife's job was to know that she wa'n't starvin'.

"Well, after the deputy had tried Jack out for a while, he sized him up as no kicker and turned him over to me for the kitchen gang. He made good all right, and he was mighty serious-like, and there wa'n't no such laughin' and jokin' goin' on in the gang as there used to be when old Finnegan was around. Still, he took due notice o' the rules and governed himself accordingly, and he'd wash greasy pans or dump out garbage with never a change of face.

"He didn't make much truck with me at first. Some of 'em are always runnin' to the keeper with little yarns about some other man, or tryin' to make themselves solid by laughin' hard at his jokes; but that wasn't Jack Moreland. He just took his medicine and asked no favors.

"I kinder like that way, myself; so, after I'd watched him quiet-like for a while and got him placed, I'd drop a word to the deputy for him when I could, thinkin' that maybe he'd step into a bookkeeper's job in one o' the shops when somebody went out. But, of course, they was all long-timers just when you didn't want 'em to be.

"However, the photographer upstairs happened to mention to me one day that his time would be up in a couple of weeks, and I thought right off that maybe that 'u'd be a good job for Jack; so when I got a chance, I put in my talk to the deputy, and he said he'd think it over. I knew what that meant with Mr. North; he don't talk much.

"Now, the photograph job is a good one, and the man holdin' it down belongs to the kitchen gang because the gallery is over the kitchen. All he has to do is to take a picture of each new man as he comes in, and keep the negative filed away handy-like, so if anybody escapes he can strike off a couple of hundred quick for distribution to the police. He's got the gallery to himself all day, with nobody to interfere, for me and the deputy are the only ones allowed in there. It's a snap, as things go. Every afternoon I'd send Jack upstairs for an hour or so to help White, so to speak, and he learns the business on the quiet.

"In due course White went out, and Jack got the job and made good, as I knew he would. Of course, all the time I got to know him better, and all the time the better I liked his ways — just sayin' nothin' and tendin' to business. Every visitin' day his wife would come down to see him and stay the full limit, not sayin' much, but they'd just sit there holdin' hands kinder piteous-like.

"One summer's afternoon, when Jack had been there about a year, I was sittin' up in the gallery with my pipe, restin' a bit, and all at

once he comes up to me and says, in that quiet way o' his:

"'Mr. Doyle, I'm in trouble, and I want you to help me.'

"'Well, what rule have you busted now, Jack?' says I, though I knew very well he hadn't.

"'None,' says he, 'but I'm going to ask you to bust a rule for me and let me have just one smoke. I'm achin' for it,' says he.

"'Sure,' says I, and handed him my pipe.

"'Gee, but that's good!' says he, after a minute, from somewhere behind the smoke.

"Then he went on and told me what he had on his mind, and he'd figured things down pretty close. He was lookin' for'ard to the time when he'd be discharged and it would be up to him to earn a livin' for himself and his wife again.

"Of course, he said, he could never get another job at bookkeepin', for men didn't take on that kind of help without a reference which he wouldn't be able to give. In the next place, he said, he couldn't learn enough about photography to do him much good, because the work there was too rough and there wa'n't nobody around that knew any more about it than he did, and he'd need a lot of educatin' outside before he could set up as understandin' the business.

"'Of course, I know,' says he, 'that there'll be awkward questions asked in 'most any place I try to get into, and it ain't a very bright prospect for my wife,' says he, 'if I've got to look forward to taking my chance as a day-laborer. Now,' he says, 'I want you to take me over to the deputy and let me tell him how things are with me, and I'm going to ask him to put me into the tailor-shop. That's a State shop instead of a contractor's, so I can't make any money; but I'm going to ask him to have me taught the whole business — cutting, fitting, sewing, and everything. Then, by the time I get out, I'll have a trade.'

"'Besides that,' says he, 'I've talked it over with my wife, and she's going to Chicago the first of the month to a big office where she'll be able to lay up seven or eight dollars a week. That will mean a thousand or more in three years, and when I get out, with the trade I've learned and the money she's saved, we're going to start a little tailor-shop, and I'd like to see the man that can stop us makin' a living then! Only, she's going to be so far away that she can't come to see me any more on visitin' day,' he says mournful-like at the end.

"Well, you can bet he saw the deputy that very day, and, what's more, the deputy shook his hand and said he was doin' the right thing,

and he'd help him all he could, and the next week Jack was in the tailor-shop beginning his lessons.

"The head tailor over there shoved him right along, and in time he learned the whole business. Whenever I was on night watch in the hall, I used to go to his cell, and he'd tell me how he was gettin' on, and how his wife was doin' fine in Chicago and had had her pay raised, and how she was savin' and plannin', and how they both missed the visitin' day.

"Then, after a while, there was a feller in the tailor-shop that was goin' out, and he told Jack he was bound for Chicago; so Jack give him his wife's address, and told him to go and see her and tell her all about his work and a lot of things that he couldn't say in a letter, bein' allowed to write only once a month, and the letters bein' read, at that. When he told me what he had done, I thought maybe he had made a mistake; but I didn't want to worry him, so I said nothin'.

"Now, what should happen next, after some weeks, but Mrs. Moreland turns up unexpected in this very town. Gee! but I was surprised when she come up to see Jack, and so was he, for she hadn't written a word about it. He was fair upset at first, thinkin' something was wrong; but she gave him a pitiful spiel about how she couldn't stand it any longer to be so far away, and she just had to come back where she could see him once in a while; and of course it all went. But she looked peaked and anxious, and it seemed she didn't have no job ready to step into, and hadn't no luck in gettin' hold of one, and all the time she was out o' work was eatin' up her little pile; and somehow the thing didn't seem right, but I couldn't figger out then what the trouble was.

"To make a long story short, she finally got a job at the mill. It wa'n't so good as either one she'd had before, and I guess she didn't live very high; but she begun savin' up again, if it wa'n't much, and every visitin' day she was up to see Jack, and they both got quite cheerful once more, a-countin' the days till it was time for the big gate to open.

"And when that time came at last, she was sittin' in the outside office, waitin' quiet, and they went off together.

"Now, this suit of clothes I've got on was made at J. W. Moreland's tailor-shop, and other folks besides me have got suits that was made there, and good ones, too. He had his dose ladled out to him, and he took it like a man, and he's worked his way back and made good right here in this town, and he ain't goin' to do no more time, and you hear me say it!"

"But, Doyle!" ventured the old man,

"Doyle! He killed this Stebbins just the same. You ain't altered that. It's murder, you know."

"Murder!" roared Doyle, swinging around. "It *ain't* murder. It's justice! It's fate! It's the dues of a sneak and a coward and a bloodsucker! I ain't finished my story yet. You don't know what happened when that feller went out from the tailor-shop with a message to Jack's wife in Chicago, do you? Well, I'll tell you. He went to that little woman and blackmailed her — threatened to tell her boss that her husband was a convict for embezzlin'! Of course, she was scared out of her wits for fear she'd lose her position, and he bled her week by week till he got where she was payin' most of her earnings. And then he found out that she'd got a little saved up, and he struck for that, too, little at a time. And she stood it, for fear o' losin' her job, till he got bolder still an' begun to play for more than money. Then she got desperate and threw up the job herself and come straight here, thinkin' this was the one place where he wouldn't dare foller; and she comes up and tells Jack that pitiful little lie about havin' to come back to be near him! And maybe by this time I don't need to tell you that the name o' that black-mailin' scoundrel was William Stebbins."

"My God!" murmured the quiet man.

"Now I'll tell you a little more, just to show you how it's dead up to me to see that Jack Moreland don't have no further trouble over this business. He probably never would have known the truth about her leavin' Chicago, only some ten days ago his wife was comin' home from Kendall's grocery-store about dusk one night, and she kinder felt that there was a man follerin' her, and when she got a little ways past a lamp she looked back sudden, and there, skulkin' along in the shadder, she sees this man; and she was so frightened, she just picked up her heels and run for home as fast as she could go,— and she in no condition for scares or runnin', either one,— and tells Jack the whole story, and he comes straight to me with it.

"And I never offered to have the scoundrel nabbed, as I should have done. Mrs. Moreland wouldn't have come out and put in a charge against him, anyway, but I might have had him picked up as a suspicious character or a vagrant. Only I was so cock-sure he couldn't and wouldn't dare to try any of his tricks in this town that I just set in my chair and advised Jack not to stir up any mud unless the feller showed some way that he meant to make trouble, and then to go quick to the chief of police and report it, and if anything further was needed to let me know.

"What has happened since then I don't know. I don't need to. I know it was something that — the fool! — he couldn't wait —"

A rush of frosty air into the room; the side door slammed. Doyle had gone home.

The trial was over. The process of the law had been very simple; there had been no delays or complications. Of notoriety there had been a plenty, and Jack's friends, Doyle in chief, had worked hard to create a public sentiment in his favor, with partial success. Doyle had testified vigorously of all that he knew, but much that he had counted on as most effective in the prisoner's behalf he had been unable to get before the jury, for the reason that it was hearsay and not first-hand knowledge.

There had been five eye-witnesses to the assault in Nolan's saloon, and the coroner's inquest had shown that William Stebbins met his death as the result of a cut in the head by a blunt instrument, due to the act of John Moreland.

The jury had brought in the verdict, "Guilty of manslaughter," and now, on Saturday morning, the prisoner stood up, pallid and bright-eyed, to hear sentence passed. Doyle, down in the front row of spectators, sat with his head bowed on his chest, and the man with the chin-whiskers, sitting next him, looked hard at the empty jury-box.

"In taking it upon yourself," the judge was saying, "to administer physical chastisement to this man for the injuries he had done you, you have yourself committed a crime more grievous than his. The law, in its proper course, would have inflicted due punishment for any wrongs you may have suffered. I might impose upon you the full penalty of life imprisonment, but I have taken into consideration all the extenuating circumstances of the case. I cannot, however, gloss over that dangerous indifference to, or defiance of, the law which you have shown on this and on a former occasion.

"The law and the sentence in your case is that you shall be confined in the State prison at hard labor for a period of fifteen years."

There was a general movement about the prisoner, but Doyle was the first to reach him. His own eyes were glistening, but not with the hard, dry brightness of Jack Moreland's.

"I done my best, Jack," he said, "but the law was too strong for me." Then, leaning over the railing and dropping his voice to a whisper, he added: "Sarah's down there; she'll take care of her, all right. Don't you worry."

Moreland looked at him intently, but his jaws were set; he did not speak. With a wring of the hand, Doyle left him, and the prisoner turned to the waiting sheriff.

WHERE ROOSEVELT WILL SHOOT

McMILLAN AND HIS JU-JA RANCH

BY

T. R. MACMECHEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

JU-JA RANCH, where Mr. Roosevelt will stay for several weeks discussing with Mr. McMillan the final plans for his plunge into the wilderness, is twenty-three miles from Nairobi, the seat of government in British East Africa. The ranch is a domain of twenty thousand acres, covering a tract seven miles long that ends in a sharp angle at the confluence of the Athi and Tana rivers. Immediately north of Ju-Ja, in majestic view from the veranda, Mount Kenia pushes its snow-cap nineteen thousand feet high across the exact line of the equator. Between the ranch and Mount Kenia lie the swells of the big game wilderness, which runs on in a northwesterly direction toward the great volcanic escarpment that shields Victoria Nyanza.

Ju-Jah House is one story high and of great extent, surrounded on all sides by a veranda. Hallways running across the house from every side give entrance to the rooms, which open through French windows upon the veranda. At the northwest corner, looking out upon the plains and the mountains, is a kiosk where midday refreshment and afternoon tea are served. Each guest has his own Somali servant who responds to his call and attends to his needs.

Conveniences abound which might well make one forget that he is next door to the wilderness. There is a telephone service connecting the house with every part of the farm. Electric lights are furnished from a power plant operated by turbine on the river, and there are storage batteries for a resource in case the dynamo "goes dead." An artificial ice plant cools the atmosphere of the house and supplies plenty of ice for beverages. Pianos, talking machines, and the magazines are at hand.

Open house hospitality is the custom of a new country. At Ju-Ja hunting parties help themselves, if they arrive in the absence of the master. The house is like a hotel on the road to the great northern game fields, and the great sportsmen of the world are pretty sure to drift in there sooner or later.

The temperature at this altitude of fifty-four hundred feet is agreeable throughout the year. Torrential rains for six weeks in the spring leave the air damp, but at other seasons the heat is dry like that of Colorado, though not so wearing on the nerves. White men wear a pith helmet and covering for the neck as a protection against the sun. The native carriers go bare-headed and smear their skin with a preparation of red earth and castor oil.

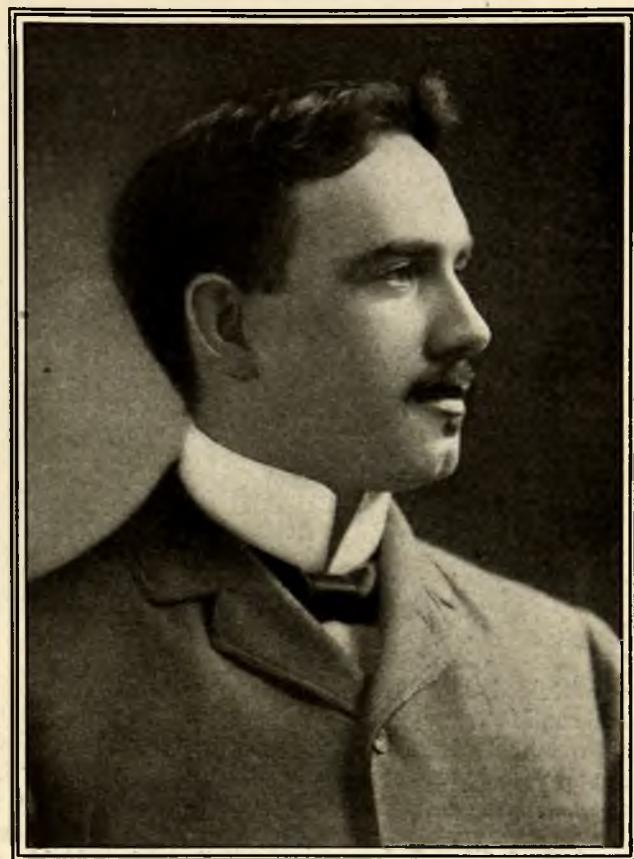
The gardens at Ju-Ja are wonderful. Acres of them cover the hillsides that drop away to the river boundaries of the farm. Flowers that in this country blossom at different seasons bloom all together in the violet sunshine. The pansy, a spring flower in temperate climes, grows beside the fall chrysanthemum. Peas, potatoes, lettuce, and beets mature week after week the whole year round, according to the time of planting.

The government is deeply interested in McMillan's experiments in the domestication of native animals. No other individual is so well equipped to attempt the work on a scale that will yield immediate results. When he first bought Ju-Ja, McMillan intended to raise ostriches, but the colonial government has since then prohibited the capture of the ostrich for breeding. The result of this restriction, which is severely criticised by the settlers, is that the birds lay their eggs anywhere on the open veldt, where they are eagerly sought by other game. This is the reason given by the settlers for the failure of the ostrich to multiply, as against the claim of the colonial office that confinement threatens them with extinction. The birds run wild, but when rounded up, driven into the corral, fed, and then liberated, they return for food and become easily domesticated.

McMillan's most important experiment in breeding is the removal of the hump from the native cattle by interbreeding them with Durham bulls imported from England. The second generation of calves show a perceptibly

decreased hump, besides a noticeable improvement in the quality of the meat, which of course is the objective point. The meat of the native beeves is stringy and too tough for eating and for shipment to the Indian and other South African ports. But "McMillan's experiment" is very annoying to British epicures, who value the fatty hump as a delicacy for the table. Pigs are being imported by this enterprising American, and the breeding of swine under the equator has a very promising outlook. The mule is another factor in breeding, since its importation from the United States during the Boer War. McMillan's success with the mule is making an industry. The whites in the Nairobi district keep a great many fine horses; but horses are restricted to the high lands, away from the river bottoms, where the sting of the tsetse fly is fatal.

McMillan does very little hunting now, and that only when organizing hunting parties for the entertainment of his guests, as he is now doing for Mr. Roosevelt. Mrs. McMillan, who also has killed her lion, comes with Mr. McMillan from India, to spend two months at the farm, including the period of Mr. Roosevelt's visit. His coming has been talked about for the past year at Nairobi, indicating the length of the correspondence between him and Mr.



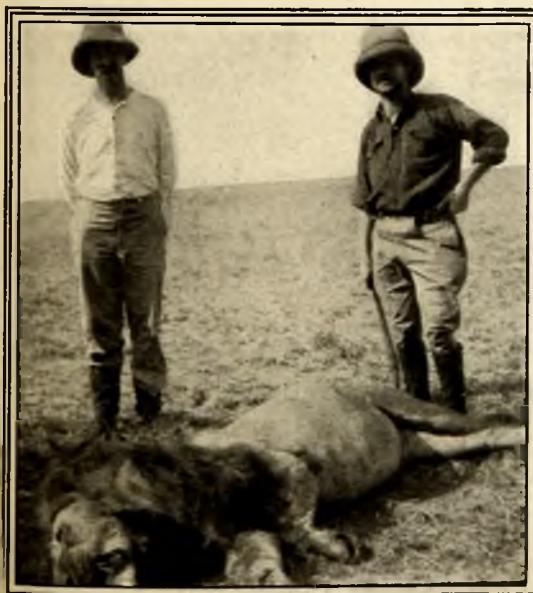
W. N. McMILLAN

THE YOUNG ST. LOUIS MILLIONAIRE WHO OWNS THE LUXURIOUS AFRICAN RANCH FROM WHICH ROOSEVELT WILL START ON HIS HUNTING TRIP

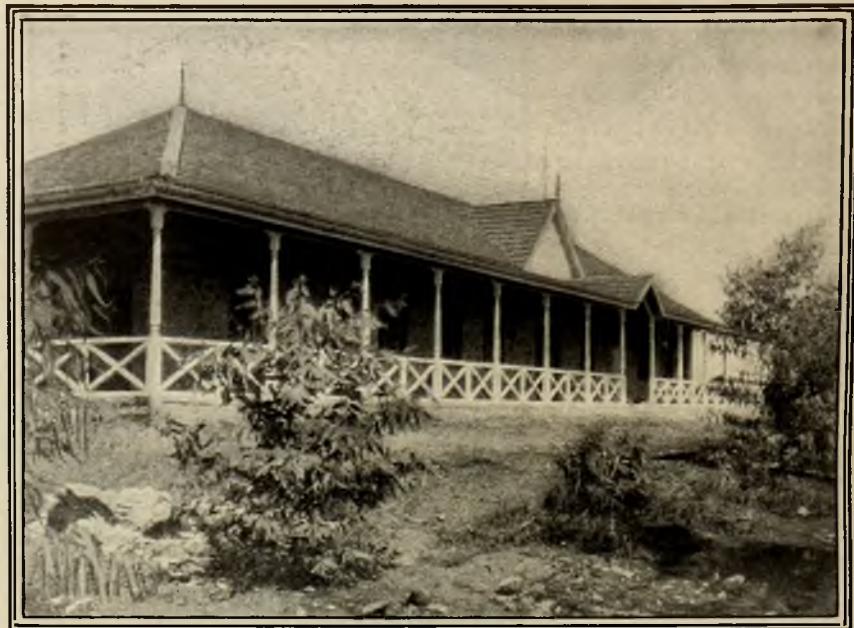
McMillan before the hunting plan was made public.

McMillan will meet the Roosevelt party at Mombasa and ride two hundred miles up the Uganda Railway to Muchakos, where the ex-President will leave the railway and travel twenty miles to pay a fortnight's visit to Sir Alfred Pease, an old friend who has hunted with him in America. Lieutenant-Colonel James Hayes Sadler, Governor of British East Africa, and Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who is in charge of the Hunting Department, will meet Mr. Roosevelt at the Pease Farm. There Mr. Roosevelt will be formally notified that the government confers upon him an unlimited privilege to shoot within its African jurisdiction. Mr. Roosevelt will then move to Ju-Ja Farm.

For a distance of one mile on either side the tracks along the line of the railway all game is protected. Winston Churchill, who was in British East Africa last spring, rode on the pilot of the engine to observe the game. The railway leads through a zoological paradise. Churchill saw six lions from the train. Mr. Prynne, from whom the facts used in this article



MCMILLAN AND ONE OF HIS FRIENDS ON THE HUNT



RANCH-HOUSE AT JU-JA FARM

were obtained, saw four on the same journey. A male and female, pacing side by side, were not three hundred yards from the passengers. The pair merely turned their heads to look at the train. At another point in the panorama he saw a female lion stretching like a cat on the red veldt near the train, and again a male on its haunches in bold relief on an ant-hill. Bands of antelope of all species, the kongoni, water buck, reed buck, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, impala, orax, and countless others, together with thousands of zebras passed in review. Ostriches and hyenas were common sights from the car window.

All these animals seem to know that they are immune from danger in this protected belt. Outside this narrow zone animal traits have changed with the appearance of the white man. Some of the more timid have retreated entirely. The bolder game give little heed to the natives, who they know have no guns, but they flee before a white man on foot or mounted. A buckboard is not avoided as long as it is moving. They have learned that the gun cannot be aimed with accuracy from a jolting vehicle on an African road. The instant the buckboard stops, however, every beast within range will scamper for cover. If the hunter can drop from the rear of the moving buckboard, he may get a quick shot.

The elements of danger in

African hunting are a revelation to an American sportsman. African game is placed in this ratio of risk: 1—buffalo; 2—rhinoceros; 3—lion. The buffalo is feared because, as the hunter asserts, the beast "does not play the game fairly." It is considered the most vicious and cunning of all African game. It attacks without provocation, seeming to take malicious satisfaction in killing man. When wounded or even angered, its ruse is to lure its enemy into the bush, which grows higher than a man's head, by pretending flight. Then the animal doubles upon its track and makes its sudden



ONE OF MCMILLAN'S TROPHIES—LION SHOT ON THE VELDT NEAR JU-JA FARM



MCMILLAN AND HIS SHIKARIS AFTER THE CHASE

attack from ambush as the unsuspecting hunter advances on the forward trail. To checkmate this trickery, the white hunter sends his shikaris into the treetops. The natives from their elevation trace the deceptive course of the buffalo by watching the bending of the bush, and report from time to time the position of the beast, so that the hunter is prepared when the animal breaks cover. The charge of the buffalo is like a thunderbolt, and a lunge from its horns is nearly always fatal, even if the hunter is rescued before being trampled to death. The deception practised by the buffalo is attributed to an instinct which tells the animal that it is quite vulnerable to a bullet. Slaying of the buffalo in British East Africa so nearly became slaughter that now each hunter is allowed to kill but two. In Uganda, where the beast has multiplied rapidly, the number permitted is ten.

The rhinoceros is dreaded because no hunter knows when and where he will find the animal. Its habit of secluding itself in unsuspected haunts makes it the nightmare of the hunter. The hunt may be for lions or antelope, when at the wrong moment the "rhino" will appear. Then there is a general scattering. The beast scents for a great distance. Not able to see beyond a few feet, its attack is guided by its sense of smell and aided by remarkably acute hearing. Once started, the "rhino" charges in a straight line without deflecting an inch. Armor-plated like a battleship, this horned怪兽 charges with the force of a catapult. Nothing withstands the furious storm of its onset. Thorn-trees topple in the path of the

beast, brush is mown down like wheat. No shot can penetrate the armored front unless a chance bullet from a side angle enters the brain through the eye. Caught near the edge of its rush, the native hunters sometimes stand transfixed, hoping that the beast will take them for a tree or bush and merely graze them. A bullet behind the fore leg is the only safe shot to stop the whirlwind rampage of this tremendous beast.

There is a distinction in Africa between ordinary lions and "man-eaters." The ordinary lion does not wilfully attack man. The presence of lions roaming at night on the veldt is not disturbing to any native nor to whites who have come to understand the beast. Persons returning to their camps after nightfall do not notice the

roaring of lions, or the cries of leopards and hyenas. It is seldom that people bent upon domestic errands carry weapons in the darkness, although at night the veldt of British East Africa is alive with roaming beasts, which may be heard from the verandas of the houses. Lions give the passing man a wide berth, day or night, when it is apparent that he means no mischief. An ordinary lion, even when wounded, will try flight before fight. When its escape is disputed, it will, especially if wounded, try to maul its enemy with teeth and claws. A lion hunt is usually a chase in which the hunters goad the game into combat. Once a lion has



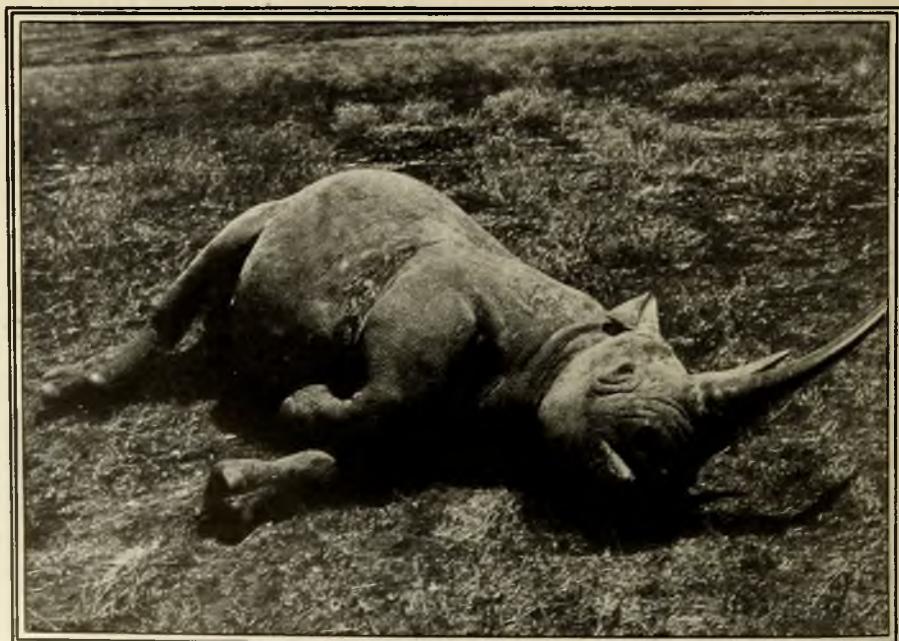
ENTERTAINING MOSAI WARRIORS AT IU-JA FARM

tasted human blood, however, it is no more afraid of man, but learns that he is the weakest of animals and the choicest of meat. Such a lion is known as a man-eater because now he hunts man. Between six and seven hundred native workmen were sacrificed to man-eaters during the building of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa, on the coast, to Port Florence, on the shores of Victoria Nyanza, five hundred and eighty-six miles inland. Thirty natives were eaten in one place. Colonel Patterson, a British engineer, has written the best account of these ferocious beasts in "Man-Eaters of Tsavo," a narrative of the construction of this railway. On the outskirts of Nairobi, a man-eater stole into a native house just before sunset. Entering a room, he seized a man who was lying on a bed. The window-sashes had been closed, but the man-eater came through the door. Another native, outside the room, saw the lion enter and, supposing that the room was empty, closed the door to capture the beast. With the screaming prey in its mouth, the caged lion, undaunted, crashed through the closed window, and the man's brains on the casement showed with what force the animal had torn its way to freedom with its quarry.

The hippopotamus, or "hippo," as it is known, although of the big game order, is a timid animal and not easily found by the hunter, as it was one of the first to retreat before the advance of the white man. It has taken to remote places in lakes and rivers not usually sought by the

hunter. There the lumbering river-horse burrows under the muddy banks, where it lies concealed, or walks along the bed of the waters, rising at intervals to fill its lungs with air and then slowly sink. When its great back is seen emerging before any other part of the body, the hunter is apt to mistake it for a huge turtle. Then slowly the ugly ears appear, and last the bare center of the broad forehead. A well-directed shot at the center of the forehead kills the animal, which sinks, but finally rises to the surface. In spite of his timidity, the "hippo" is no mean antagonist when his path to the river is disputed, a thing that sometimes happens when the beast strays from his haunt. At close quarters the mammoth teeth are used with fatal effect. Attacked in the water, the "hippo" has the advantage, and will crush boat and men. An associate of McMillan killed a "hippo" last year, after a narrow escape, when he and his wife had unexpectedly met the beast returning through the brush to the river bank. That night a "hippo" wandered into the camp and awoke the sleepers. The natives said it was probably the mate of the dead animal.

Elephant hunting is little more than slaughter. Although the beast will fight when attacked, modern arms generally insure the hunter's killing the game without any such danger as attends the hunting of the buffalo and the rhinoceros. It is the exceeding bigness of the game in this instance that attracts the hunter. The heavy importation of ivory



RHINOCEROS SHOT NEAR JU-JA. IN ORDER OF DANGER THE RHINOCEROS COMES SECOND AMONG AFRICAN GAME. HE IS VERY NEAR-SIGHTED, BUT HIS FURIOUS CHARGE IS GUIDED BY A REMARKABLY ACUTE HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL



A LONG SHOT, WITH REST ON THE SHOULDER OF ONE OF THE SHIKARIS

tusks attests the wholesale success attending elephant slaughter.

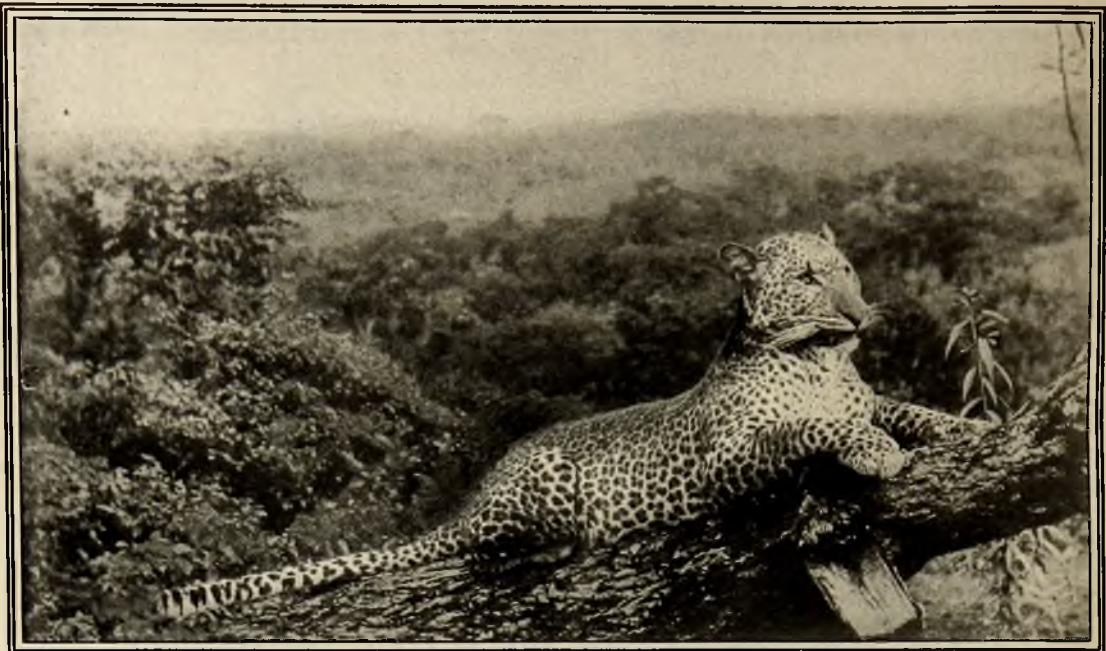
The wild dogs of Africa are more feared by the natives than any other beasts, for while they are not to be dignified by the term of game, they run in packs and seem to know that the native is afraid of them. Native burden-bearers will often take their chances in passing around a buffalo herd and will hardly notice a lion, but when they hear the howl of the wild dogs they drop whatever they may be balancing on their heads and take to the trees. There they are frequently held captive until their cries summon assistance. Crossing the trail of large game, these dogs often interfere with the pursuit. At a distance the hunter is likely to mistake them for leopards or some of the smaller game. Intense disgust follows the wounding of a wild dog, for then, according to the ethics of the chase, the true sportsman must pursue and kill the beast. These dogs are not degenerates, but are natural mongrels. They have low bodies covered with hair of coach-dog growth, bushy tails, and powerful jaws.

Many are the stories of the *safari* (hunt) that are told at Ju-Ja. Only two years ago two bosom friends who were hunting lions separated better to beat the game. The lion surprised one of the hunters and tore his body until it hung together by the sinews. When his friend found him, he saw that he was past all surgery. But the man's mind was alive, and he begged his comrade to end his sufferings. That friend found

the courage to place his pistol to the sufferer's head and fire the shot that gave him release.

Tales of the *safari* have their humor. An English hunter, disappointed in failing to find his first lion and hearing the cry *simba* (lion), rushed from his tent, in his pajamas, to meet the "King of Beasts." He shot the lion like a true native — naked in the jungle. They tell another tale of an English woman and her manservant who were chased up a thorn-tree by a herd of buffalo and kept there thirty-six hours before relief came. The lady was having thorns of different sizes and varying irritability extracted for a week following the adventure. Then there is the old story of Major Ringer's horse (Mr. M^cMillan bought Long Ju-Ja of that gentleman, and the incident happened there during the Major's residence).

It is no unusual thing for lions to sit in a row outside one's door by night and roar. The Africander thinks no more of this than he would of barking dogs,—unless he cannot sleep for the noise, when he goes to the edge of the yard and shoos them away. Major Ringer's favorite horse had a habit of poking his nose out of the high open window above his stall. One night an inquisitive lion crawled up to the window and sat licking his chops beneath it, when he saw the nose getting its airing. Rising on his hind legs, the lion made a "swipe" at the nose with his big fore paw. The sharp claws raked the horse's face from the eyes down to the sensitive nostrils, drawing blood and send-



SNAP-SHOT OF A LEOPARD WHICH HAD BEEN TREED BY MCMILLAN'S BEATERS

ing the horse into hysterics,—not so much from the pain as the sudden whiff he got of lion odor. The screams of the horse put the lion to startled flight and awakened the Major. Nothing would induce the horse again to enter the stable after night-fall, so the Major installed the horse in the house and went to sleep himself in the stable. This was the state of things at Long Ju-Ja when McMillan took possession and renovated the premises. The story of the Major and his hysterical horse has gone up and down the land.

McMillan's own experience in slaying his first lion was dramatic. He came face to face with a superb beast before either lion or man was aware of the other's presence. The lion was standing fifty paces from the hunter. It launched upon him with open jaws. There was not time to bring the weapon to his shoulder, so he shot from the hip. The bullet entered the mouth and lodged beneath the tongue. The effect of the shot was to stagger the beast and shorten the spring, bringing the animal down sharply to its feet. Reaching for his second gun without taking his eyes from the lion, McMillan shot as the lion sprang at him. The second bullet grazed the inner side of the fore shoulder bone and angled into the heart. The beast dropped dead at his feet.

Another time McMillan had seated himself on a stump, to rest. Dense bush shut him in. His gun was propped against a tree a few feet from his seat. All at once he turned uneasily and gazed into the eyes of a lion crouched

slightly behind him and to his left. Neither lion nor man stirred from the entrancement until the near cries of the *shikaris* caused the lion to shake off the charm and, with a tremor of its big muscles, wheel into the brush.

Passion for adventure, and almost unlimited wealth, have enabled McMillan to become a factor in the game many nations are playing on the world's last frontier. In this sense he is the most important American in Africa. From Mombasa on the east coast to the coffee-houses at Cairo the unwritten exploits of "the American millionaire" are heard in scraps of conversation.

Whether breeding the "hump" off native cattle and destroying an African table delicacy to furnish the shipping market with a whole beef, killing scores of wild beasts as splendid peace-offerings to savage kings, or fitting out large expeditions at his own expense, McMillan does things on a scale that makes talk in Africa.

Unofficial services to civilization, like his exploration of the Blue Nile in 1902 under the powerful sanction of Menelik of Abyssinia, and the penetration, during 1904, of British East Africa's "wild strip" in the interest of the Cape-to-Cairo railway, have earned McMillan the confidence of the British government and the respect of the tribesmen who know him as *Boma Macoubah*—Great Master. As a magistrate of the protectorate, McMillan holds power of life and death at his strategic farm, which in fact is a slumbering fortress with a garrison of seven to eight hundred brave Somalis.

McMillan is the nephew of the late United States Senator McMillan of Michigan. He is the son of the late William McMillan whose great estate holds the controlling interest in the American Car and Foundry Company of St. Louis and other investments that have largely increased a fortune of many millions. A daughter of Senator McMillan is Lady Harrington, the wife of Sir John Harrington, British representative at the court of King Menelik.

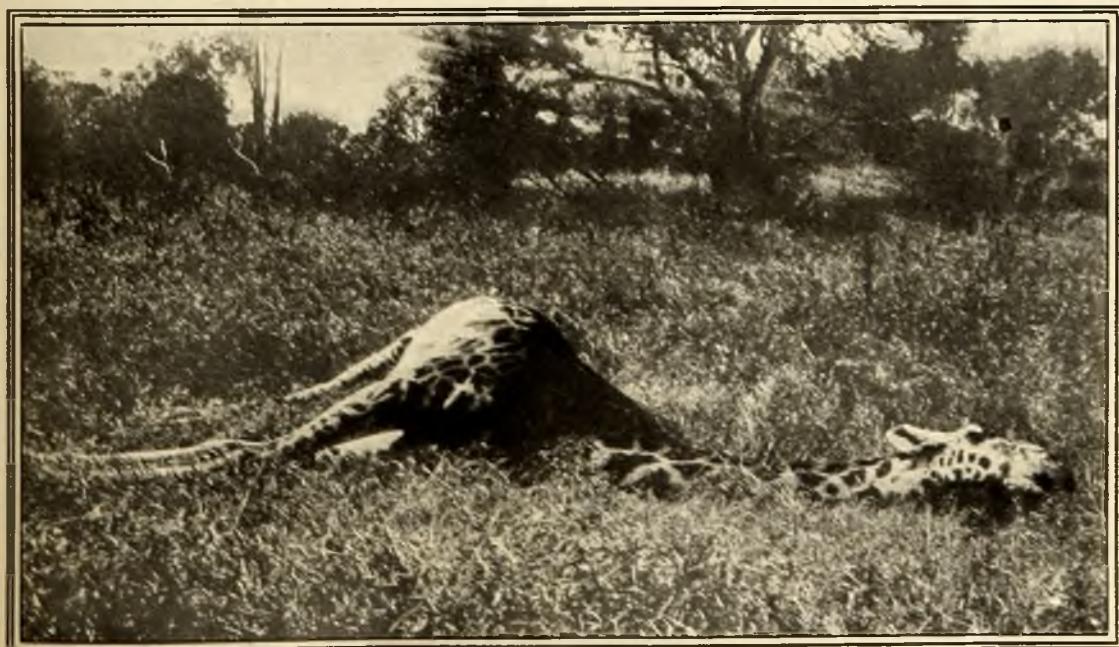
Like Roosevelt, young McMillan had his first experience with big game in the American West. Shooting from the hip at close range he learned in New Mexico, when as a fragile boy he was sent there to rough it on his father's ranch. He won health and hardihood hunting in the Rockies. McMillan is thirty-six years of age, six feet and three inches tall, and when in hunting trim, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds.

Africa beckoned McMillan ten years ago while he was in Algiers. Learning of the opportunities for big sport in British Somaliland, he sailed down the Red Sea to the Gulf of Aden. At Berbera he equipped his hunting party of natives and soon found himself in the Singali Mountains among the antelope. In pursuit of lions the party wandered into the country of the Mad Mullah during the last outbreak of that fanatic, and only escaped capture by remaining in hiding for more than a week. Hearing of a rare species of antelope in Abyssinia, McMillan sailed up the coast to a landing. Although warned of perils in the interior from hostile natives, he marched straight to Menelik's capi-

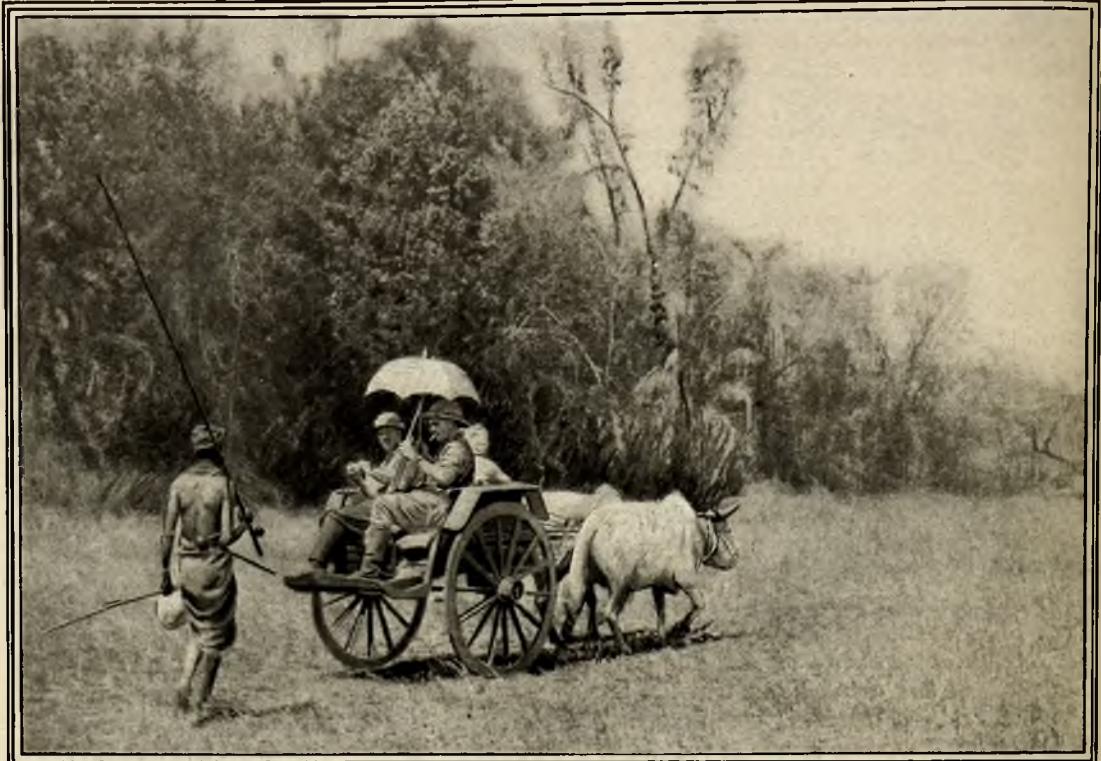
tal, hunting on the way and winning the friendship of the natives by killing game for them. Menelik was pleased with the boldness and good nature of the young man. The monarch made him promise to return, after giving him permission to explore the Blue Nile into Abyssinian territory. McMillan returned to Cairo by way of Suez.

The expedition for the Blue Nile was fitted out at Cairo. Mrs. McMillan accompanied the expedition as far as the steamer got above Khartoum. She climbed the great cliffs leading from the Nile Valley to the vast tableland of Abyssinia, parted with the explorer, and descended the river to Khartoum to await him. Up to the point where the boats were brought into service, the river flowed broadly through heavy growth. As the string of boats entered a gorge, however, the stream contracted until, two hundred miles above Khartoum, the boats were broken in a series of rapids.

The party retraced their route on foot, beset by every sort of hardship. None of them except McMillan were armed with guns. He killed all the game on which the Somalis subsisted. In shooting he was compelled to exercise rare sportsmanship to avoid killing the quarry — generally antelope and hippopotami — outright. The Mohammedan Somalis refused to partake of meat slain by an infidel. As the beast fell, they would dash upon the wounded game, and "Allah" the prey — that is, slit the throat and mumble the Mohammedan prayer as the blood flowed. It was while engaged in this exploration that the French heard of



FEMALE GIRAFFE SHOT NEAR JU-JA FARM



MCMILLAN (ON THE BACK SEAT, AT RIGHT OF PICTURE) IN A CAPE CART DRAWN BY NATIVE CATTLE
AFRICAN GAME WILL NOT RUN FROM A MOVING CART, HAVING LEARNED THAT THE HUNTER
CANNOT GET A STEADY SHOT AS LONG AS THE VEHICLE IS IN MOTION

McMillan and began diplomatic inquiries about his business. The feeling in France at the time was still so intense over the Marchand disaster at Fashoda, that McMillan's presence, then, on the Abyssinian waters of the Blue Nile, was regarded as a breach of the *entente cordiale*. The British embassy gave satisfactory assurances that the expedition was the private venture of a wealthy American. The effect of the exploration was to disabuse the British mind of attempting to divert the commerce of Abyssinia inland by way of the river to Cairo, thus wresting a great trade from the French protectorate on the coast. McMillan found that the river in Abyssinia was not navigable.

Four years ago, when McMillan entered the "wild strip," accompanied only by his Somalis, it was without firing a shot against a savage in a region from which numerous expeditions had been turned back with records of resistance and massacre. All his friends had tried to dissuade him from an experiment in which several powerful expeditions had failed. But he was firm in his purpose to solve the enigma of the strip lying directly north of Uganda and forming the shortest route for the "Cape-to-Cairo" railway between all the British possessions in South Africa and those in the Soudan. A British ex-

pedition had been turned back into Uganda by the hostiles of savage tribes. An Italian expedition had been massacred by the natives only a few years before McMillan started up the Nile from Cairo. Passing Fashoda where Marchand met his fate, the American entered the Sobat River at its mouth and floated into the territory.

He traversed the entire strip, encountering a tribe of gigantic blacks, and returned through the same region after penetrating Masailand, now a part of British East Africa, and hunting around Lake Rudolph. With his usual good nature he placated the savages by shooting scores of lions, buffalo, and antelope as presents for the native chiefs. He learned from one of the most northerly tribes that the commander of the ill-fated Italian expedition had been taken a prisoner into this tribe, but was tracked there and murdered by natives of a southern tribe whose chief had been mistreated by the expedition. McMillan found the country an easy one for the railway to penetrate, but filled with volcanic drift, making it unprofitable for agriculture. His expedition opened the "wild strip" and proved its adaptability for constructing the last link in Cecil Rhodes' dream of Cape-to-Cairo supremacy.

THE FOUNTAIN LIGHT

BY

FIELDING BALL

KNIGHT stood gazing at the stretches of white sand, and the sparkling blue water beyond, with sour and weary eyes. His long-delayed holiday was not proving a success. As he had dressed himself that morning, in leisurely fashion, he had realized all of a sudden that the last five years of incessant work and exacting responsibility had changed him a great deal; he was haggard and stooped; the muscles on his arms and chest had shrunk; his face had grown tired and stern. All this was made more conspicuous by his elegant outing clothes, clothes too elegant for the place to which he had come, as one glance about the hotel dining-room that morning assured him. A shabby little place it was, Knight found — neither primitive enough, nor fashionable enough, to be interesting, it seemed to him. The evident satisfaction, with it and with themselves, of the people about him, irritated him, as did also their display of energy, their perpetual laughter, the jovial greetings they interchanged. He felt lonely, at a loss what to do. The only thing that kept him from taking the first boat to Chicago was the thought of his father's disappointment at seeing him back so soon. It was his father who had urged him to go, had made all arrangements for the trip, and had at the last minute pressed a roll of bills into Knight's hand, saying gruffly that he wanted to pay for one more holiday — that it might be the last. At the time, Knight had thought that meant that he was now well able to pay for his own holidays, and that he would be increasingly able to pay for them every year. Now, as he recalled his father's words, he was troubled. The last holiday for which he would pay — just what had his father meant?

Knight's musings were interrupted by a little voice quite near him.

"Bye-bye! Bye-bye! Bye-bye!" it said.

Turning, he gazed down into the dark brown eyes of a two-year-old baby, just able to stagger about alone. She stood looking up into his face expectantly, one hand outstretched toward him. A few feet behind her was a fat little

Dutch nurse-girl of fourteen or fifteen, wheeling an empty baby-carriage.

"Bye-bye! Bye-bye!" the baby repeated insistently.

The weary look left Knight's eyes as he gazed down at her — so little, so confident!

"What does she want?" he asked of the nurse-girl.

The nurse-girl grinned.

"She iss want to get into de water," she explained, with a nod toward the lake. "I say no, no, so she come to you to help her."

"But she said, 'Bye-bye!'" Knight explained.

"Dat iss all she know," the nurse-maid answered. "It iss 'bye-bye' for everyt'ing. And so dey call her de Bye-bye Baby." There was a certain condescension in her manner, as though she thought Knight's ignorance somewhat surprising.

Knight held out his hand. The Bye-bye Baby seized it with great promptness, and took several steps in the direction of the lake. Then, suddenly changing her mind, she started energetically up the nearest of the parallel roads that led away from the beach, still clinging to Knight's finger. Knight strolled along beside her willingly, not displeased at being taken possession of in this fashion.

All of a sudden the baby stopped short, dropped Knight's hand, and, before he realized just what was happening, was down on all fours, industriously crawling across the waste of sand between the plank road and the steps of a little cottage half-hidden in trees. Knight looked up just in time to see a fair-haired girl, who was hanging something white on a line that went across the back of the porch, run hastily into the house. This was where the baby lived, Knight decided. He picked up the baby and mounted the steps with her, intending to have another look, if possible, at the young woman with the tucked-up sleeves. Minutes passed, however, and she did not appear. The Bye-bye Baby sat down comfortably on the steps, and busied herself pulling off the legs of an unwary cricket. There was nothing for Knight to do but take his leave.

He came back that afternoon with a package of toys that he had bought at a neighboring town. He had some difficulty in finding the cottage; he might have passed it finally without knowing it, if out behind it he had not seen the young woman of whom he had caught a glimpse that morning. She was digging a hole in the sand with a stick. Her faded, plainly made blue dress brought out the brightness of her cheeks, and the golden lights in her hair, and revealed all the roundness and grace of her strong young body. She was a very charming sight as she worked away, too intent on what she was doing to notice Knight's approach. For what was she digging this little grave? Knight asked himself. Was she going to bury a dead bird?

"Passer mortuus est meae puellae
Passer delicia meae puellae."

Knight murmured. Then he choked with laughter. His Lesbia approached a large wooden pail not far from her, disgust and determination strangely mingled in her face, and drew from the pail with her stick the head of a dead fish, around which some fifty flies were buzzing. This she proceeded to bury in the hole that she had dug.

Knight waited discreetly until she had gone into the house before he went up on the porch and knocked. There was no answer to the first knock. He waited a minute, then knocked again. A board creaked — a curtain moved almost imperceptibly. Minutes passed; he knocked again; still no one opened the door. Finally he scribbled a note, and left his toys with it on the window-sill.

As he was coming out of the post-office that evening, he met face to face the Bye-bye Baby and the young woman who had refused him admittance that afternoon. She knew Knight, as was plain from her slight flush, and a moment's constraint in her eyes. She gave him no sign of recognition, however; and the Bye-bye Baby, who had Knight's harlequin in her hand, cut him dead.

The next day at about noon, as Knight was strolling along the sand toward an old, seldom-used pier, he saw a little pink-clad figure run swiftly out upon it, then suddenly stumble and fall headlong toward the green water. A minute or two later Knight staggered up the beach with the child in his arms. It was not the Bye-bye Baby after all, he saw, but an older child. He hurried with her to the nearest cottage. It took but a short time to prove that she was not seriously the worse for her accident. Her people showed a disposition to make a hero of Knight; but he escaped them as soon as

possible, and started for the hotel, going not by way of the crowded beach, but by a less traveled road through the woods.

He soon grew weary of the path's meanderings, its repeated turnings upon itself, and left it to take a more direct course down one sandy slope and up a second. It was not long before he regretted having done this. The sand was dry and soft; at every step he went into it over his shoe-tops. There was no shade, and the encircling hills shut off the breeze from the lake. He was very glad when he again reached the tree-fringed road winding about the hill-top. An iron pump stood near the road; he looked for the usual cup in vain; finally he seized upon an empty tin can lying on the ground.

A young woman passing by hesitated — came to a stop. It was his Lesbia of yesterday, again in the faded blue gingham. She had a pail of wild blackberries in her hand.

"You must not drink that water," she said earnestly. "It isn't fit to drink, they found. That's why they took away the cup. If you'll come with me I'll give you a drink."

Knight followed her mechanically as she made her way rapidly through some underbrush to the back door of her cottage. He had supposed that she would call the little Dutch girl to give him a glass of water, and that this would be the end of it; but instead she took him up to a little sitting-room, filled with comforting shadows.

"Sit down here by the window," she said, pushing a rocking-chair toward him with a surprisingly motherly little air. She stood looking at him anxiously for a minute, then excused herself and went out into the kitchen.

As Knight was searching his mind for reasons for this miraculous change in her manner toward him, he caught sight of his reflection in a long, old-fashioned mirror on the other side of the room. At first he hardly realized that it was himself at whom he was looking. His eyes were blood-shot; his face, usually pale, was very red. It was not at all a healthy color; it seemed to make more conspicuous than before his sunken cheeks, and the hollows under his eyes. He wore a borrowed sweater, a cheap, dark red one; his wetting had taken from his coat and trousers all suggestion of elegance; his canvas shoes were caked with dust, as was the bottom of his trousers. He put up his hands with a nervous gesture to his rumpled hair, then let them fall.

"You're a sorry-looking specimen!" he said to the dilapidated individual gazing out at him. "But it's lucky for you that you are."

His hostess came back in a few minutes with a pitcher of cold lemonade; and she sat and talked to him as he drank it, questioning him

in friendly fashion as to how long he had been in Macatawa, and how he liked it. Knight told her that he had been in Macatawa two days, and that he was going to stay as long as he could afford to. He admitted that he had no friends here — said, smiling, that this was the first time he had been inside one of the cottages.

As the door into the kitchen opened for a moment, Knight smelled a pleasant odor of baked potatoes. When his hostess asked him casually a minute later where he was staying, he did not miss the significance of the question, and answered promptly that he was staying at Carter's Landing, the most remote and the most forlorn of the various smaller resorts about Macatawa. A short time afterward the young woman excused herself from the room; and after an interval of a minute or two Knight saw the little Dutch girl scuttling down the backstairs with a basket on her arm, from which he argued hopefully that he was to be invited to luncheon. In this he was not mistaken.

Nothing had tasted so good to Knight for a long time as the baked potatoes, and dried beef gravy, and apple sauce that they had for luncheon. He liked them, liked the queer, clean little dining-room, with its rag carpet, its fresh-looking pine walls, its white cheese-cloth curtains at cupboards and windows; he liked the Bye-bye Baby, gravely absorbed in her bread and milk; best of all he liked the pink-cheeked young lady opposite him, watching him and his plate with solicitous eyes.

By the end of the meal he had learned that she was not the Bye-bye Baby's mother, but her aunt — the Bye-bye Baby's mother, and her father, too, were dead; that her name was Marian Wilmarth; and that she was a kindergarten teacher in Chicago. She had gone to college for two or three years; Knight surmised that Evelyn Elizabeth — that was the baby's name — had had something to do with her stopping.

Knight told her that he too lived in Chicago, and that he had lived there all his life, most of his life in the same house. They owned their own home, and had for years, he told her, in the tone that he had heard people use whose home stood for endless small sacrifices. He added that it was down near town, and spoke of the noisy nights, and the soot that lay thick on the window-sills each morning, hoping fervently that she would make up her mind that he lived on Wabash Avenue, in a shabby, one-story frame house, flanked by dingy-looking shops. When he told her that he had been obliged to give up plays and concerts, he did not add that it was because of the demands made on his time and strength by the

sister who had died three months ago, after a long illness; he let Miss Wilmarth draw her own conclusions — conclusions which, as it happened, were erroneous. She sat silent for a minute, then said thoughtfully:

"It's hard to give up things, I know — I've had to give up a good many myself. But I'll tell you something that's made me feel different about it — that's thinking how many people there are who *do* have to — almost everybody. I read a book last winter that set me thinking about that for the first time. It's been kind of comforting to me, somehow, to remember that most of the people in the world have to work, and to economize, and to wear their last year's coats and hats, just as I do." She laughed and got a little red. "You'd think from my talk that I was very philosophical. I'm not, though, — lots of times I get dissatisfied — awfully dissatisfied."

As she went to the door a minute later to tell a man there where he should put the load of wood that he had brought, Knight surveyed her thoughtfully. The dress that she wore was faded — decidedly faded; one black shoe had a patch on it; the ribbon around her neck had a peculiar look — it had been washed, Knight guessed. But Knight did not feel particularly elated over the knowledge that he belonged to the small minority who do not have to economize.

He forced a cheerful and business-like look as the young lady turned.

"Are you buying wood, when it can be had for the picking up anywhere on these hills?" he asked.

Miss Wilmarth nodded, with an unintentionally rueful glance at the quarter that the man had given her in exchange for her two-dollar bill.

"I'll bring you a wagon-load to-morrow," Knight promised.

That afternoon he paid his bill at the hotel at Macatawa, and transferred himself and his belongings to Carter's Landing. The bellboy at the hotel at Macatawa begged to be allowed to have the suit that Knight wore pressed for him; but Knight refused with a quizzical smile. He ate the very poor fare set before him that night with the same smile on his face. He felt comparatively sure that a certain pair of blue eyes of which he knew would grow concerned at his description of the underdone potatoes, swimming in grease, the tough, scorched steak, the acid canned tomatoes.

He was not disappointed. Miss Wilmarth listened with indignant sympathy to his account, and asked him to stay to luncheon with new assurance. He presented himself in the same costume that he had worn the day before,

except that he had a dark blue sweater in the place of the red one, which he had returned to its owner. Miss Wilmarth saw him coming down the hill, dragging a big dead tree behind him; and she waved her hand to him gayly, making no move to run away, though her sleeves were tucked up as they had been the first morning, and she was engaged in the same humble task that had occupied her then.

Knight deposited his log beside her side steps, and went off in search of more firewood. He made several trips, coming back burdened every time. Then he started to a neighbor's for an axe, but found suddenly that he was trembling all over from the unwonted exertion. He sat down on the edge of the little side-porch, feeling disgustingly faint and weak and dizzy. Miss Wilmarth said nothing, but she came out a minute later with a big glass of milk and a slice of brown bread; and after Knight had drunk the milk, and had eaten the bread, she insisted that he come with her to the porch where she and the baby were playing, and put off chopping the wood until some other time.

He came the next morning and chopped half of it. Miss Wilmarth and the baby watched him from the sand hill just behind the house. Knight acquiesced amiably in Miss Wilmarth's various manœuvres to get him to sit down and rest every little while. They had luncheon out there on the sand hill, and Knight made a Spanish omelet, and lied blandly as to where he had learned to make it.

When the wood was chopped, Knight found other things to busy him about the cottage — steps to be repaired, porch-chairs to be painted, a hammock to be mended. Soon it got to be taken as a matter of course that he should come to the cottage every day. Like himself, Miss Wilmarth had neither friends nor acquaintances in Macatawa. All advances she met with unalterable reserve. The neighbors thought that she was Evelyn Elizabeth's mother; she did not contradict the report. It was only nine months ago that the baby's father and mother had been killed in a horrible accident. Miss Wilmarth could not talk about it herself, and was unwilling that other people should. She told Knight once with surprising passionateness that she would not have people saying, "Poor little thing!" about Evelyn Elizabeth.

Knight looked at Evelyn Elizabeth, who was laboriously winding Miss Wilmarth's long gold chain about one pink-stockinged leg, and smiled, in spite of himself. If ever there was a baby who had the look of a spoiled child of fortune, it was she. It was partly her imperious, fearless eyes — her joyful certainty of the willingness of everybody to serve her; it was

partly the dainty and elaborate clothes that she wore.

Knight decided, after a time, the method in Miss Wilmarth's economies; it was to go without everything that she herself needed, in order to have money to spend on things that somebody else did not need. He watched her one day turn over and over longingly a pretty little handkerchief that somebody had brought to the door to sell; she finally decided that she would not buy it. Half an hour later she paid unreflectingly for two small cantaloupes the price that it would have cost — getting them because Knight had said that he liked cantaloupes.

That evening Knight wrote a letter to Chicago; and two or three days later he dropped into Miss Wilmarth's lap an embroidered handkerchief finer and more delicate, perhaps, than any she had ever had in her hands before.

She lifted it — looked at it — then tears filled her eyes.

"You shouldn't have done it!" she said, impulsively.

"Why not?" Knight asked, startled.

"I can guess what it cost! You shouldn't have done it!"

Knight listened to her broken words of admiration with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling. What the handkerchief had cost had meant nothing to him. All of a sudden this gift, which stood for no sacrifice whatever on his part — no effort — had a certain valuelessness in his eyes.

Several days later, when he came to the house rather earlier than usual one day, he found Miss Wilmarth bending over a tub of clothes. She explained coolly that the baby's little dresses were too fine to trust to the average careless washerwoman; she had decided to do them herself this week. She looked very flushed and nervous; it was evident that this was a new undertaking.

All of a sudden there came into Knight's head the memory of some laughing comments that the milkman had made the night before, when Miss Wilmarth paid her weekly bill, on the fact that she was buying four times as much milk as she had at first. The extra milk, Knight knew, she got for him; she had found that he liked it, and was always bringing him a tall glassful, with a sandwich or some cookies. She looked out for Knight just as she did for Evelyn Elizabeth. Knight, who was much more used to looking out for people than to being looked out for, resigned himself to her capable guardianship with a certain amount of amusement. Underneath the amusement was a deeper feeling — gratitude — and something approaching awe that this girl should have such a wealth of

affectionate interest and tender foresight to spend on a shabby wayfarer who had drifted to her door. Of the tax that he might be making on her scanty resources he had not once thought until this moment.

That day he walked to Carter's Landing, instead of taking the car — thereby saving ten cents. When he got there, he bought some blacking and a brush, and polished his shoes himself, so saving ten cents more. On the way to Macatawa the next morning he noticed at one side of the road a green-house, and behind it a garden. It was from here, undoubtedly, that the pinks and asters and sweet-peas came that he saw being sold in Macatawa. He wheeled about, on a sudden impulse, and went into the place and asked for work. He got it without difficulty when he stated that he wished to be paid in flowers and vegetables, which he intended to use himself, not to sell. And so it happened that he reached Miss Wilmarth's four hours later than he had expected to; and when he came, he had a bunch of pink sweet-peas under one arm, and a cabbage and a sack of potatoes under the other — the first of many similar presents.

One week followed another in rapid succession. Knight's hollow cheeks filled out, and he grew brown and strong; there was no further reason for his staying, so far as his health went, and yet he stayed. With every week the outside world grew less insistent in its demands upon him; he had days when he forgot utterly all responsibilities beyond those at hand — keeping his aster-beds free of weeds and worms, stocking anew Miss Wilmarth's woodpile, doing her various small services — extracting corks from long-necked vinegar bottles, mending flat-iron handles, fixing broken locks, and administering to Evelyn Elizabeth at intervals unpleasant oily doses, against which she protested frantically.

Then one day there came a letter from Knight's father so incoherent, so puzzling, so disquieting, that Knight hastily packed his suit-case and took the next train to Chicago. He was forced to laugh, in spite of his perplexity and uneasiness, at the open-mouthed amazement of the bell-boys and the clerk at the hotel, who saw him for the first time wearing anything but the shapeless, disreputable-looking suit in which he had appeared the first day.

He returned three days later, on the night boat. It got in at eleven o'clock. By this time Miss Wilmarth was in bed and asleep, Knight assured himself; he walked up to her cottage, however, though he had no real expectation of seeing her. As he approached the cottage a voice called, "Is that you?" It was hers. He

found her sitting on the steps, the baby asleep in her arms.

"I thought that you never let the baby go to sleep in your arms," Knight said, laughing. "I thought properly brought up babies always went to sleep in their own little beds!"

"I couldn't help it, to-night," Miss Wilmarth answered. "I felt so sort of lonesome." She turned eagerly to Knight as he settled himself beside her. "Your father — is he all right?"

"Yes — except" — Knight hesitated for words — "except that he's lost his job." The darkness hid the glint of amusement in his eyes at this way of describing the situation. "He's lost his job — one he's had for twenty-five years — and he's pretty badly in debt — he doesn't see anything for it but to sell the house."

Miss Wilmarth gave an appalled ejaculation. For a few minutes she sat there silent, considering.

"Then he's not working now?" she asked.

"No."

She leaned toward Knight. "Couldn't — couldn't he come up here and stay with me a month — two months?" She fairly stammered in her eagerness. "It would be such a comfort to have a man in the house — you don't know what a comfort it would be! After Minna goes home at night, I'm really afraid! And you could get a room at Mrs. Taylor's, and eat your meals here; she has a little room that is only two dollars a week. Won't you? Couldn't you? But anyway I want him to come." She put a hand on his impulsively.

His fingers closed about it.

"But a month — two months — what are you talking about, dear lady?" he said. "Doesn't school begin next week, or the week after?"

"Yes, it does — but I'm not going to teach school next year; I'm going to keep boarders." Miss Wilmarth nodded cheerfully. "If I do that, I can have the baby with me all the time, you see — I won't have to turn her over to some careless nurse-girl for six hours of every day. And that's the important thing. I try to remember that all of the time, and not to think so much of the things that don't count. Her clothes — I've always thought too much about her clothes. I'm going to stop. I made her a little dark blue dress yesterday; she's had it on all day. I didn't like it very well — but it will save washing — and I think I'll get used to it. And black stockings, like those the other children wear. *She didn't care!*" Miss Wilmarth looked down fondly at the little head on her arm.

"Marian," Knight said, "when you were thinking of next year, and what you would do, did you never think of me — of letting me take care of you?"

Miss Wilmarth drew a quick breath.

"No," she said. "No." Then she went on, with a strange mixture of shyness and straightforwardness: "Not that I wouldn't trust you — I — I know that — that you'd be good to me — and the baby — but — I didn't suppose — I thought — it was the money!"

"Oh, the money." Knight sat pondering for a minute. Should he tell her the truth about himself now? He opened his lips — then was silent. He was loath to end just yet the sweet make-believe.

"I can get a place as draughtsman in an architect's office any day at one hundred and twenty dollars a month," he said soberly. "Do you think we could live on that — the three of us?"

"I think so," she said simply.

Knight put his arm about her shoulders; the quiet gesture gave no indication of the swelling emotion in his heart. His father had looked at

him with some amazement because he had taken in so light-hearted a fashion the news that his father was not a rich man, had not been a rich man for years now, and that the time had come when appearances could be kept up no longer. When Knight's sister had died, his chief reason for keeping up the show of prosperity where no prosperity existed, was gone. He himself was glad that the long years of worry and strain were over; but he had expected Knight to be aghast, rebellious.

Knight smiled. He — he was rich! rich enough to buy endless embroidered and ruffled white dresses for Evelyn Elizabeth — innumerable pairs of pink stockings — and shoes without patches for Marian! And even without these things they might still have been happy — he was sure of it. He smoothed reverently Marian's rough little hand. Kind, generous little hand! She had taught him, this girl, what it is that counts.

THE SIMPLE FIELD THAT I SHALL BUY

BY MILDRED MCNEAL-SWEENEY

THE simple field that I shall buy
 With my four gold pieces—
 I have it clear within my eye:—
 Green as a marigold leaf is
 In spring when every leaf is new,
 And from the road's dull travel climbing
 To breeze and sun and silences,
 And sprent and pied with blue.

And here, with every bright rain wet,
 My color shall always be —
 The great, sweet-breathed, pale violet,
 And the tall blowing chicory,
 Like one lost, slender, windy tower,—
 And yonder, on the last pale levels,
 A lovely mist, risen faithfully —
 The blue-eyed grass in flower.

To hills I shall look far away,
 And to a running river's brim;
 But it is here I make my stay —
 Here chants my quiet morning hymn;
 Here are Desire and Renown;
 And here, in my windy field down lying,
 My blowing grasses set the rim
 Of all my world and all I own.

EVIDENCE AGAINST ALCOHOL

BY

PROFESSOR M. A. ROSANOFF AND A. J. ROSANOFF, M. D.*

INTRODUCTORY

ALCOHOL is a definite chemical substance, which has certain well defined effects upon man's physical and mental faculties. What are those effects?

For twenty years a number of leading physiologists and psychologists in Europe have been working to accumulate accurate knowledge concerning alcohol by direct experimental study. The following article presents the results of their experiments for the consideration of the American people. It covers the entire field of these investigations, and deals with the effects of alcohol upon the whole range of human faculties, beginning with purely muscular effort and extending upward to complex mental processes.

The article is not a mere compilation. Anxious rather conservatively to understate than to overstate the truth, the authors have critically re-examined, re-computed, and re-interpreted the experimental results, in order that the article might give the truth, and nothing but the truth. The experimental results have hitherto been hidden in scientific periodicals (mostly foreign), among mountains of technical detail, and thus the much needed evidence has remained practically inaccessible even to the average physician, not to speak of the interested laity. *McCLURE'S* has recently published a general survey of the findings of modern science on the alcohol question by Dr. Henry Smith Williams. The present article goes further with this most important subject and presents the evidence itself.

What is the authority of the evidence? Exactly the same as that of the evidence of investigations in physics or in chemistry. It is the authority of the experimental method of modern science. The aim of science, as seen by the men conducting these experiments, is well expressed in the following quotation from the great experimental psychologist, Wilhelm Wundt, which has been made the motto of the printed work of one of the most recent investigators upon the effects of alcohol:

Science is far from aiming to found religions, to govern the state, to improve the community, or to serve the individual by new inventions. If increase of knowledge proves useful in connection with these practical needs of life, the general human value of science is certainly increased; and possibly science could not exist at all if it failed to result in such practical achievements. These, however, must necessarily remain the by-products of science; and an attitude which makes them its main object is only calculated to injure the independent individuality of science, and therefore its success in the revelation of truth.

The bulk of the experiments with alcohol comes from the laboratories of Dr. Emil Kraepelin, now professor of the science of mental diseases at the University of Munich, in Germany. Professor Kraepelin, who has long been the leading alienist of the world, undertook, some twenty-five years ago, an investigation of the psychic effects produced by drugs, with a view to gaining clearer insight into the nature of mental diseases. A case of insanity presents to the alienist a clinical "picture" of great complexity. Convinced that insanity cannot be thoroughly understood until its phenomena have been analyzed into their simplest elements, Kraepelin undertook to produce artificially simple sets of psychic derangements by the use of chemical substances, such as bromine, caffeine, alcohol, cocaine, chloral, sulphonal, etc. The disturbing effects of alcohol proved especially striking — so much so that Kraepelin decided to devote particular attention to this widely consumed substance. As the result of his studies, the great alienist has reached the conclusion that alcohol is leading civilized humanity on the path of degeneracy.

The experiments concerning the effects of alcohol can be, and undoubtedly should be, very much extended. But this much can now be considered as firmly established:

First, alcohol impairs every human faculty.

Secondly, the higher and more complex the human faculty, the more pronounced is the effect of alcohol upon it.

Finally, the effects of alcohol are cumulative; that is, its continuous use, even in comparatively moderate quantities, impairs the faculties at a rapidly increasing rate.

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THE RECORD OF THE EXPERIMENTS

I

MODERATE DRINKING AND MUSCULAR WORK

The influence of small quantities of alcohol on the capacity for doing muscular work has been clearly demonstrated in recent years by several experimental researches. A very careful investigation on this subject was carried out, in 1903, by Dr. L. Schnyder, in collaboration with Professor Paul Dubois, at Berne, Switzerland.* The experiments were performed partly on Professor Dubois, but mostly on Dr. Schnyder himself. It will suffice to consider here only the work of Dr. Schnyder, who, by the way, was not unaccustomed to the effects of alcohol, having been in the habit of taking moderate quantities of wine with his meals.

The muscle chosen for these tests was that of the index finger of the right hand—one of the best trained muscles of the body, and therefore little subject to accidental influences. The measuring apparatus employed was the celebrated ergograph, invented by Angelo Mosso, with improvements by Professor Dubois. In using this, the hand was fixed by holding on to a wooden peg; the arm was rendered immovable by a clamp; and a weight of several kilograms, suspended by a string passing over a pulley, was raised and lowered until complete exhaustion set in. This process was repeated twelve times with intervening rests of one minute. The length of each pull was recorded by a pencil on a strip of ruled paper. The sum of the lengths of the single lines is easily translated into "meter-kilograms"—that is, the work done in raising one kilogram through one meter against the gravity of the earth.

Since alcohol is a food,—in the sense that it is burned in the human body and thus produces energy,—Professor Dubois believed its nutritive value must play some part in its effects on the muscular system. Accordingly, he carried out five different experiments to determine its action under different conditions. The object of the first three of these was to bring out the effect of alcohol as compared with that of a food in the ordinary sense of the term.

The Effect of Alcohol Taken Without Food

Experiment No. 1 was a measurement of muscular efficiency four hours after meals, without either alcohol or ordinary food being administered.

* L. Schnyder, "Alkohol und Muskelkraft" in *Pflüger's Archiv für die gesammte Physiologie*, vol. 93, pp. 451-484 (1903).

No. 2 consisted in similar measurements at the same hour of the day—between twelve and half-past twelve o'clock—but shortly after taking a certain quantity of readily digestible nitrogenous food; namely, thirty grams of tropon—a food for the sick and convalescent, containing ninety per cent. of animal and vegetable proteids.

No. 3 consisted in similar measurements, at the same hour of the day, but shortly after administering a moderate quantity of alcohol, equivalent in heat value to the amount of food given in experiment No. 2. This was in the form of one hundred and fifty cubic centimeters (about two-thirds of a cupful) of good Bordeaux wine, containing 14.7 grams of alcohol, and administered fifteen minutes before the experiment.

To obtain as reliable results as possible, and eliminate all accidental factors, each result in each class of experiment—given in the following table—was obtained by striking an average of ten single experiments taken on ten different days.

WORK DONE—METER-KILOGRAMS

Period No.	1 (nothing)	2 (food)	3 (alcohol)
1.....	8.089	8.656	8.473
2.....	3.732	3.911	4.227
3.....	3.102	3.447	3.200
4.....	3.031	3.244	3.120
5.....	2.904	3.115	2.992
6.....	2.838	3.033	2.821
7.....	2.863	2.938	2.816
8.....	2.903	3.054	2.709
9.....	2.875	3.108	2.674
10.....	2.885	3.097	2.725
11.....	2.939	3.106	2.745
12.....	2.843	2.913	2.732
12 periods.....	41.004	43.622	41.322
First 5 periods.....	20.858	22.373	22.100
Last 7 periods.....	20.146	21.249	19.222

It will be noticed that the total of the second experiment—in which the thirty grams of tropon were taken—shows an increase of 2.618 meter-kilograms over the total of the first, in which no food was taken. That is, the food increased the working capacity 6.4 per cent.

The total of the third—in which the wine was taken—was 0.318 meter-kilograms more than the first (without food), this constituting the slight increase of 0.8 per cent. It appears, then, that while alcohol effected a much smaller increase in muscular efficiency than an equiva-

lent amount of ordinary good food, it still produced an increase.

But let us examine the figures more closely. The totals of the first five working periods in experiments 1 (nothing), 2 (tropon), and 3 (alcohol) are respectively: 20.858, 22.373, and 22.100. The difference between the first two is 1.515, or 7.3 per cent. of 20.858. This was the percentage of increase produced by tropon *at first*. On the other hand, the difference between experiments No. 3 and No. 1 is 1.242, or 6.0 per cent. of 20.858. This was the percentage increase produced by alcohol *at first*. So *at first* alcohol produced really a marked increase in muscular efficiency. We merely note, in passing, that the increase was smaller than that produced by tropon *at first*.

Turning to the last seven working-periods, we find the totals in the three experiments to be respectively: 20.146, 21.249, and 19.222. The difference between the first two experiments is 1.103, or 5.5 per cent. of 20.146. This is the percentage increase produced by tropon during the *latter stage* of the experiment. The difference between the last and first experiments is —0.924, or *minus* 4.6 per cent. of 20.146. So during the latter stage of the experiment the effect of alcohol was a marked *decrease* in muscular efficiency. It is clear, also, that the total work done during the experiment with alcohol would have been less, and not slightly greater, than in the experiment with nothing whatever, if both experiments had been prolonged.

Conclusion

The conclusion from these three experiments is plain:

Unlike an ordinary food, alcohol, when taken in moderate quantity on an empty stomach, has two distinct effects on the muscular system — a strengthening one and a weakening one. During the first brief stage after it is taken, the strengthening effect predominates, the alcohol probably being utilized as a food by the exhausted body. But no sooner is the first stage over, than the weakening effect becomes more prominent, the alcohol probably acting injuriously upon the nervous system.

Similar results have been obtained by all other experimenters in the field, without an exception. By way of an example, we will reproduce the conclusion arrived at by A. F. Hellsten, after an extensive series of experiments carried out at Helsingfors in 1903-1904*:

"Almost immediately after being introduced into the system, alcohol raises the working capacity of the muscles. From twelve to forty

minutes later, however, a lowering sets in, and the state of lowered muscular efficiency lasts at least two hours. Thus alcohol acts at first as a stimulating, afterwards as a paralyzing agent."

The Effect of Alcohol Taken with Food

The fourth and fifth series of experiments conducted by Dr. Schnyder and Professor Dubois were made to ascertain the effect of alcohol on an organism well supplied with nourishment, the idea being that if alcohol has some other action besides its effect as a food, a system well supplied with ordinary nourishment might refuse to profit by the superfluous nutrition offered by the alcohol, and so manifest only its other action. That other action, whatever it might be, would then become measurable by itself. The two concluding experiments were consequently these:

Experiment No. 4 consisted of the same measurements as in the first three experiments, carried out at about the same hour of the day, but shortly after a good meal without alcohol, the meal consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and bread.

No. 5 consisted in similar measurements, taken shortly after meals during which a moderate quantity of alcohol was consumed. The food was the same as in experiment No. 4; in addition, 300 cubic centimeters of good Bordeaux wine, containing 29.4 grams of alcohol, was consumed in the course of the luncheon. Dr. Schnyder observes that this is about the quantity referred to as "a good glass of wine," considered by many people as a moderate, perfectly harmless, even indispensable drink. The tabulated results of experiments 4 and 5 follow, each figure — as in the first three experiments — being an average from ten different single experiments on ten separate days:

WORK DONE—METER-KILOGRAMS

Period No.	4 (food only)	5 (food and alcohol)	Loss of Efficiency
1.....	7.969	7.370	
2.....	4.418	3.872	
3.....	3.652	3.373	
4.....	3.440	3.182	
5.....	3.245	3.016	
6.....	3.215	3.136	
7.....	3.248	2.996	
8.....	3.223	3.004	
9.....	3.233	3.076	
10.....	3.254	2.929	
11.....	3.322	2.993	
12.....	3.282	2.922	
Total of 12 periods	45.501	41.869	8.0%
Total first 5 periods	22.724	20.813	8.4%
Total last 7 periods	22.777	21.056	7.6%

*The original paper was published in vol. 16 of the Scandinavian archive of physiology. An abstract may be found in the *Muenchener medicinische Wochenschrift* for the year 1904 (p. 1894).

A peculiar fact is shown here: while alcohol is a food, the human body will not use it as such when it has an ample supply of other food. Consequently, the weakening influence of alcohol, which is here got at by itself, is seen to be at work continuously. The total loss of efficiency in the twelve periods is 8 per cent. In the first five working periods it is 8.4 per cent.; in the last seven periods it is 7.6 per cent. The weakening effect, as might be expected, is really greater *at first*.

Conclusion

Moderate amounts of alcohol taken with a meal effect a very considerable lowering of the capacity for doing muscular work. The widespread notion that moderate drinking with meals helps a laborer do his work, is false.

II

MODERATE DRINKING AND THE PROCESS OF WRITING

So much for the effect of alcohol on purely muscular work. From this we can advance one step in the direction of human activities involving psychical processes by the consideration of experiments with writing.

Ordinarily, the writing of simple characters, such as the numbers from one to ten, is an almost purely muscular act. When, however, a person is called upon to write down a given set of characters as rapidly as he possibly can, his will, too, becomes involved. The process of writing with the greatest possible speed may therefore be employed as something intermediate between purely muscular work and the more complex forms of activity, which are, of course, largely psychical. The greatest rapidity in writing which an individual can attain has been shown to be highly characteristic of him — probably as much so as his power of will. It changes markedly if his whole personality undergoes some marked change; for instance, if he becomes mentally diseased.

Therefore, investigation of the influence of moderate drinking upon the maximum rapidity of writing must not only reveal the effect of alcohol on activities somewhat more complex than muscular work, but must also show whether under the influence of alcohol one's personality does not undergo a more or less profound change similar to the changes accompanying certain mental diseases.

Careful experiments on the effect of alcohol on writing have been carried out by Dr. Martin Mayer at the University of Heidelberg. The results, obtained in 1898, were published in 1901.*

The apparatus employed in these experiments was the so-called "writing balance," invented by Professor Emil Kraepelin and constructed by the skilled mechanician Runne at Heidelberg. This "balance" has attached to it a fifth-seconds clock which automatically registers time on a rotating drum covered with a sort of carbon paper. On the chronographic record thus obtained the time consumed in writing a set of characters can be read off with an error of less than 1-200 of a second. The unit of time employed was 1-100 of a second, which was arbitrarily named a *zeta*. So all figures given below represent *zetas*.

One set of experiments was performed on the 8th, 10th, 12th, and 14th of September, 1898, no alcohol in any form having been used between September 1st and 8th. Dr. Mayer experimented on himself. "The criticism," he says, "that the results might thus have been influenced by preconceived notions, is invalidated by the fact that at the time of the experiments I had not yet studied the literature concerning the effects of alcohol; besides, it would have been impossible to foresee what the effect might be on the process of writing."

Each day's experiment began at eight in the morning. The experimenter's hand was properly connected with the apparatus, and the figures 12345678910 were twice written in pencil, on smooth paper, as rapidly as possible. Then the figures 10987654321 were written twice, and finally the German letters "inm" (with no dot on the i) were written once. Then 30 grams of pure alcohol (as much as is contained in one and one-third tumblers of claret) were taken, properly diluted with water, and, after an interval of five minutes, the same characters were written as before. After another five minutes the same characters were written again, and so forth several times.

After the September work, Dr. Mayer went entirely without alcohol until October 10, and then conducted exactly the same experiments, excepting that now the dose of alcohol was doubled. The results of the two sets of experiments follow, each of the figures being obtained from averages, there being, in the cases in which alcohol was taken, from sixteen to sixty separate trials.

TIME TAKEN IN WRITING — BEFORE AND AFTER DRINKING ALCOHOL

SEPTEMBER DRINK, 30 GRAMS OF ALCOHOL

	Before	After	Retardation
(A) Writing 1 to 10..	337.1 zetas	355.8 zetas	5.6%
(B) Writing 10 to 1..	347.5 "	371.8 "	7.0%
(C) Writing "inm" ..	136.2 "	146.1 "	7.3%

*"Psychologische Arbeiten," vol. 3, pp. 535-586 (Leipzig, 1901).

OCTOBER DRINK, 60 GRAMS OF ALCOHOL

	Before	After	Increase of time
(A) Writing 1 to 10..	335.0 zetas	365.5 zetas	9.1%
(B) Writing 10 to 1..	348.7 "	384.1 "	10.2%
(C) Writing "inm" ..	137.5 "	154.3 "	12.2%

A glance at the table shows, first, that alcohol invariably retards the process of writing to a very considerable extent; secondly, that the greater the doses of alcohol taken, the greater is the retardation; thirdly, that the retardation increases with the complexity of the task: one is more accustomed to write 1 to 10 than 10 to 1, and every one of us has more frequently counted backward from 10 to 1 than written the characters "inm."

The results of these experiments also illustrate the general fact already stated, that an individual's greatest rapidity in writing is highly characteristic of him and remains the same as long as he remains personally normal. The following table shows a difference of less than 1 per cent. between the September and October experiments without alcohol:

	(1) September	(2) October
(A) Writing 1 to 10....	337.1 zetas	335.0 zetas
(B) Writing 10 to 1....	347.5 "	348.7 "
(C) Writing "inm".....	136.2 "	137.5 "

Only when alcohol is administered, retardations occur similar to those produced by mental disease.

Conclusion

We recommend the following generalization: *Moderate drinking retards to a very considerable extent the activities of life that are intermediate in complexity between purely muscular and psychical work. The widespread notion that a drink "braces one up" and makes one do such work faster, is false.*

III

MODERATE DRINKING AND THE HANDICRAFTS

A typesetter's work, while physical to a certain extent, involves the psychical faculties very largely. It may be considered a typical handicraft, and so a knowledge of the effects of moderate drinking upon it is of great practical interest.

Such knowledge may be derived from Professor Gustav Aschaffenburg's experiments, published in 1896.* The four men, F. S., J. L., C. H., and K. O. G., chosen for the experiments, were typesetters of many years' experience, and so their experimental work could not be much influenced by accidental circumstances. Furthermore, they had for years been moderate

drinkers, and thus were not over-susceptible to the effects of alcohol. On the Sunday preceding the experiment days, and while the experiments lasted, they abstained from using alcohol entirely. The experiments extended over four days, from Monday to Thursday, inclusively, and consisted in setting type from printed copy (to avoid illegibility of manuscript) for five quarter-hours, commencing about five P.M. To avoid the influence of preconceived ideas, the results were not revealed to the men until the entire series of experiments had been completed. On Monday the men received no alcohol. On Tuesday two hundred grams (about three-quarters of a tumblerful) of strong Greek wine was administered at the end of the first quarter-hour of work. On Wednesday, again, no alcohol was taken. On Thursday they received another two hundred grams of wine after the first quarter-hour of work. Assuming that during the first quarter-hour the men were "getting under way" and were working more or less irregularly, we will consider only the results of the following hour. The results will be represented by the number of "ems" set up.

But before they can be properly understood, it is necessary to take into consideration a factor which is not generally known: namely, the gradual increase of one's output of work owing to daily practice. It is generally imagined that after a man has learned a trade and has worked at it for some time, he attains a certain maximum proficiency in it, and thereafter his work is neither improved in quality nor increased in quantity. That a musical virtuoso practises for many hours daily because he can thereby indefinitely improve his art, everybody understands. But that a bookkeeper, let us say, should do a larger amount of figuring on Tuesday because of Monday's addition to his experience, a still larger amount on Wednesday, etc., seems almost incredible. Yet it is a fact repeatedly demonstrated by various observers. Thus, to mention a single experiment: An experienced bookkeeper was given columns of one-place numbers and was asked to add as many of them as he could in a half-hour; he succeeded in adding 2323 figures. When the experiment was repeated the next day, he was found to have added 2994 figures. The number of such observations is myriad, and there are no exceptions.

Returning to the work of our typesetters with this interesting experience-factor in view, we expect that normally, without any specific effect being introduced by alcohol, the typesetters should have accomplished more on Tuesday than on Monday, still more on Wednesday, and still more on Thursday. The following num-

*See "Psychologische Arbeiten," vol. 1, pp. 608-626 (Leipzig, 1896).

bers of "ems" set up by the four men represent the actual facts.

	Monday (no alcohol)	Tuesday (alcohol)	Wednesday (no alcohol)	Thursday (alcohol)
F. S.	2339	2212	2560	2353
J. L.	2005	2449	2487	2492
C. H.	2241	2265	2458	2314
K. O. G. ..	1528	1449	1608	1495

The first thing that strikes the eye is that in five cases (underscored) the number of "ems" set up on Tuesday and Thursday is, not greater, but *less* than on Monday and Wednesday, respectively. Not only, then, has the alcohol taken on Tuesday and Thursday prevented the due increase, but it has produced a considerable *decrease*, in the men's efficiency. Further, although in the remaining three cases there is an increase, that increase is slight. Thus, J. L. set up only five "ems" more on Thursday than on Wednesday; practically no increase. On the other hand, the men did *very* much more on Wednesday (no-alcohol day) than on Tuesday (alcohol day).

The conclusion is plain: the moderate quantities of alcohol impaired considerably our tradesmen's efficiency.

But let us endeavor to ascertain, on the basis of what the typesetters did on Monday and Wednesday, just how much they would have accomplished, but for the alcohol, on Tuesday and Thursday. An approximate estimate can be made on the conservative assumption that, during short periods of time, the increase in efficiency from day to day is about the same. Now, from the fact that compositor F. S. set up 2339 "ems" on Monday and 2560 "ems" on Wednesday, figures representing an increase of 221 "ems" in two days, we may estimate that his experience-increase at that time amounted to 110 "ems" per day, and that under normal conditions he should have set up 2449 "ems" on Tuesday and 2670 "ems" on Thursday.

F. S., then, should have set up 2449 "ems" on Tuesday. But he set up only 2212 "ems." The difference, 237 "ems," is about 9.7 per cent. of 2449. A moderate drink of wine made F. S. lose, for the time being, nearly ten per cent. of his efficiency. The following table, obtained by similar calculation, gives the percentage losses on Tuesday and Thursday in the case of the four men:

PERCENTAGE LOSSES OF EFFICIENCY

	Tuesday	Thursday
F. S.	9.7%	11.9%
J. L.	0.0%	1.4%
C. H.	3.6%	9.9%
K. O. G. ..	7.6%	9.3%

The four men are affected by alcohol to an unequal extent, as might be expected. But

with the exception of J. L.'s case on Tuesday, there are losses of efficiency in all cases, and in most cases the losses are heavy.

One more circumstance claims attention before the subject is abandoned. The losses are in all cases heavier on Thursday than on Tuesday. This can only mean one thing: The effects of alcohol are cumulative. In other words, the effect of Tuesday's drink is not entirely gone on Thursday, and Thursday's loss in efficiency is the effect of Thursday's drink *plus* a lingering part of Tuesday's effect.

But if the effect of Tuesday's drink is not quite gone on Thursday, Wednesday's output would surely have been greater than it was if no drink had been taken on Tuesday; and as the above percentages of loss of efficiency are based on the assumption that Wednesday's product was normal, they are really too small. How much too small, it would be impossible to say.

Conclusion

The experiments, although few in number, were carefully performed and point distinctly to the following conclusion: *Moderate drinking reduces considerably an artisan's efficiency. Its effect is cumulative and the losses caused by it increase as time goes on. The widespread notion that moderate drinking helps an artisan in his daily work is false.*

Of course, there are alcoholic degenerates who are thoroughly incapacitated for work if alcohol is withheld from them. But organic degeneracy is not our subject at present; we are here considering the immediate effects of moderate drinking on the moderate drinker.

IV

MODERATE DRINKING AND HABITUAL ASSOCIATIONS OF IDEAS

The phrase "two and three" suggests, by an immediate association of ideas, "are five." This association of ideas is habitual with everybody from childhood; it forms a part of his daily mental activity. It is unnecessary to say that experimental knowledge of the effects of moderate drinking on habitual associations of ideas is of fundamental importance.

Under unfavorable conditions — for instance, in a state of extreme fatigue — such associations are more or less retarded. One is liable to repeat, "two *plus* three are . . ." Two plus three . . . are . . . " and an appreciable interval of time may elapse before the usual predicate is associated with the subject. Serious retardation of this kind is a sure sign of a disordered mental condition, and is accepted as a symptom of certain forms of insanity.

In 1900 Professor Kraepelin and his pupil, Dr. Kürz,* studied the influence of daily drinking, "such as has been generally considered entirely harmless," on several psychical processes, including the habitual associations of ideas involved in adding small numbers.

We will reproduce the results of a typical experiment with two persons, A. and E., who were each given tests in adding single place numbers for a half hour upon each of twenty-seven consecutive days. E. was given no alcohol whatever; A. received on fourteen of the twenty-seven days a single drink, consisting of 80 grams of pure alcohol diluted with water—an amount equivalent to about three and a half tumblersfuls of claret. The drinks were taken in the evening before going to bed, while the experiments took place between nine and half-past nine in the morning. During the entire twenty-seven days both A. and E. observed the strictest regularity in their diet, walks, hours of sleep, and the general regimen of their lives.

The following table gives the average daily number of single place figures added by each man during three separate periods in the twenty-seven days, of six, eight, and thirteen days each. A. drank nothing in the evenings preceding the six days in the first period, took one drink on every evening preceding the eight days in the second period, and drank on the evening preceding the first four and the tenth and eleventh days in the last period of thirteen days. On the other evenings preceding the days in this period he did not drink.

AVERAGE DAILY NUMBERS OF ADDITIONS OF SINGLE PLACE FIGURES

Periods	First	Second	Third
E.—No alcohol.....	1817	2285	2631*
A.—No alcohol.....	1876	2361*	2718*
A.—With alcohol.....		2288	2302
A.—Loss from normal..		3.1%	15.3%

*Estimated.

It will be seen from the first line in this table that the product of E. increased constantly in each of the three periods by reason of the daily increase through experience. E. was, in fact, introduced into the experiments merely to show what A. would have done without alcohol. For the first six days, during which he took no drink, A. performed a daily average of 1876 additions against 1817 for E., or 3.3 per cent. more than E. His normal daily averages for the next two periods are calculated on the basis of this re-

lation to the output of E.—that is, he is assumed to be able to do 3.3 per cent. more work.

From these figures it will be seen that during the first eight days of drinking A. lost 3.1 per cent. of his normal product. In the last thirteen days, although he took less than half as much alcohol as on the other days, his loss was 15.3 per cent. Nothing could account for this but the cumulative effect of alcohol.

Conclusion

Moderate daily drinking reduces considerably the rapidity with which habitual associations of ideas are formed in the mind. The effect of alcohol is cumulative, and increases rapidly as time goes on. The notion that alcohol "stimulates" a person to his mental work is surely not corroborated by facts.

V

MODERATE DRINKING AND FREE ASSOCIATIONS OF IDEAS

In this section we will deal with a somewhat more complex element of mental activity—the rapidity with which free associations of ideas are formed in the mind—and the influence upon it of moderate daily drinking. Measurements of the process are carried out as follows: a word, say *table*, is suggested to the person experimented upon, and he is asked to write down rapidly as many other words, more or less connected, as suggest themselves to his mind, such as chair, floor, ceiling, plate, spoon, etc.

Experiments of this kind were carried out by Professor Kraepelin and Dr. Kürz simultaneously with those discussed in the preceding section. We will reproduce the results obtained in the case of the same person, A., on the same twenty-seven days on which the habitual association experiments were carried out. The free association work was begun daily at about ten in the morning—that is, about an hour after, the beginning of the experiments—and consumed ten minutes—two words being given out, and five minutes being given for writing words connected with each of these.

The conditions affecting A. in this experiment are, of course, exactly what they were in the experiments just preceding. In the following table, as in the one given in that connection, there are three periods—one of six days not affected by alcohol; one of eight days, each following the drinking of alcohol; and one of thirteen days, in six of which the work was influenced by drinks of alcohol on preceding evenings.

* "Psychologische Arbeiten," vol. 3, pp. 417-457 (1900).

WORDS WRITTEN IN 27 DAYS' EXPERIMENTS

Periods	6 days (no alcohol)	8 days (alcohol)	13 days (less alcohol)
Dailv average	211	194	154
Losses		8.1%	27%

The losses in this experiment, it will be seen, are calculated by taking the daily average of the first six days, in which A. drank no alcohol, as a standard. There is no second person, like E., in the preceding experiments, to furnish a basis for calculating the natural increase of A.'s work through experience, although that increase showed plainly in the first period of this experiment, when A. took no alcohol. The actual percentage losses in A.'s work are, therefore, really larger than shown here. Yet, even with this under-statement, the losses are 6.1 per cent. and 27 per cent. in the last two periods, against corresponding losses of 3.1 per cent. and 15.3 per cent. in the preceding experiment. This would tend to indicate, generally speaking, that the more complex forms of mental activity suffer under the influence of alcohol far more heavily than the simple ones. The cumulative effect of alcohol again appears in the great increase of the loss in the second period of drinking over that of the first — although less alcohol was taken during the second period.

Conclusion

Free associations of ideas are affected by moderate daily drinking even more than the simpler habitual associations. The effects of alcohol on free associations of ideas is cumulative.

VI

MODERATE DRINKING AND THE PROCESS OF MEMORIZING

From among the results obtained by Professor Kraepelin and Dr. Kürz in their experiments on A., we will present one more set, showing the effect of alcohol on the process of memorizing. It may be recalled that the habitual association experiments occupied daily the period from nine to half-past nine in the morning and that the free association experiments commenced at about ten o'clock. The half hour from half-past nine to ten was devoted daily to memorizing as many twelve-place numbers (for instance, 315,784,231,675) as possible. Each number was read off aloud from paper, again and again, until it could be once correctly repeated from memory; then the next number was taken up, and so forth. On the first of the twenty-seven days the memorizing experiment was omitted; so we have the results of twenty-six experiments.

The results of the first five experiments, be-

fore A. had begun taking alcohol, as well as the results of similar experiments reported by other investigators, show that the amount memorized, too, is gradually increased under the influence of the experience-factor.

The following considerations will help toward an appreciation of the actual results. In any increasing series of four numbers the arithmetical mean of the first and third is less than the mean of the second and fourth. We find similarly that in *any* set of twenty-six results exhibiting the normal working of an experience-factor, and free from the influence of alcohol or other drugs, the arithmetical mean of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth results *must be* less than the arithmetical mean of the remaining fourteen results. This proposition is true, no matter how variable the increase due to the experience-factor may be.

Now, the twelve numbers just specified correspond to the twelve days on the evenings preceding which A. took no alcohol. The total number of numbers committed to memory on those days was 4671, making an average of 389 per day. Normally, without any disturbing factor coming into play, A. should have learned, according to the mathematical proposition just stated, *more* per day during the remaining fourteen days. But, as a matter of fact, he memorized on those days a total of 5107 numbers, making an average of only 365 per day.

Alcohol thus not only annihilated the increase from the experience-factor, but produced a decided decrease of the average. Further, since the effects of alcohol are cumulative, lasting, experiments eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-five, and twenty-six must have yielded abnormally low results, and the first average of 389 per day must be correspondingly low. To say, then, that alcohol produced a decrease of 24, that is, about 6.2 per cent., in the number of numbers learned per day, is in every way a gross under-estimate of the truth. It is certain that the true decrease must have been considerably greater.

Conclusion

Ordinary memorizing is greatly retarded under the influence of moderate daily drinking. This conclusion is entirely corroborated by a set of twenty-seven experiments carried out by A. Smith in 1895.

VII

HEAVY DRINKING AND DISEASE

That *excessive* drinking, whether the drinker himself is willing to characterize it so or not,

is the cause of a great deal of harm, is an undisputed fact. Yet very few know what an appalling amount of disease is really due to it. An exhaustive list of affections of which heavy drinking is either the essential or a partial cause, would be long and ghastly. Here we shall merely touch on the relations between alcohol and epilepsy, which we shall follow with a more extensive account of alcoholism and insanity.

Epilepsy is a much more prevalent disease than is commonly supposed, an average of two per thousand of the population of civilized countries being epileptics. One form of epilepsy is directly caused by alcohol. That form is uncommon. But in ordinary epilepsy we find, among the most prominent causes, alcoholism in the parents. Remembering that epilepsy is very readily transmitted by parents to their children, one naturally expects to find a much larger percentage of cases with an epileptic than with an alcohol heredity. In reality it is quite the contrary: no less than twenty per cent. of all cases of epilepsy tell a history of alcoholic heredity, while in only half that percentage can the disease be attributed to epilepsy in the ancestry.*

Among the eighty million people in this country, 160,000 are epileptics. Of these, 32,000 owe their affliction to the intemperance of parents.

VIII

ALCOHOLISM AND INSANITY

But the evils of alcoholism shown by other diseases appear insignificant when one has studied the statistics of insanity. Statistics, of course, are liable to be misleading. But when statistics gathered at different times, and in different parts of the civilized world, agree almost to the point of being identical, they can only be true.

In compiling data for the present paper we have examined the reports of a large number of asylums for the insane. Everywhere, without exception, the number of male admissions in which alcoholism is recognized as either the only or the principal cause of the disease, is between twenty and thirty per cent. of the total number. To exhibit something of this remarkable uniformity, we take, at random, figures from the thirteen asylums of New York, six asylums of Massachusetts, the three county asylums of a district in England, and the five asylums of a district in Austria.

* See Binswanger's classical monograph, "Die Epilepsie" (Vienna, 1890), p. 82; Kraepelin, *Psychiatrie* (ed. 7, Leipzig, 1904), vol. 2, p. 675; Doran in "American Journal of Insanity" for 1903, p. 61.

MALE INSANE — CASES WITH KNOWN CAUSES ADMITTED TO VARIOUS ASYLUMS

Place	Total Cases	Alcohol only or principal cause	
		Number of cases	Per cent. of total
1 New York.....	2064	582	28.2
2 Massachusetts.	687	210	30.6
3 Stafford, Eng.	357	94	26.3
4 Austria.....	917	228	24.9

FEMALE INSANE — CASES WITH KNOWN CAUSES ADMITTED TO VARIOUS ASYLUMS

Place	Total Cases	Alcohol only or principal cause	
		Number of cases	Per cent. of total
*New York.....	2002	174	8.7
†Massachusetts..	569	46	8.1
†Stafford, Eng..	344	33	9.6
Austria.....	558	24	4.3

*State of New York—From reports for the year ending Sept. 30, 1905, from the following State Hospitals: Manhattan (Wards Island), Kings Park, Central Islip, Long Island (Flatbush), Hudson River (Poughkeepsie), Middle-town, Utica, Binghamton, Willard, St. Lawrence (Ogdensburg), Gowanda, Rochester, and Buffalo.

†State of Massachusetts—From reports for the year ending Nov. 30, 1906, from the following State Hospitals: Tewksbury, Taunton, Worcester, Westboro, Northampton, and Danvers.

†Towns of Stafford, Burntwood, Cheddleton, England—From reports of Staffordshire County Council for the year 1904.

||Asylums at Vienna, Langenlois, Mauer-Öhling, Ybbs and Klosterneuburg in Austria. From "Bericht des Niederösterreichischen Landesausschusses über seine Amtswirkung vom 1. Juli 1902, bis 30. Juni 1903."

Recapitulation

The percentages of alcoholics among men admitted to insane asylums are 28.9 for the State of New York, 30.6 for Massachusetts, 26.3 for a group of three asylums in England, and 24.9 for a group of five asylums in Austria. So the figures run everywhere, and we are very near the truth if we say that, *throughout the western world, one out of four men admitted to an insane asylum is brought there by alcohol*. Among women the percentages are neither so constant nor so high, for obvious reasons.

IX

CRITIQUE OF THE STATISTICS OF ALCOHOLISM AND INSANITY

The facts just referred to are of such profound importance to the civilized nations that we have felt it a solemn duty to subject them to further scrutiny before bringing them to the attention of the community. With this end in view, we

secured permission from Dr. William Austin Macy, Superintendent of the Kings Park State Hospital, Long Island, New York, to examine in detail the records of the five hundred consecutive admissions (two hundred and fifty men and two hundred and fifty women) from June 14, 1905, to August 1, 1906.

The question that forces itself to the attention in connection with the statistics we have given is: To what extent is it certain that in so many cases alcohol is really "either the only or the principal cause"? To answer this question we inquired, in the first place, as to the number of cases in which the disease is one of the specific alcoholic psychoses.

Insanity, it must be remembered, is not a single disease; it is a large group of very different diseases, often as different from one another as a cold in the head is from chronic Bright's disease (we have in mind two well-defined mental diseases). Now, three of these different forms of insanity, namely, delirium tremens, alcoholic epilepsy, and alcoholic dementia, are definitely known never to be caused by anything but alcohol. In such cases the diagnosis itself establishes the cause beyond the possibility of doubt. Two other mental diseases, namely, acute hallucinosis and the polyneuritic psychosis (Korsakoff's disease), are caused by alcohol in an overwhelming majority of cases. In those exceptional cases in which these diseases are not due to alcohol, they are due to some kindred factor, such as cocaineism or certain acute infections, the existence of which, however, can generally be ascertained without any difficulty. By a study of the symptoms and histories, we were thus able to establish alcoholism as *the only possible* cause in thirty-two men and three women among the five hundred consecutive admissions at Kings Park. In the case of seven men and seven women neither the nature nor the cause of the trouble could be established. Among the remaining two hundred and forty-three male admissions, the thirty-two cases of specific alcoholic psychoses formed 13.2 per cent. Among women the corresponding percentage was only 1.2.

We then passed to the other forms of insanity, in which alcohol can only figure as the exciting cause, acting upon a predisposition to mental disease already existing in the patient. In such cases, too, it is usually not difficult to establish with certainty the rôle played by alcohol in the

causation of the trouble, and frequently it is certain that, in spite of the predisposition, the patient would have remained a useful member of the community if alcohol had not sent him to the lunatic asylum. We quote from de Fursac*: "Three individuals are from birth equally charged with a hereditary predisposition. One of them leads a quiet and regular life, free from overwork and excesses. In him the predisposition remains latent, and his life passes without the occurrence of mental disturbances. The second becomes addicted to alcoholism and in course of time develops the usual signs of the intoxication; but, conscious of his danger, he abandons his intemperate habits and recovers his health. Lastly, the third gives himself up to the same excesses as the second, but, instead of stopping in his fatal descent in time, he remains an inveterate drunkard, and, becoming demented, ends his days in an insane asylum."

Among our Kings Park cases we found alcohol the exciting cause, in this sense, in 11.5 per cent. of men and 2.9 per cent. of women. The total percentages, therefore, in which alcohol was "either the only or the principal cause" were 13.2 and 11.5, or a total of 24.7 among men and 1.2 and 2.9 or 4.1 among women — percentages entirely corroborating those we had found in official statistics from all over the civilized world.

In how many additional cases insanity may be due to alcoholism in the ancestry, in how many the use of alcoholic liquors may constitute a partial cause of insanity, aggravating the effects of other, more apparent causes — in brief, how many further cases of insanity would never come into existence if mankind could find a practical way of abolishing the use of alcohol, no one can tell. But our detailed study of the Kings Park cases convinced us that the published official statistics on alcoholism and insanity, showing that one out of four men admitted to asylums is made insane by alcohol, really underestimate the awful truth.

We quote from Charles Darwin: "Through the long experience of my father and my grandfather, extending over a period of more than one hundred years, I have reached the conviction that no other cause has brought about so much suffering, so much disease and misery, as the use of intoxicating beverages."

*Manual of Psychiatry, translated by A. J. Rosanoff (New York, John Wiley & Sons, 1905), p. 14.

THE DESERTER

BY CRAYTON MCCANTS

IT was at Petersburg in 1864. Away to the rear lay the shell-scarred town, looking drear and dismantled and dun in the pale autumn sunlight; in front, could the hill that sheltered the cluster of squalid huts have been removed, one might have seen the long parallel lines of trench and breastwork, behind which, on the one side the Confederates, on the other the Federals, men burrowed for safety, nor dared to show even for a moment an unwary head above the crest of the parapet. Now to the right, now to the left, a gun roared sullenly; now and again the spitting crack of a rifle bespoke the sharpshooter at his work.

But the small assemblage seated out of doors beside the mud-daubed cabins gave little heed to the dropping fire, and still less to the gray, rearward landscape, intersected in the middle distance by a red road that was cut and furrowed by the wheels of the artillery wagons and bounded at the horizon by ragged trees and the squat gable of old Blandford Church.

"What has the accused to offer?"

There was in the midst of the group a rude table made of a pine plank and some saplings, at whose upper end there sat a half dozen persons in tattered gray uniforms, whose swords and shoulder-straps, however, proclaimed them to be officers. Behind them were a couple of orderlies; to their right was another officer scratching with a pen upon rough brown paper; in front, between two guards whose scant and soiled garments served to accentuate the brightness of their bayonets, crouched the uncouth figure of a man, unshorn and unshaven, who was clad in a new suit of "butternut" jeans. Throughout the giving of the testimony before the court-martial — testimony reluctant enough, but damning in its directness — he had sat apparently unmoved, with his eyes fixed sometimes on the distant sky-line, sometimes on the ground at his feet.

And his eyes which he had used so ineffectually were the finest feature that he possessed. For the rest, there was a long, loose, shambling figure, a lean, bony face, and a shock of rufous hair. The type is common — one may find it in the Southern mountains anywhere — but the eyes were those of a dreamer of dreams. At the question of the court he stood up. Furtively the privates who were guarding him glanced at him. He had deserted the colors — had left the ranks when the army was in presence of the enemy —

they could not understand that kind of a man.

Dumbly, like one who is not yet awake, he looked at the impassive figures at the table's head. Among them all there was but one face that he knew — that of the presiding officer. Time was when the deserter had been proud of old Cullen — Cullen of the Mountain Brigade, Cullen of Marye's Hill and the Wilderness. Back in the shadows of the high blue ridges, where in the misty mornings the sun rose red over Estatoe, and where in the silent afternoons it slipped down behind the Alleghanies, they had been neighbors — Cullen and he — and friends with such friendship as may exist between a cultured man and one almost uneducated. And in the beginning of things, when the bands were playing "Dixie," and the women with flushed faces were waving their handkerchiefs, he had volunteered under Cullen. And now Cullen was trying him — for desertion.

The thought came to him that he would clear himself in Cullen's eyes — not as a soldier, for he had abandoned hope that night when he left the camp, but as a man. Suddenly his bony jaw closed with a click, his head went up, and his shoulders squared themselves. Taking a step forward, he addressed his commander — the others did not matter.

"What they 'uns tolle you wuz a fack, Ginnul," he said briefly. "I left ther night afore Cole Harbor; a week ago yistiddy I come back ter ther ridgiment. I done hit bekase of this."

Fumbling in the breast of his jacket, he drew thence a scrap of paper frayed at the edge and worn almost apart along the creases of the folds. He passed this across the plank. "I ain't noways sorry I done hit," he went on unemotionally. "I went thar an' gethered ther crap, an' I come back. I 'ud do hit ag'in fer her, Ginnul, an' — an' — that's all. You 'uns kin shoot me now."

He sat down. The general picked up the paper, not sorry, perhaps, to shift his eyes to that. Then he read:

DEAR EDDIE: I has always been proud of you, Eddie, an I is proud of you now. Moren proud that you air a soldier an that you aint afeerd. But I is sick Eddie an I kaint gether the corn an we aint got nothin to eat here at home. Las night I waked an Tommie was cryin. Whats the matter baby, says I. Nuthin, Mammy, says he; nothin, des honggry. I aint writ about it, Eddie, tell I had to, but afore God, Eddie, ef you kaint git home me an Tommy has got ter die.

Your MARY.

As he finished, Cullen's bronzed face went white. Leaning toward the next member, he handed him the paper.

"My God, read that!" he whispered huskily.

Then he rose and walked to the prisoner's side. "Eddie," he said, "you are a deserter, and as a deserter we have got to condemn you — I and the other members of this court — for that is the law, and we are not above the law. And there are people who won't understand, Eddie — people who won't know that your wife had no bread, and that your baby was starving — people who will blacken your name and who with cruel words will bring the tears to that wife's eyes and shame to that little son's brow. But we must bear all that, Eddie, — you and I. Back in the hills where you and I come from, they breed men. And you are a man — I want to tell you that. You have done no more than I would have done, and the fear of death has not hindered you. And now I must help to condemn you, my boy, — to be shot. And perhaps you think it an easy thing for me to do. God help and keep you, Eddie!"

He stooped and clasped the other's hand.

II

Day in and day out the grim, slow pounding, punctuated with musketry; day in and day out the chill wind, the bleak, scarred landscape, and the bare trees on the desolate hillocks. The hut that served the deserter for a jail differed in no whit from the others — only, in front of his door a sentry paced back and forth. How hard it was to wait! — to sit and listen, or else to think of the lights creeping over Estatoe, of the shadows in the valleys, of Mary and the child. And at night he would dream of the glint of the river through the trees, and of the tasseling corn, and of the great slopes girdled with pine and garlanded with rhododendron bloom. Tomorrow the sentence might be approved, or the next day, perhaps, or the next.

And then one day there came a change. First a single gun, then another and another, then the hoarse diapason of massed artillery. Hearing, he leaped to his feet, for he knew the meaning of it all. Somewhere yonder in front, the blue columns were forming, rank upon rank; somewhere behind the dun line of the earthworks the graybacks were waiting for them.

Suddenly there was a lull in the cannonade; the supreme moment had come — the moment of the charge. He leaned forward, straining his ears. Almost he could see the line of bayonets sweeping onward upon the works, almost could hear the breathing of those who were to resist them there.

Now! Above the bellowing of the cannon,

a crash of musketry — then yells — then — There was a clatter of hoofs; a courier, hatless, with one arm broken and bleeding, came dashing past, and close on his heels a stream of fugitives. The center was broken, the Federals were pouring through.

There was commotion at the cry — then silence, for out of the sheltered hollows the gray columns of the reserve were rising. The deserter watched them with kindling eyes. They were coming — Lee's ragged, hungry, incomparable infantry!

As the troops swept past, the sentinel, his duty forgotten, stood with mouth agape and musket butt grounded, but the Deserter with the battle fury on him stood in the open doorway and yelled to each command.

A sudden resolution swept over him. He would not stay here to be shot — surely, since he must die, it was his privilege to die yonder with his colors, to die like a man in the open fight, for the honor of the old Brigade. With a leap he caught the musket of the sentry and wrested it from its half-dazed owner's hands. Then he dashed after the column, and even Cullen away on the distant flank heard his triumphant cry, "Comin', Ginnul — comin' ter go inter ther fight wi' you!"

He should have been rearrested, but there was no time to deal with him. The broken squads that still held the hills were wavering, and the good men in "old-army" blue were pressing their advantage home.

"Forward at a double!" was the order. "Forward, and retake the works."

At the foot of the hill, beside the lines whence the enemy was driven at last, they found him with a bullet in his breast; but since life was still in him, they took him to a hospital shed. Back by his company fires, his comrades were carelessly discussing him. "Yas, he fit," they said, "but he had ter die anyhow."

In the meantime, in the ruck of the wounded his Captain was seeking him. "Feelin' better, Ed?" he asked when he found him.

The Deserter slowly unclosed his eyes.

"I got somethin' for you," the Captain went on. "It came yesterday just before the fight." Then he unfolded a paper. "In the case of Edward Cooper," he read, "the General Commanding has reviewed the proceedings of the court, approves them, and hereby pardons the prisoner. (Signed) R. E. Lee, General."

With an effort the man in bloody "butternut" jeans rose to his elbow.

"Hit were Cullen," he whispered. "Good ole Cullen!"

Then he dropped back on his truss of straw and turned his face to the wall.

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5666	The Sunny South—Medley	Pryor's Band
	{ (a) Forest Whispers —Descriptive Novelty	
16112	{ (b) Battleship Connecticut March	Pryor's Band
16127	{ (a) Persian Lamb Rag (Banjo)	Vess L. Ossman
	{ (b) Medley of German Waltzes (Accordion)	John J. Kimmel
52014	The Mocking Bird (Whistling)	Frank Haffert
5667	The Message of the Red, Red Rose (from "Marcelle")	Miss Walton and Mr. Macdonough
16142	{ (a) Hard Times (Foster)	Haydn Quartet
	{ (b) The Artillerist's Oath	Peerless Quartet
5669	What's the Use of Working	Josie Sadler

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16143	{ (a) Foreign Missions	William H. Taft
	{ (b) Our Army and Navy	William H. Taft
	{ (a) Now I Have to Call Him Father	
16144	{ (b) (Vesta Victoria's Hit)	Ada Jones
	{ (b) American Ragtime (from "American Idea")	
5668	Take Plenty of Shoes (from "The Boys and Betty")	Billy Murray
5670	Down Among the Sugar Cane (Darky Shout)	Billy Murray
	{ (a) Barney McGee	Collins and Harlan
16123	{ (b) I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down	Ada Jones
	{ (b) Shipmates—A nautical absurdity	Byron G. Harlan
16141	{ (a) Flanagan on a Farm	Golden and Hughes
	{ (b) Flanagan on a Farm	Steve Porter

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35052	{ (a) El Capitan March	Sousa's Band
	{ (b) Manon Lescaut Selection (Puccini)	
	{ (a) Bumble Two-Step	Pryor's Band
35026	{ (b) You Can't Stop Your Heart from Beating for the Girl you Love	Victor Dance Orchestra

58003	Andante from Trio, Op. 85 (Reissiger) (Instrumental Trio) (Violin, 'cello, Pianoforte)	Renard Trio
58004	I Love a Lassie (My Scotch Bluebell)	Harry Lauder
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74127	Prodigal Son—How Many Hired Servants (Sullivan)	
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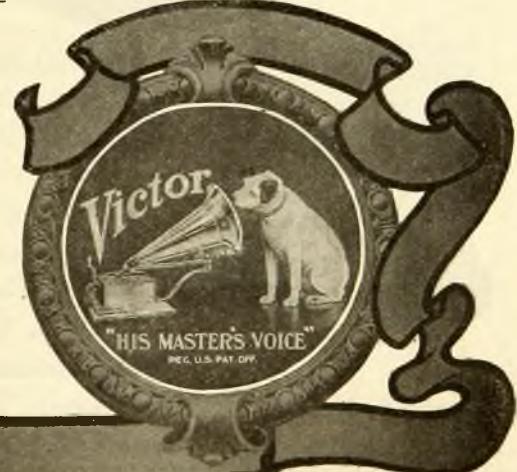
74129	Boheme—Rudolph's Narrative (Thy Hands Are Frozen) (Puccini)	
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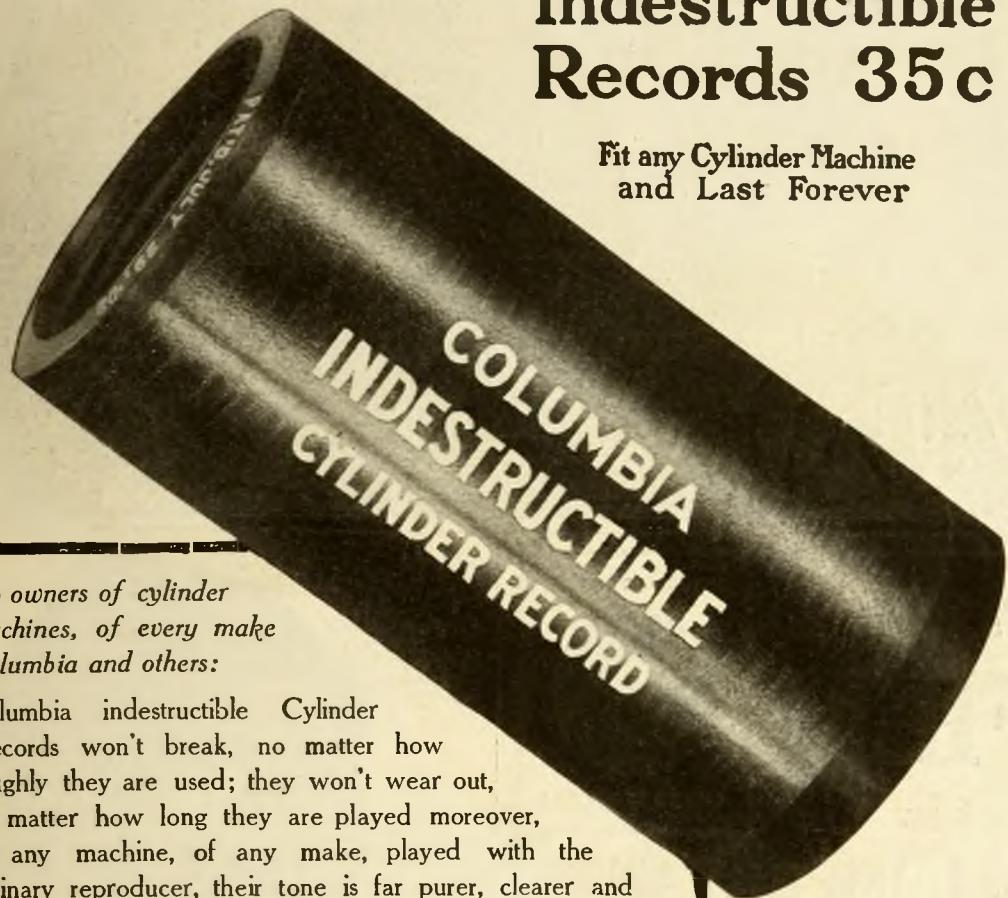
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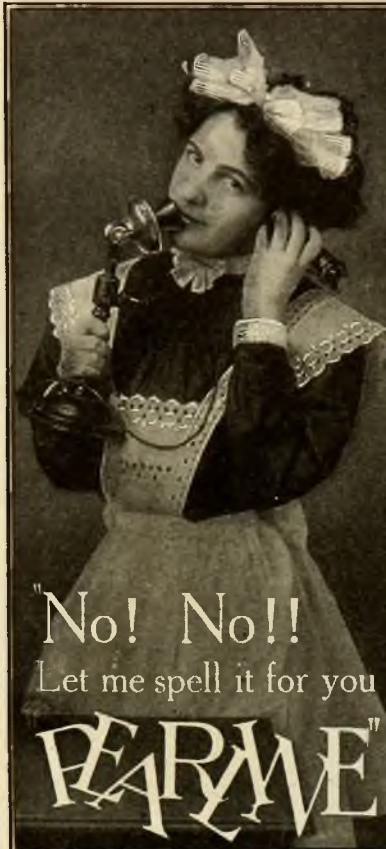
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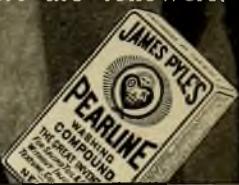
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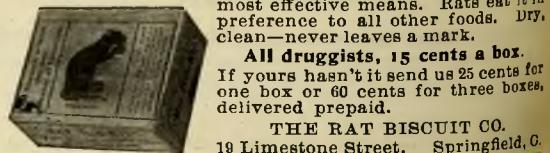
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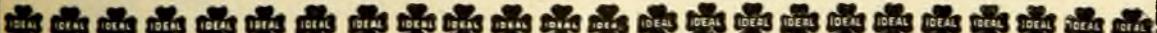
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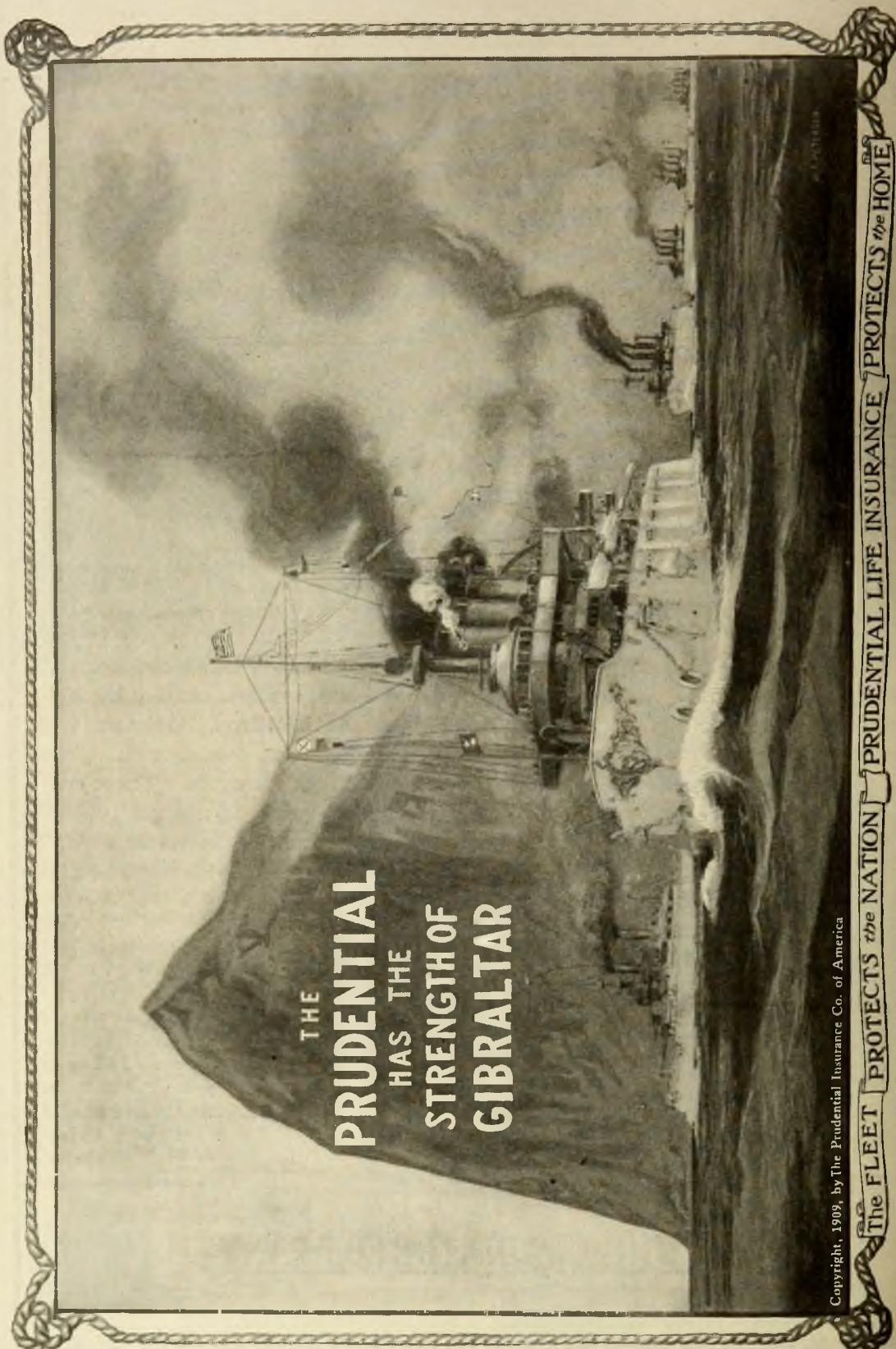
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In furniture the difference is not always visible at once—but it is always there, and sooner or later will prove its nature and either honor its maker or destroy him.

Each piece of Mayhew furniture represents a definite ideal of two generations of its makers. The ideal—though not charged for—is what makes Mayhew furniture so signally worth owning.

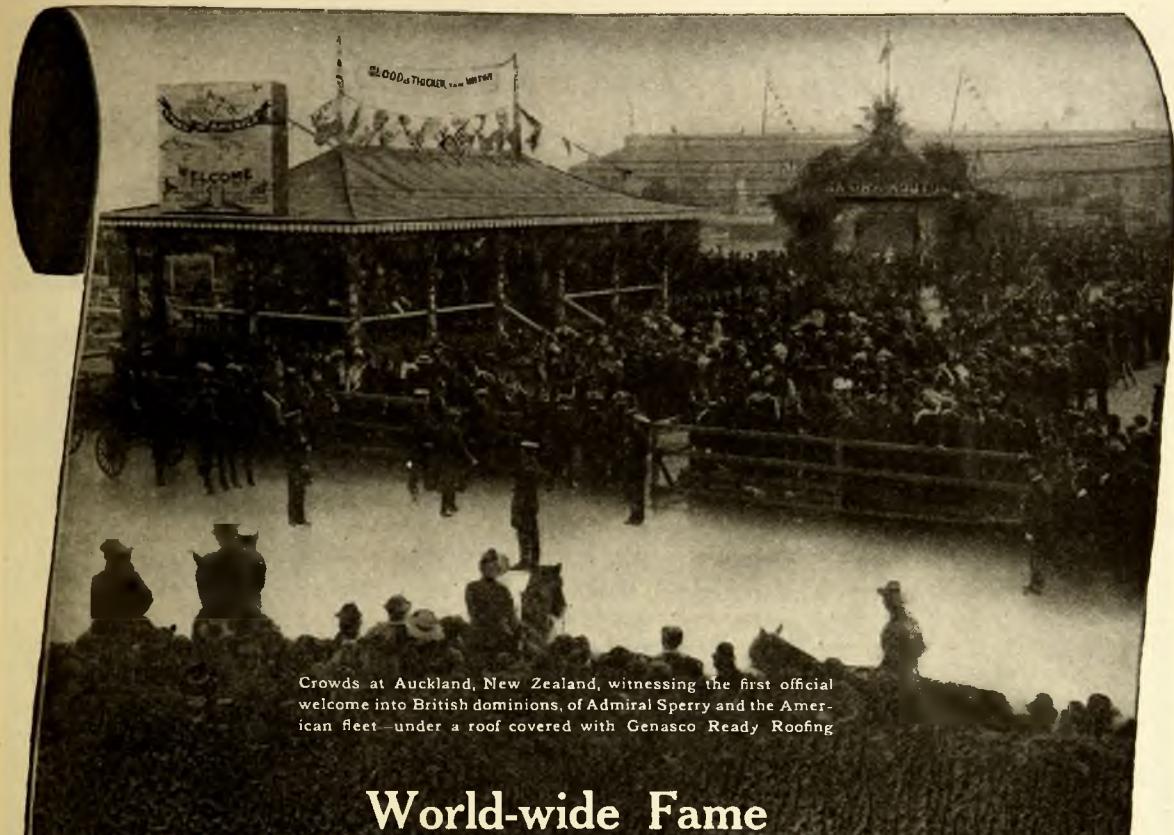
See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's

Leading dealers in all important American cities carry Mayhew furniture, and have the **MAYHEW BOOK OF CARBON PRINTS** (each copy of which *costs more than fifty dollars*) by which to show you the various styles they do *not* carry in stock.

The Mayhew product consists principally of seat furniture. It includes a wide range of perfect examples in all the important English periods—in American Colonial—and in luxurious upholstered furniture in Morocco and fabric coverings.

No conventional booklets are distributed in behalf of Mayhew furniture. The best of conventional illustrations are constantly used to advertise inferior furniture. The **MAYHEW BOOK**, containing hundreds of 11 x 14 *Carbon Prints* obviously cannot be distributed except to dealers. *Your interests as a purchaser require that you*

See the Mayhew Prints at your Dealer's



Crowds at Auckland, New Zealand, witnessing the first official welcome into British dominions, of Admiral Sperry and the American fleet—under a roof covered with Genasco Ready Roofing

World-wide Fame

There's a good reason why Genasco is known and used in every civilized country under the sun.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt and withstands every climate and every change of weather. That's the reason you should use it, too.

Mineral or smooth surface. Ask your dealer for Genasco—the roofing backed by a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Insist on getting what you ask for. Look for the trade-mark on every roll. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.



THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York

San Francisco

Chicago

Do You Need A Gas Range?

THEN you want the one with the latest improvements—and the most of them.

While you're buying—get the best. It's the cheapest in the end.

Write now for our specifications of the new 1909 Kalamazoo Gas Range.

You know what the Kalamazoo stoves and ranges are.

You know it is the best known and most widely advertised line of stoves in the world.

You know that "Kalamazoo" stands for all that is best in stoves, down to the last detail. Or there wouldn't be over 100,000 of them in use in this country as there are now.

Now—the Kalamazoo Stove Company is putting out a brand new Kalamazoo Gas Range.

Practical housekeepers who have tested it say:

"Every known fault of the ordinary gas range has been overcome by special patented features in the Kalamazoo. It is exactly what a gas range *ought* to be—and every gas range has *failed* to be—until the Kalamazoo was perfected."

Every feature that could add to the convenience or safety of the user has been developed in the new 1909 Kalamazoo.

Now we'll tell you how you can see them, and prove these points for yourself.

Write for our specifications—pick out the stove you think you want. Then go to the gas company in your town and ask them to get it for you on approval.

Insist upon the best—the new 1909 Kalamazoo Gas Range. Any other will be lacking in quality—deficient in service and efficiency. For no other will give you the Kalamazoo Patented features—which a gas range actually needs to give satisfaction.

The new 1909 Kalamazoo Gas Range has been developed to its present perfection by experience—skill and judgment.

Write us now for specifications No. 849. They give necessary information as to how to buy a Gas Range. Do not buy until you get it.



Special Features

No Other Gas Range in the World Has Them

Safety Burner Locks—to prevent accidental opening of the Gas Cocks.

Patent Manifold Gas Rail—to prevent leakage around the Gas Cocks.

Hot Blast Oven—heats and bakes with less gas consumption.

Heavy Cast Iron Burners—cast in one piece.

Always Cool Oven Door Handles. Oven Door Thermometer.

Oven Doors without Lining—sanitary.

Plain Castings—easy to clean.

Heavier Material—inside and out. Costs nothing for repairs.

Indestructible Cast Iron Oven Bottom.

Indestructible Cast Iron Oven Rack Guides.

Heavier Asbestos Lining than in any other Gas Range.

Occupies less floor space.

Kalamazoo Stove Company

Kalamazoo, Michigan

The Gas Company will Furnish
**"A Kalamazoo
Direct to You"**

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



COPYRIGHT 1906 ED. V. PRICE & CO.

The design you select from our fashion plates is representative of what is being worn in the large metropolitan cities.

*But if you want your clothes to look as good on yourself, this design must be artistically worked into **YOUR** suit while it is being built to meet exactly the measurements and characteristics of your own body.*

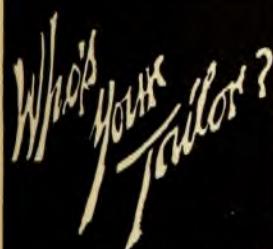
We build clothes to your order for \$25 to \$40 (strictly superior tailoring and unequaled value), thereby enabling you to avoid high-priced tailors and clothing made for nobody in particular.

*Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes*

Price Building

Chicago

Easter arrives this year April 11th. Have our local representative show you our 500 beautiful sample fabrics and take your measure NOW. If you don't know 'im, ask us





Barrett Specification Roofs

COST PER YEAR OF SERVICE

NO materials known to chemists are better able to resist the *action of water* than Coal Tar and Coal Tar Pitch.

These materials, in combination with wool stock felt, are used in The Barrett Specification Roofing, and an experience of fifty years has amply demonstrated that there is no other combination that can compare with this for durability and low cost per year of service.

And it is the cost per year of service that counts.

The plant of the Singer Manufacturing Company, at South Bend, Indiana, illustrated above, has over 500,000 square feet of gravel roofs—over 15 years old—laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification. To-day they are in good condition.

We can point to numerous roofs laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification which have been in service for over twenty years and are still in good condition, and the cost for these figures down to one-fourth to one-fifth of a cent per square foot per year.

Compare this service with that given by the "ready roofings", and you will realize the economy of Barrett Specification Roofs as compared with these.

Not but that ready roofings have their legitimate field. In fact, we sell millions of rolls annually, but we recommend them *only* for temporary structures, for roofs having excessive inclines, and for buildings where skilled labor is not available.

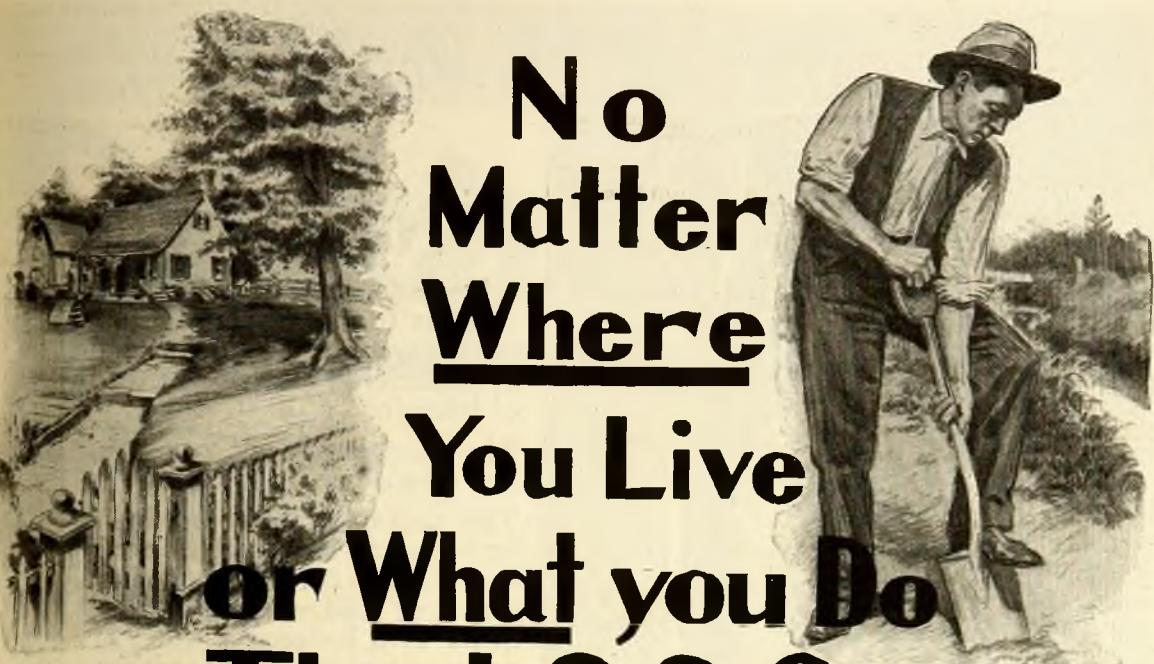
The use of ready roofings on manufacturing plants and buildings of the first class is a mistake, as in the long run they cost from 100 to 200 per cent. more than a Barrett Specification Roof.

No roof covering known can equal a Barrett Specification Roof for durability, low cost and satisfaction.

Roofing Booklet free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, London, Eng.



No Matter Where You Live or What you Do The I.C.S. Can Raise Your Salary

Whether you live in the country or city—whether you work on the farm, at the bench, forge, machine, counter or desk—whether you work eight, twelve or eighteen hours a day—the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton can *raise your salary—can better your position—CAN MAKE YOU SUCCESSFUL.*

The salary-raising power of the I. C. S. is exerting a tremendous influence in the lives of poorly paid but ambitious men. In every part of the civilized world you will find men who have risen through I. C. S. help—young men and old men; college men and men who had received but little schooling when they enrolled; long hour men and short hour men; men with but the one purpose—to *succeed in life.*

On an average, 300 students every month **VOLUNTARILY** report salaries raised and advancement won wholly through I. C. S. training. During December the number was **327**.

Doesn't all this prove that the I. C. S. can help **you**? Mark the attached coupon and learn of the I. C. S. way that exactly fits your particular case. It costs nothing to find out. Marking the coupon places you under no obligation. There are no books to buy.

***The Business of This Place
is to Raise Salaries.***

For a raise in **your** salary—mark the coupon NOW

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 814, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

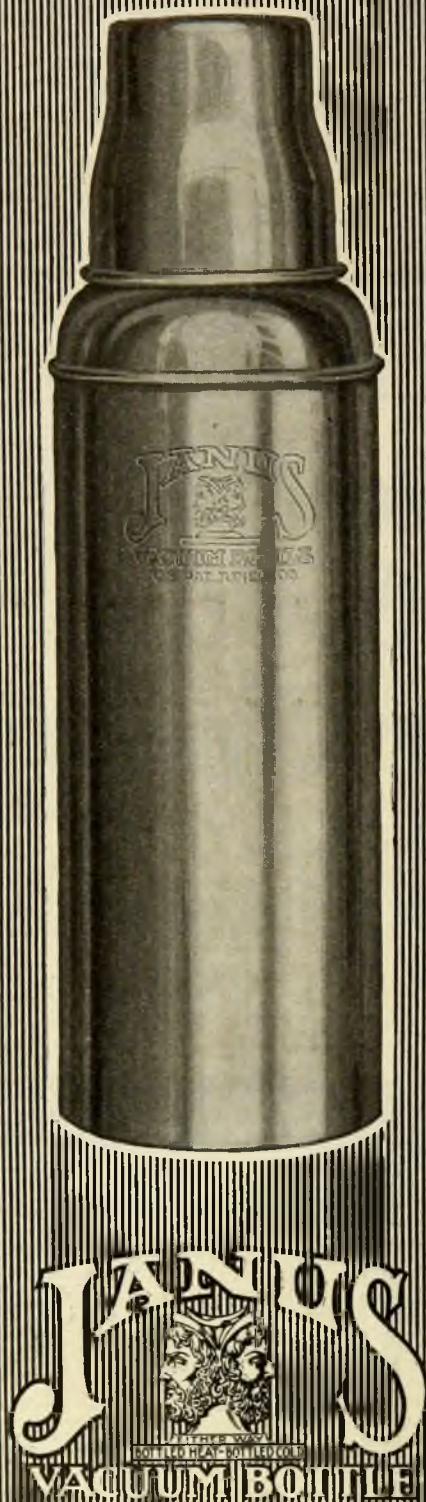
Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electricalian
Elec. Engineer

Mechan'l Draftsman
Telephone Eng'eer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan'l Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Build'g Contractor
Architect'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____



It's a Necessity

Of course, you can get along without the Janus bottle, just as you can use a lamp instead of electricity, or write instead of 'phoning.

The question is not *can* you, but *should* you?

The cost of a Janus bottle is little, the convenience derived from its use great. Hot coffee, water or milk—anything hot; or ice cold lemonade, water or wine—anything cold; either, anywhere, at any time you desire. The Janus bottle does it all.

It's a vacuum bottle—the only one with a real vacuum and a real guarantee. Our guarantee says: "Buy one—use it 60 days; if it doesn't satisfy, your money back or a new bottle." We mean it.

No Plaster of Paris or other adhesive is used in the construction of the Janus bottle. It can be taken apart to be washed or for renewal of the glass part.

The Janus bottle is not a novelty—it is a necessity. Get one to-day and put it to work.

Remember Guaranteed
JANUS REMEMBER
Remember Guaranteed
Half Pints, \$2.50. Pints, \$3.75.
Quarts, \$5.75.

Different styles of cases.
At your dealer's or from us
direct. *Send for Booklet.*

JANUS VACUUM BOTTLE CO.
652 Broadway - - New York
Factory: 10 Beach St., N. Y.
U. S. Patents: 889992, June 8, 1908; 39480, Sept. 1, 1908

PAPE'S *Diapepsin* — for indigestion.

Relieves dyspepsia and all distress from a disordered stomach.

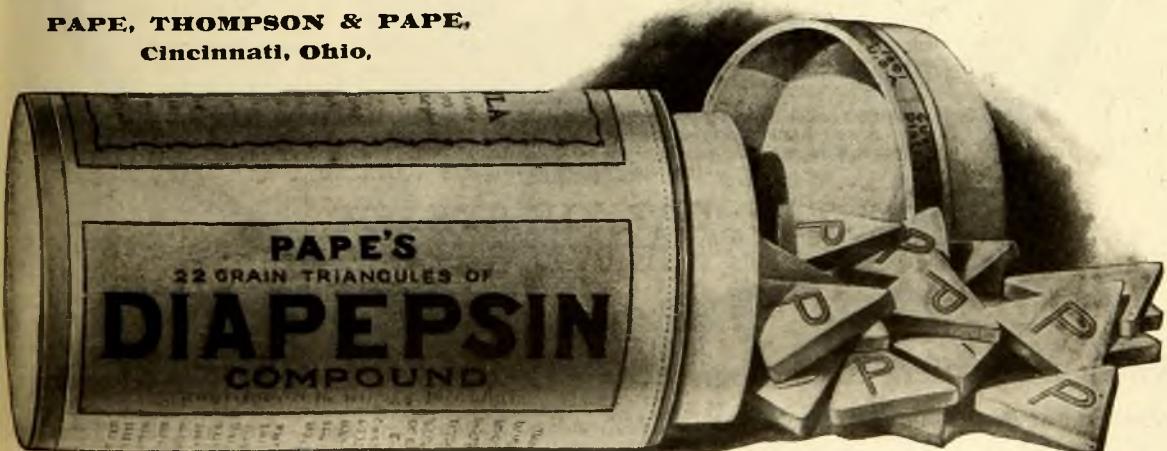
FORMULA
Each 22 Gr. Triangule
CONTAINS
Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
Papain
Diastase
Calcium Carbon Precip.
Cascara Sagrada
Powd. Ginger
Powd. Cardamon
Sugar q. s.
Oil Canada Snake Root

Large 50-cent Cases from
ANY DRUG STORE.

Candy-like Triangules

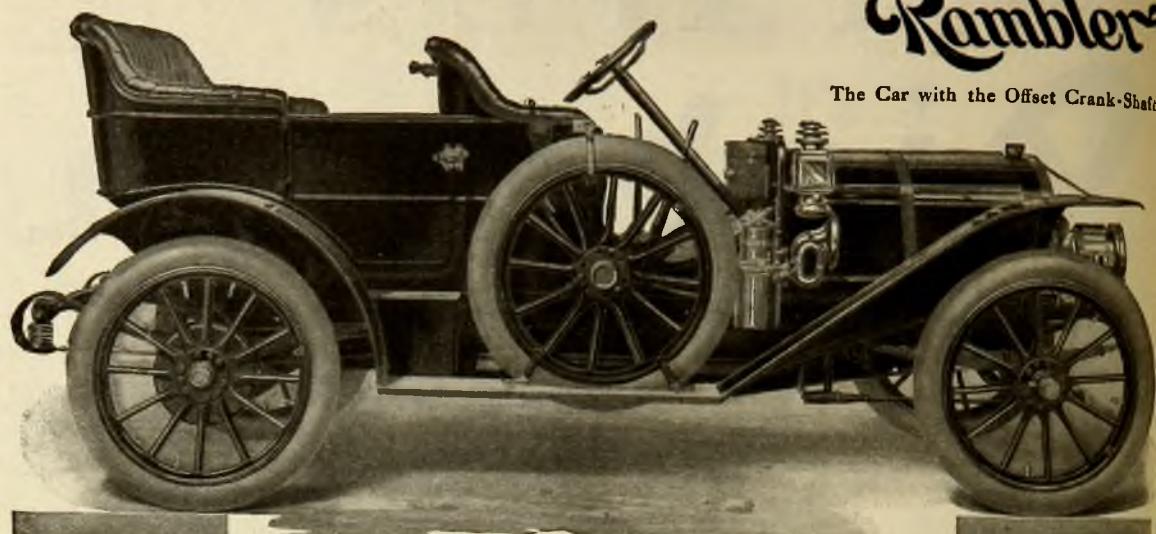
Not Only Effective but Harmless

PAPE, THOMPSON & PAPE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Rambler

The Car with the Offset Crank-Shaft



Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., \$2,250.

Spare Wheel, with inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, \$74. Magneto, \$150.

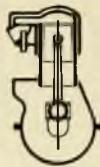
Why the Offset Crank-Shaft?

Notice a man about to mount a bicycle. He always adjusts the pedal in that position where it will receive to best advantage his full weight on the first downward stroke. This position for the pedal is just slightly forward of the center of the crank-shaft of the bicycle. If he mounted when the pedal was directly over the center of the crank-shaft, his weight would fall directly on the bearings and the first downward stroke would be retarded and therefore weak.

Now imagine the man's leg as the piston of an automobile engine, the pedal of the bicycle as the crank-pin, and the crank-shaft of the bicycle as the crank-shaft of the engine. In the ordinary engine the crank-pin and piston (the pedal and the man's leg) are directly over the dead center, and until the crank passes the turning point all effort is wasted. Thus when the explosion occurs the greatest force falls upon the bearings.

In the Rambler engine, at the instant the explosion occurs above the piston the crank-pin has moved past the dead center; the crank-shaft is in a position to receive the full pressure and turns without friction. No shock falls on the bearings; there is no side thrust, and wear on the cylinder walls is thus saved.

Because of this feature Rambler Model Forty-four can be operated smoothly and steadily at three miles an hour on high gear.



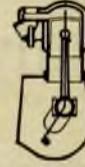
Ordinary engine. Position of piston at explosion center.



Corresponds to position of piston in ordinary engine at explosion center.



Corresponds to position of piston in Rambler engine at explosion center. Rambler Offset Crank-Shaft. Position of piston at explosion center.



Seven-passenger model, 45 horsepower, with offset crank-shaft, \$2,500. Other models, \$1,150 to \$2,500. A new Rambler catalog has just been issued. It describes and illustrates all distinctive features of new Ramblers—the offset crank-shaft, Spare Wheel, straight-line drive, etc. A copy on request.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, New York, Cleveland, San Francisco.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

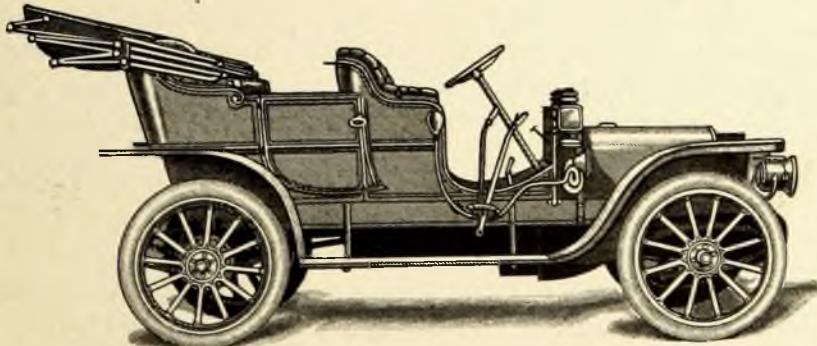
Springs

If the half-elliptic springs on your automobile were each seven feet long they would have, on good roads, about the same riding quality as the forty-inch full-elliptic springs on the Franklin. On rough roads they would not do so well, for half elliptic springs absorb perpendicular shocks only, whereas the full-elliptic springs on the Franklin take up road shocks from every direction. Full elliptic springs have long been the standard for road wagons. Imagine how your carriage would ride with half-springs. You want full riding comfort in an automobile as much as in a carriage—more, because it takes you everywhere—on bad city streets and over rough country roads.

Chassis Frame

Easy riding wagons, like the Franklin automobile, have with their full-elliptic springs a wood chassis frame. Wood is flexible and absorbs shocks. The wood chassis frame of the Franklin automobile is laminated and it is stronger and lighter than the steel frame commonly used. The steel frame transmits shocks and vibrations—gives stiffness and hard riding. You would not stand for a carriage that did not ride easily; you would not subject your family nor yourself to its discomforts and danger to health. Apply the same principle to your automobile.

Our new forty-page catalogue de luxe treats the whole automobile question in a clear and air manner—shows why the Franklin now in its eighth year is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and quality. Write for it.



Model D, 28-h.p., \$2800. Other four and six-cylinder models from \$1750 to \$5000

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SYRACUSE N Y

Locomobile



A Unique Speed Picture. Locomobile No. 16 jumping the Railroad Bridge at Westbury in the 1908 International Race for the Vanderbilt Cup. The victory of the Locomobile was a triumph for the entire American Automobile industry. The photograph is authentic; negative copyrighted by R. W. Tebbs. One of a set of 12 souvenir post cards. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

The Locomobile that won the Vanderbilt Race was two years old. It was composed of the best material obtainable when built in 1906. The material used in our present product is everywhere as good and in many places better than that in No. 16, the famous racer

1909 Locomobiles:- New 30 Shaft Drive \$3500. The name Locomobile guarantees superiority in Shaft drive construction and design. The 40—the logical car for one who wants high power \$4500

Send for descriptive matter

The Locomobile Company of America; Bridgeport, Conn.
NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—CHICAGO—BOSTON

Only \$1500

Yet See What This Car Has Done

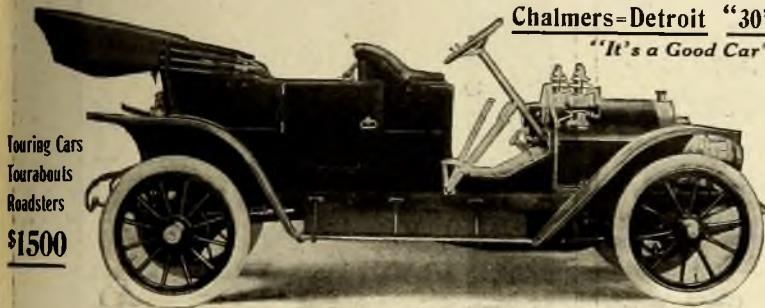
20,800 MILES OVER COUNTRY ROADS

Chalmers-Detroit "30" Does It in but 100 Days' Time and Without a Falter.

One of these cars ran 20,800 miles in 100 days. That's farther than any car, at any price, ever went in that time.

The same car made 208 miles per day for 100 consecutive days. It missed not one trip, and it never had a mechanical breakdown.

The car had been run for 6,000 miles before it was put to this test. So this one car was driven 27,000 miles, on country roads—a liberal five years' service. Yet the bearings of the car remained so perfect that we exhibited them at the New York Show.



A high-grade 4-cylinder, 5-passenger car.

WE STILL HAVE CARS TO SELL

Examine the Chalmers-Detroit and Find Out for Yourself that It Is the Best Car for You.

We would not expect you to believe us if we told you our output was entirely sold. It is, and it isn't. We have closed contracts with dealers for all the cars we can build this year, and many dealers are asking for a bigger allotment. We are going to build 2500 "30's." Bear in mind, however, that these cars must be sold by the dealers before they can be called actual sales.

We have worked hard to sell cars, and have succeeded very well, yet we don't lay claim to the fact of having sold our output before the demonstrating cars were out, or of having sold any number of cars over the telephone. Unfortunately, we have been unable to get in touch with that class of buyers who are said to place their orders over the telephone before they examine the cars, or with that other class who are said to purchase without having a demonstration.

As a matter of fact, all of us know that automobiles are not bought that

100 STOCK CARS ON GREAT NON-STOP RUN

Make 200 Miles Each the Same Day Without Stopping the Motor.

On Election Day, November 3, 100 of these cars, in 100 cities, each made a run of 200 miles without a stop of the engine.

Think of that. One hundred stock cars successfully made a 200-mile, non-stop run. And the average, the country over, was 18.2 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

In the Jericho Sweepstakes, two Chalmers-Detroit "30's" won first and second. Both cars lapped all other contestants; and the average speed for 150 miles was 48 miles per hour.

You can't buy a car at any price which has records for endurance which surpass this \$1500 car.

HERRESHOFF BUYS A CHALMERS "30"

Famous Designer and Engine Builder One of 79 New York Show Buyers.

At the New York Show in Madison Square Garden the Chalmers-Detroit "30" attracted more attention than any other car shown there. We sold 79 of these cars at the New York Show. Among the buyers was Mr. John B. Herreshoff, President of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Conn. After placing his order Mr. Herreshoff wrote us the following letter:

"In placing my order this A. M. for a Chalmers-Detroit "30" and also advising my friend to join me in purchasing another of the same model (which has been done today), I did so after due consideration and examination and trial, and feel satisfied that it is one of the best four cylinder cars of its size and certainly the best for the money that has yet been on the market."

Mr. Herreshoff, is world-famous as the designer of the yachts which have for so many years successfully defended the America Cup. His acknowledged position as one of the foremost engine builders of the world renders comment on this letter unnecessary.

1200 CHALMERS "30'S" RUNNING

More Than 1200 People Have Chosen This 1909 Model Car Over Others.

More than 1200 of these cars are in actual use. There are owners everywhere to tell you how they like this car.

We have delivered more \$1500 cars than all other makers combined.

We were two years designing and perfecting this car.

Our profit is nine per cent. That means that we are giving more for the money than any maker ever gave.

The factory cost on our 4-cylinder engine is \$261. Yet 4-cylinder engines are sold as low as \$75. The transmission costs us \$94—the axles, \$125. The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us \$103. No other car costing up to \$4,000 uses so many.

We make also the famous Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," in Touring Car or Roadster type, \$2750. We believe you get in this car more speed and endurance for the money than you get in any other car. You will find it described in the catalog.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO.
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.



12-Passenger Pullman Car

THIS CAR WILL EARN \$100 to \$600 PER WEEK FOR ITS OWNER

WITH this Rapid Pullman Sight-Seeing Car you can establish a business of your own *at once*. A business that has more profit in it than any ordinary trade, position, or small mercantile business you can go into. A business requiring a smaller investment than any other with as great possibilities. And requiring no experience.



Pullman Sight-Seeing Car

You can operate this Rapid with entire satisfaction, though you never ran a car before in your life. It is absolutely reliable, perfectly easy to control in starting, steering and stopping. Always sure to make the run there and back *on time*.

It has cost us over \$250,000 in experimental tests to bring this Rapid Pullman Sight-Seeing Car to its present point of perfection.

Everywhere you go you will find that people choose the Rapid for its *proven reliability* and *added comfort*. Owners of our cars write us that they can make \$100 to \$600 per week with their Rapid Pullman Sight-Seeing Cars. They are conducting pleasure trips or have established power bus lines between stations and hotels or summer resorts; between town and field club or to the next town. For a small freight charge you can ship your car from summer resorts to winter resorts, making it an all-year-round business. Some write that they have made as high as \$700 a week.

Please Write Us

We want to send you some of these enthusiastic letters. Also other interesting information with descriptions and prices of Rapid Cars. Please write us today.

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO.

35 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.

NOTE—We make power cars for every commercial purpose. Manufacturers are invited to correspond with our manager for expert advice without obligation.

Please fill out this coupon for our information.

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

35 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.

Send me the Rapid Catalog and facts showing prices and possibilities of profits.

Name _____

Address _____

Present Occupation _____ Age _____

Diamond

TRADE MARK

Three Improvements give in

Diamond

1909 Tires

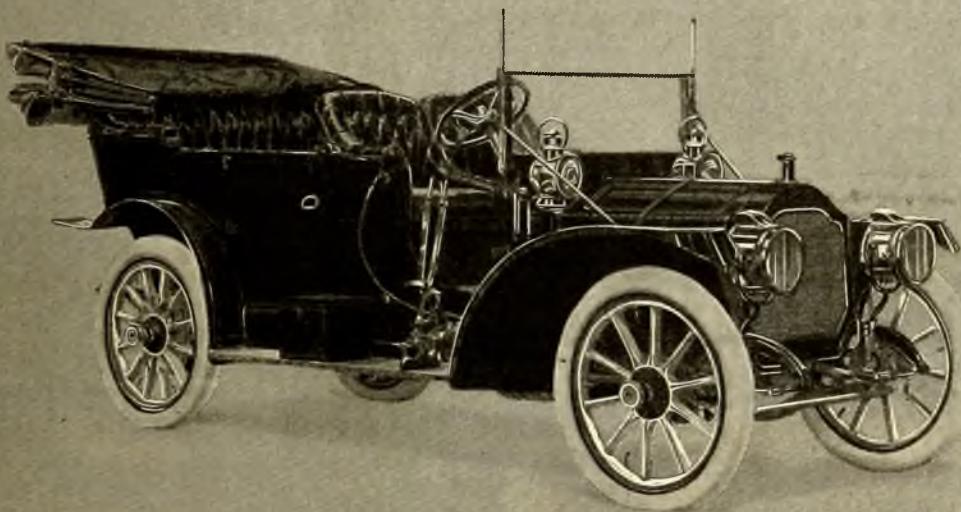
more tire value than ever before offered in America or Europe

The

Diamond Rubber Company

Akron Ohio

Packard
"THIRTY"
1909

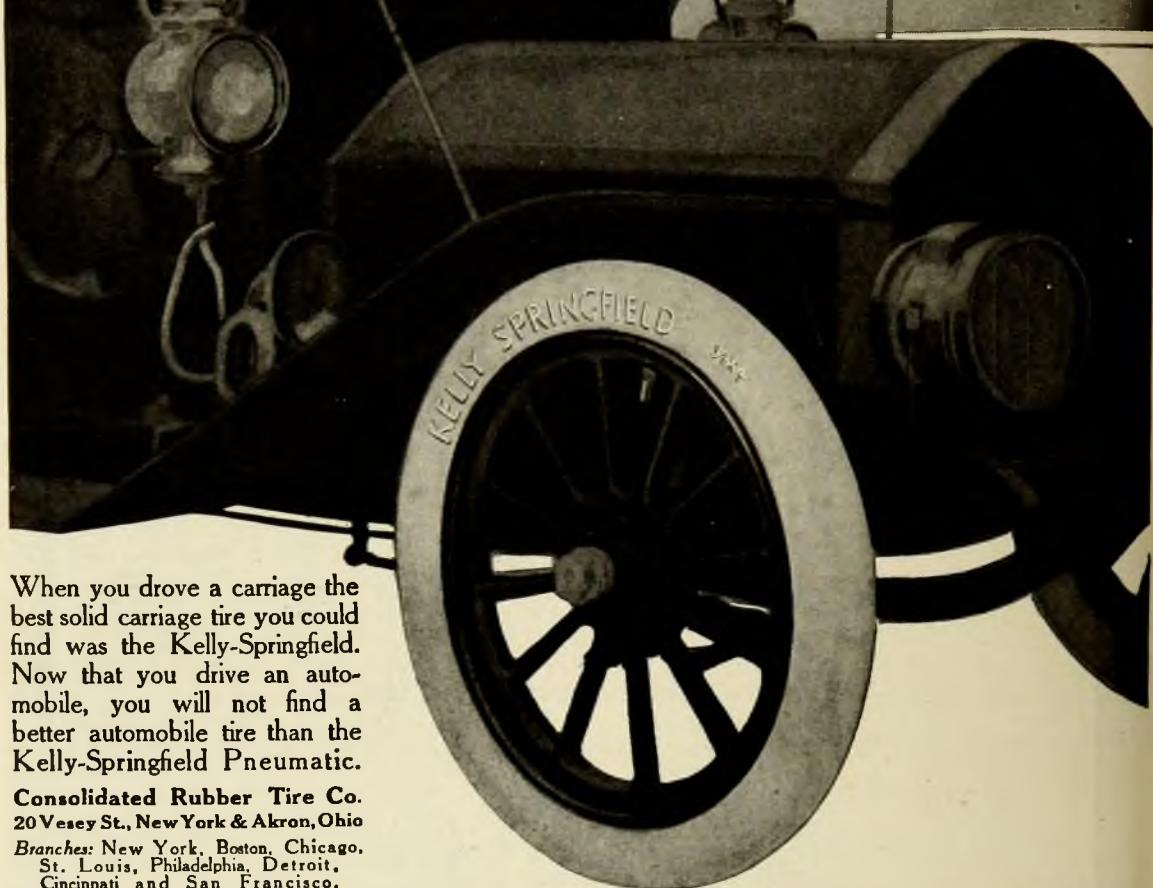


Packard "Thirty" Touring Car with Packard Extension
Cape Cart Top and Adjustable Wind Shield



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic Tire for Automobiles

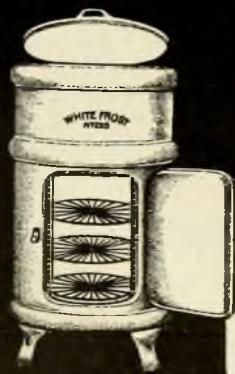


When you drove a carriage the best solid carriage tire you could find was the Kelly-Springfield. Now that you drive an automobile, you will not find a better automobile tire than the Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic.

Consolidated Rubber Tire Co.
20 Vesey St., New York & Akron, Ohio

Branches: New York, Boston, Chicago,
St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit,
Cincinnati and San Francisco.

White Frost Refrigerators



Every woman falls in love with the **White Frost** at sight. All metal, not a splinter of wood. Round in shape with Revolving Shelves, quickly taken out and replaced. Enamelled in spotless white, outside and inside, the neatest, sweetest, cleanest Refrigerator made.

Send Postal Card To-day for Free Booklet

Telling of the perfect sanitation and absolute natural refrigeration of the **White Frost**. No nasty corners for germs and dirt to lodge—the one sanitary Refrigerator.

We will sell you one, at trade discount, freight paid, to your station if your dealer does not handle them.

METAL STAMPING CO., 504 Mechanic St., Jackson, Mich.



"Dear Bob, buy me a White Frost Refrigerator."

Don't Confuse the Respective Fields of Electric and Gasolene Automobiles

The Exide Battery is better, because over 20 years' experience is behind it.

Quality maintenance is insured by 2 rigid laboratory tests of every pound of raw material and samples from each day's finished product.

This expense is not prohibitive for us, because it has helped to make our business what it is.

Over 90% of Electric Vehicles use The Exide Battery. That's conclusive evidence.

Ask us about the practical application of Storage Batteries for—

Sparking Batteries used in Automobiles, Boats and Gas Engines

Central Stations

A. C. Regulation

Street Railways

Isolated Plants

Electric Vehicles

Car Lighting

Interior Vehicle Lighting

Wireless Apparatus

Telexigraphy

Telephony

Fire Alarms

Interlocking and Switch Signals

Medical and X-Ray Work

Portable Lighting

Laboratory and Small Motor Work

The Electric Storage Battery Co.

Main Factory

PHILADELPHIA

New York, Chicago, Boston,
Cleveland, St. Louis, Atlanta,
San Francisco and Toronto

The gasoline car holds first place for long runs at high speed. But the electric car is supreme for use in city streets, in crowded traffic, for comparatively short runs with frequent stops. The electric car stands first for use by the physician visiting patients, or the woman calling or shopping. The electric car requires little attention, no mechanical ability, no chauffeur. It is clean, free from vibration and requires no cranking.

In the last 5 years, the Electric Vehicle, both for pleasure and business purposes, has made enormous strides. In part, because of the thought, care and enterprise shown by its manufacturers. In part, because of the wider distribution of Electric Central Stations where charging can be done conveniently and economically. But above all, the progress and popularity of the electric car have been forced by the rapid development of the storage battery upon whose reliability the car is absolutely dependent.

This battery reliability is due to the scientific development of The Exide Battery with which over 90% of the Electric Vehicles are equipped. It is made by the Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia.

The reliability of the electric pleasure or commercial vehicle makes it supreme in its particular field. This will be explained to you by any Electric Light Station or prominent vehicle manufacturer:

Baker Motor Vehicle Co.

Columbus Buggy Co.

Champion Wagon Co.

Coupe Gear Freight Wheel Co.

Electric Vehicle Co.

General Vehicle Co.

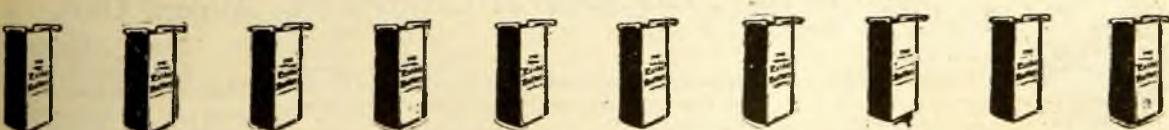
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.

Studebaker Automobile Co.

The Waverly Co.

Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

All these manufacturers use The Exide Battery.





GOODRICH TIRES *have the right of way!*

THEY will roll up a bigger mileage than ever in 1909. Behind this assertion is the **specially treated** fabric which lends strength to the **strongest of all tires** and marks the biggest improvement ever made in tire construction.

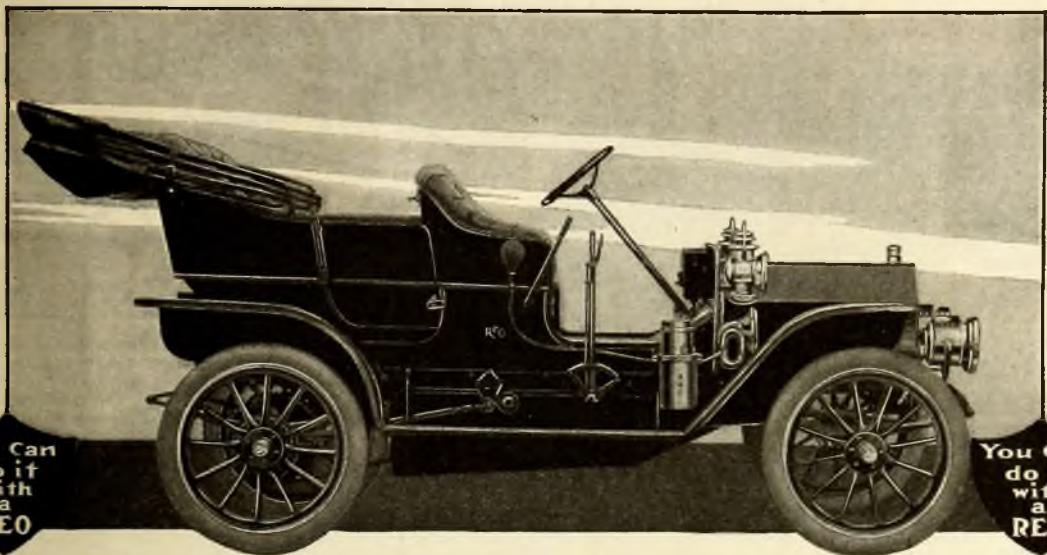
With added strength inside and the toughest known tread outside, **Goodrich Tires** are beating their own splendid record for service and economy. Write for interesting particulars.

The B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, Akron, Ohio



Chicago Philadelphia Boston Pittsburg Detroit Minneapolis Factories, Akron, Ohio
Cleveland Kansas City Atlanta St. Louis Denver London Paris

Our products are also handled in NEW YORK and BUFFALO
By The B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY of New York, and in
San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle



Reo Touring Car \$1000

Top
extra

A new buyer of motor-cars tries to get one set of advantages. An experienced buyer looks for an entirely different set.

What first?

Getting-there-and-back. That's what a car is for. There's many a car that looks awful good in the garage, or on a smooth parkway near home; but not a bit good when stalled on a rough road 30 miles from home.

What next?

Economy of operation. No; not altogether for the money saved, but because a car that works economically uses its gasoline to send the car ahead and not to thump the life out of the engine.

The Reo has all the essential qualities of a motor car, but particularly these two. It has proved its get-there-and-back ability over and over again and beyond any question—on Glidden Tours, in other endurance tests, and, most of all, in daily use by over 20,000 motorists.

It has proved economy and efficiency in the same way—by public and private tests.

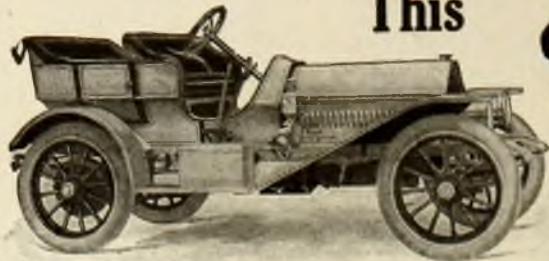
In the 1908 Glidden Tour the Reo finished with a perfect score and in such splendid condition that it was chosen to pilot the big six-cylinder runabouts running off the tie.

You want a good-looking car that you can be sure of, and that is not afraid of the hills. That's the Reo.

Send for catalogue, also for "Two Weeks—A Tale of the Glidden Tour."

R M Owen & Co, Lansing, Mich, Gen'l Sales Ag'ts for the Reo Motor Car Co.





This *Glide* 45-H.-P. Car Sells for \$2250 and Represents \$2250 of Automobile Value

—It is not the type of car which is *advertised to revolutionize* the automobile industry. It could not be as good as it is and *sell at revolutionary prices*, but though it sells for only \$2,250, it can be compared only with \$4,000 and \$5,000 cars.

—The making of automobiles is a *business*—but little different from any other. Standard goods cost standard prices and have a standard value—fluctuating prices and values above and below the standard make—create that standard. Do not be misled by very low-priced cars and their claims. Do not feel that by paying a large sum you are sure to get a good car. Select your car with the care and common sense you would exercise in any *investment*.

—The Glide represents full value for the price—because all the features of Glide cars are *built in*—made an *integral part* of the car. These features are revolutionary when the price is considered.

—For none are found in the *very low-priced cars*—and few in the *very high-priced cars*. They form a part of the Glide for *practical, usable reasons only*. Here are the most important: The power plant is a 4-cylinder (cast sepa-

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—Vanadium steel springs which do away with the need of *shock absorbers*. A doubled-hinged hood—power plant instantly accessible. An improved type of multiple disc clutch that *cannot get out of order*. A lubricating system which is *positive*—requiring *no attention*. A double set of brakes—*distinct* from the axle—internal expanding and external contracting—will hold the car on any grade. 36 x 4 tires all around—wheel base—106 inches.

—There is no more graceful roadster made. Its appearance suggests strength, speed, reliability and that quiet purposeful performance which gives it the name—Glide.

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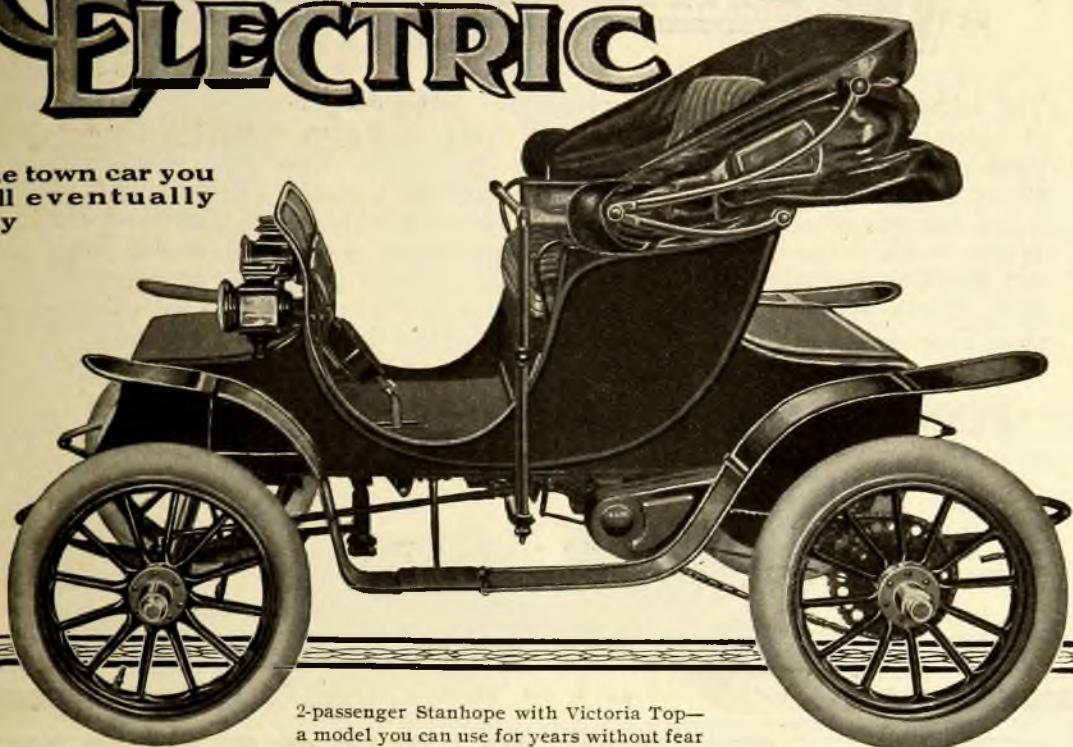
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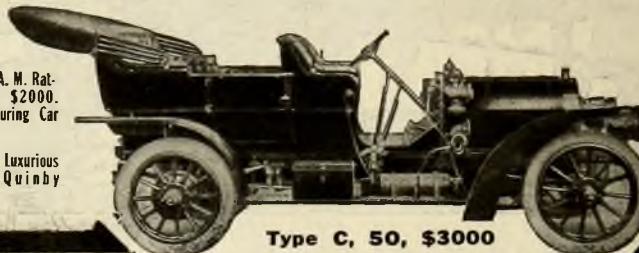
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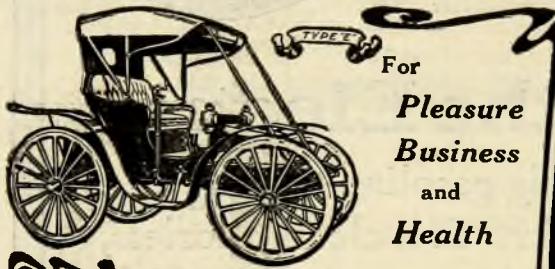
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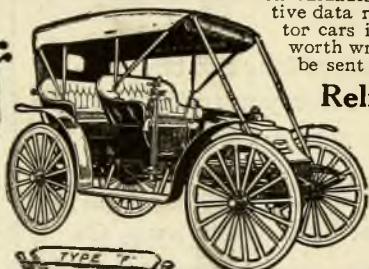
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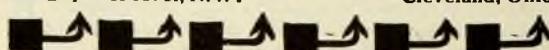
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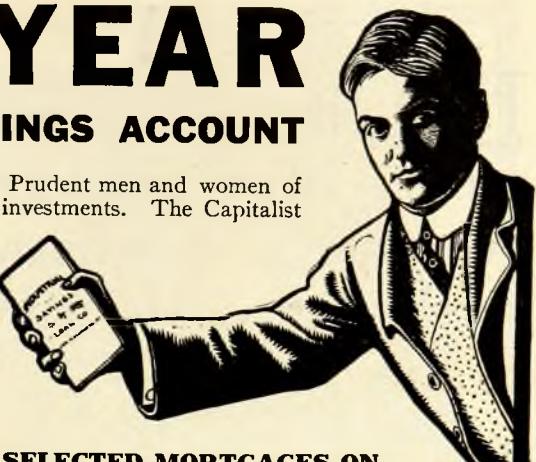
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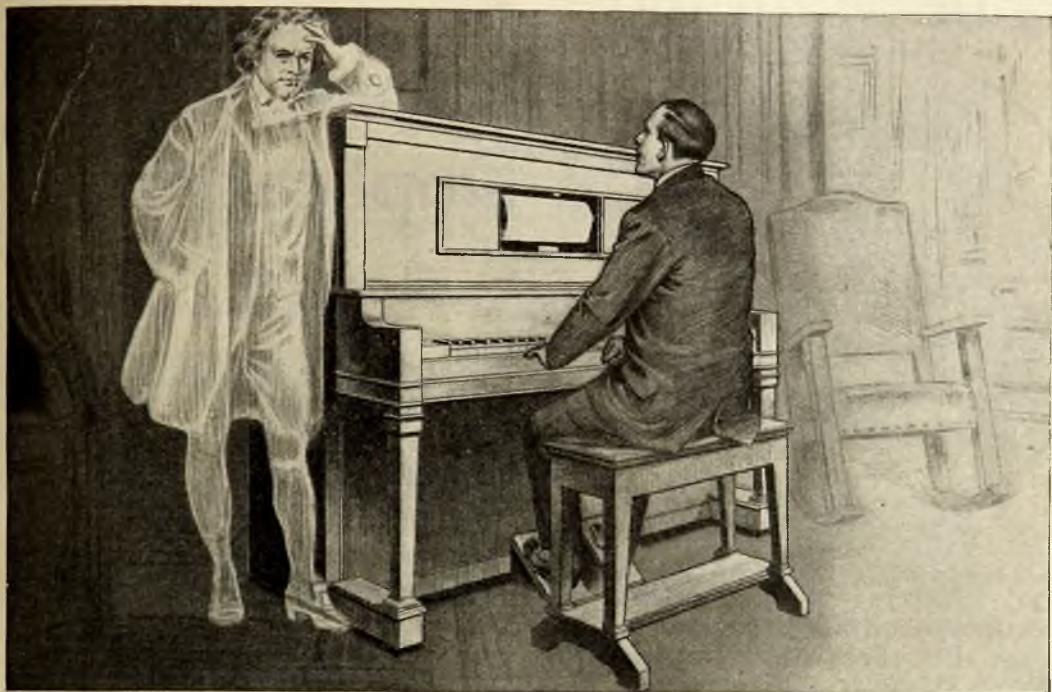
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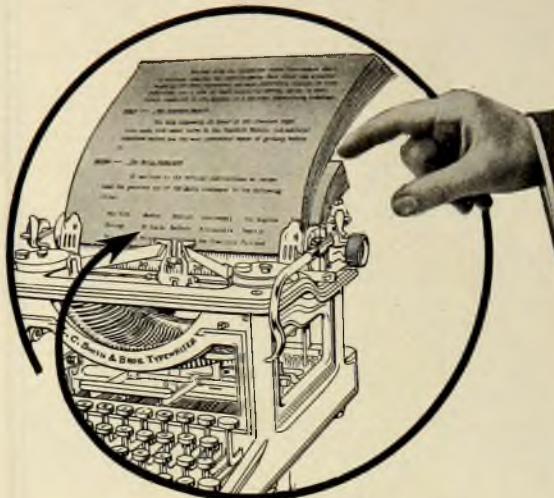
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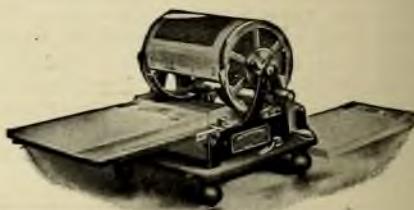
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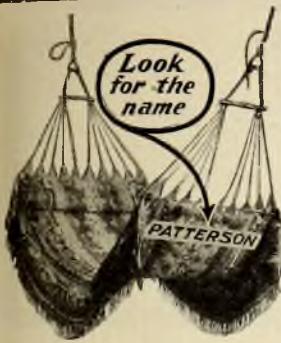


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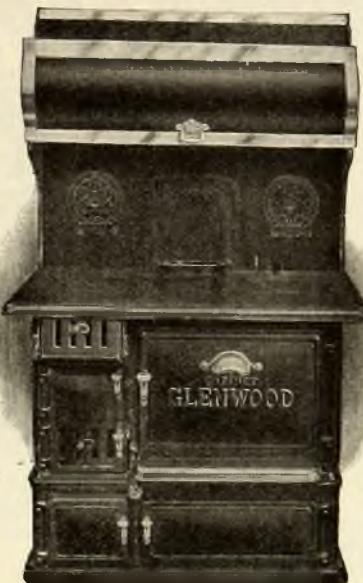
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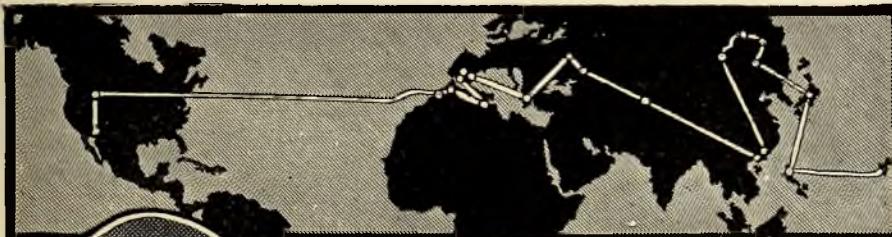
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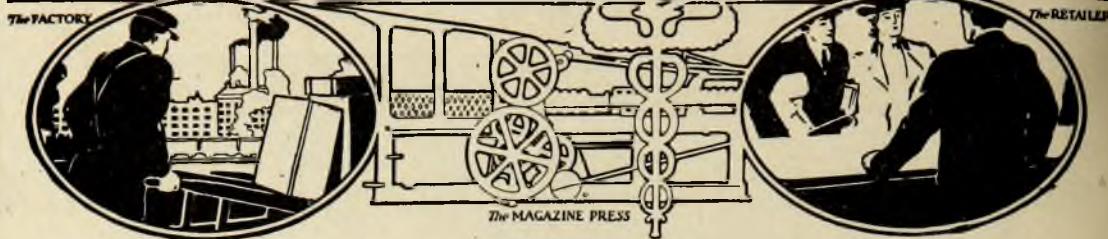
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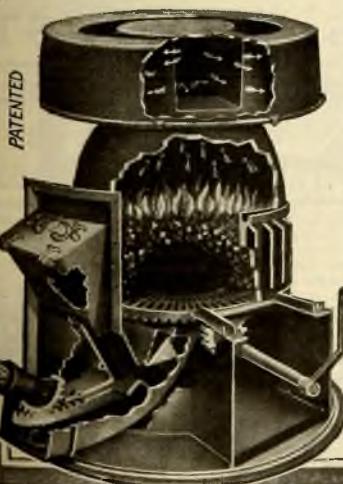
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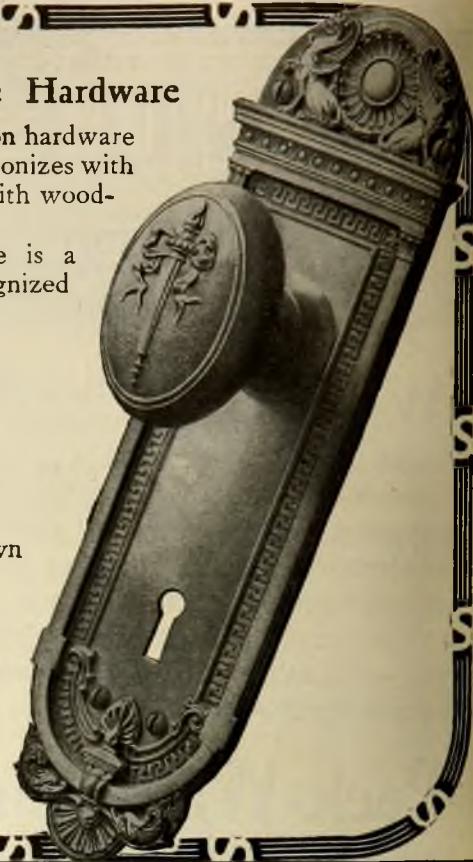
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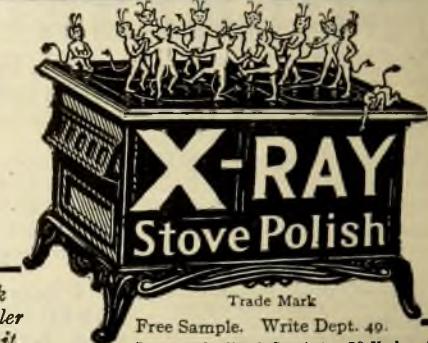
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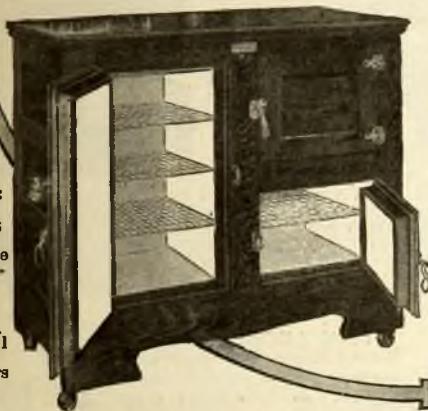


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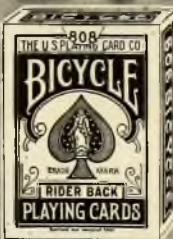
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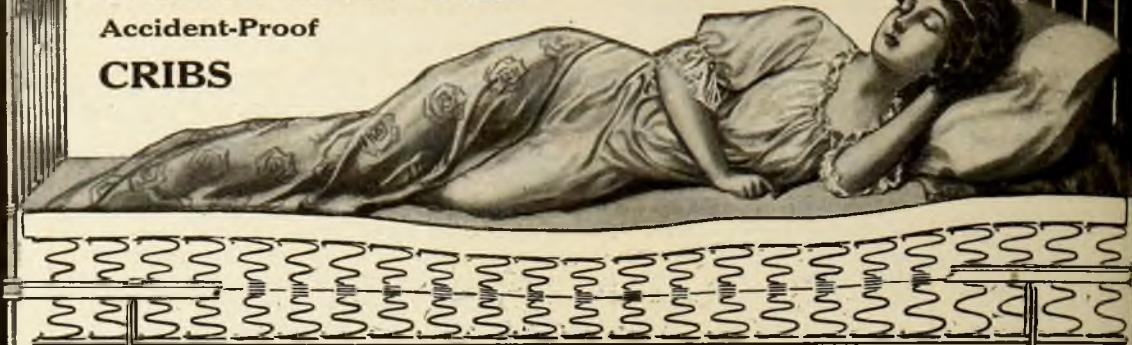
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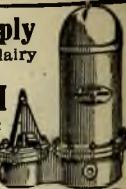
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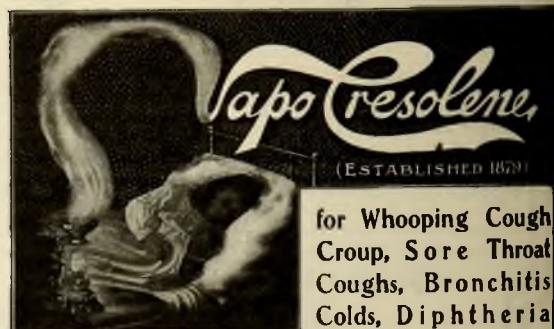
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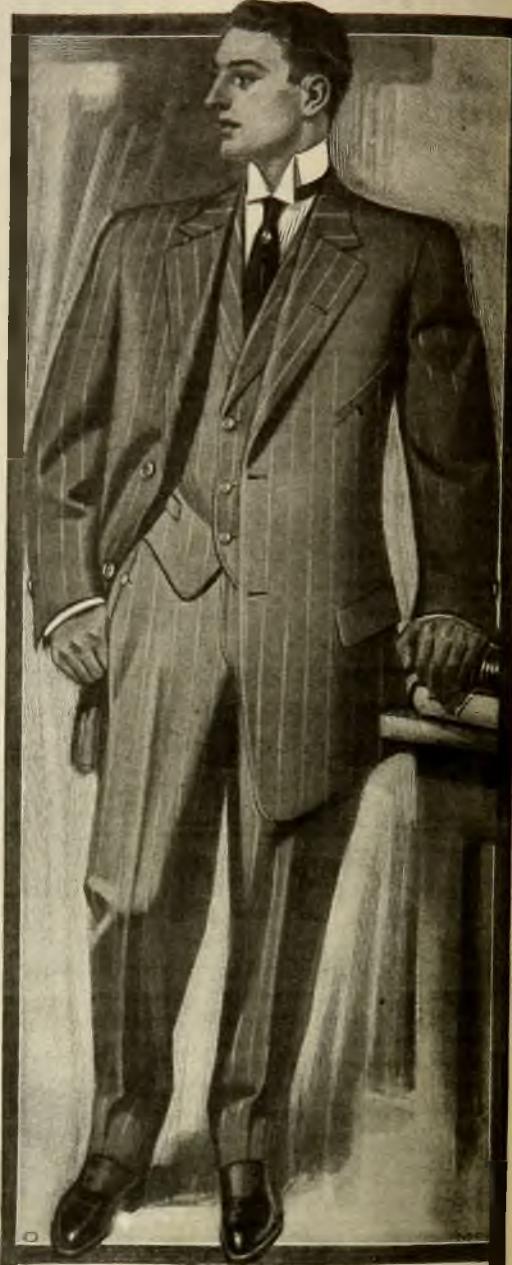
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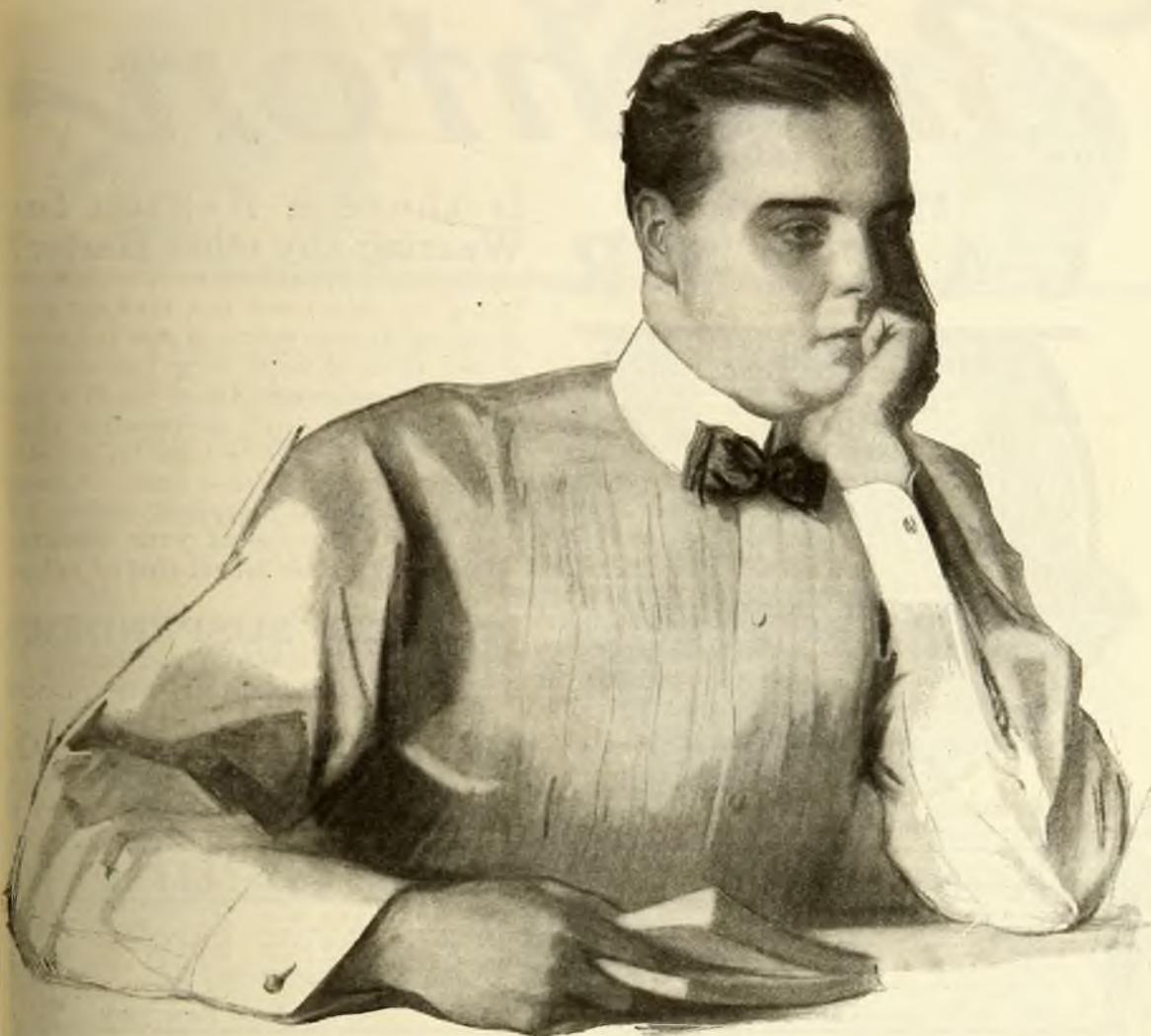
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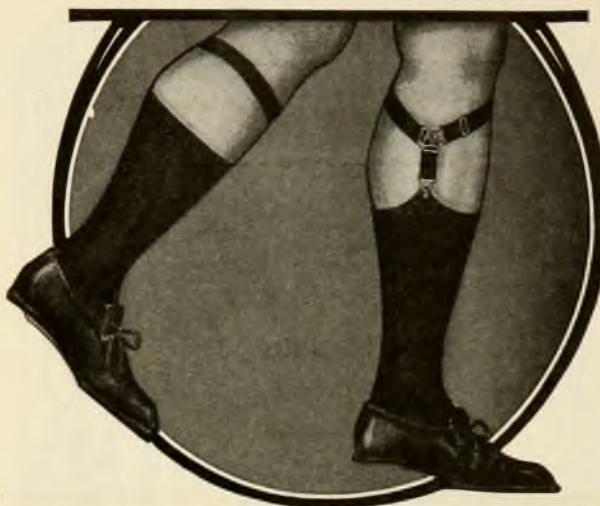
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Sold only under the CLUETT label. An interesting booklet, "Today's Shirt," sent free.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Makers of Arrow Collars, 449 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Brighton

FLAT CLASP GARTER



Is there a Reason for
Wearing any other Garter?

This is the only garter that does not press on the leg at any point. It has the smallest but strongest metal parts ever put on a garter; the smoothest, flattest clasp; a grip that tightens with every movement; a clinging, stretchy silk web—elastic as the skin itself—that never chafes or binds. It keeps the leg comfortable, the sock smooth, the temper even. 25 cents—at your dealers, or we mail a pair on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

are supreme in fit, service and beauty. 50 cents at your dealers, or prepaid from factory

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

718 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA
Makers of PIONEER BELTS

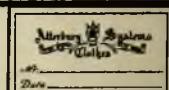
Atterbury System

Note the double seam. It requires but the adjusting of the upper seam to make the fit exact. This is but one of the many Atterbury System superiorities. There is an Atterbury System Clothier in nearly every town.

For book address: "Atterbury System Clothes,"

West Outlet

If interested in "Out-door Games" a valuable Reference Guide—write us for free copy. Additional copies at \$1.



104 Fifth Ave., New York.

IF YOU WANT to Enjoy the Luxury of Shaving Yourself and transform a disagreeable task into a delightful pleasure, send \$2.50 for our Masterpiece Razor or free pamphlet "How to Shave with Comfort."

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., 174 William St., New York

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with
BARNES' FOOT POWER allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free. W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO. 200 Ruby Street. Rockford, Ill.



The
World's
Standard

THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove and fit all over.

We have made boots for Sportsmen, Prospectors, Civil and Mining Engineers &c. longer than any other boot makers and KNOW HOW. Putman Boots sell all over the world and have justly earned the slogan, "The World's Standard". Where not sold by dealers we ship the Genuine Putman Boots direct to you. Catalog of over 50 styles of boots at all prices, and self measurement blanks sent free. Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins. Cut shows a 14 inch boot, hand sewed, water-proofed, black or brown color, made to your measure and delivered in the U. S., Canada or Mexico for..... \$8.00

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.

28 HENNEPIN AVE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



BECAUSE the style is fixed by our recognized authorities on design, and the hat made by our unequaled experts in workmanship,

Spring Opening

KNOX HATS

February 18th



will be in mode as long as they wear and wear as long as they are in mode. This is perfect hat value.

REVERSIBLE
*Line*ne[®]
COLLARS
CUFFS
AND
BOSOMS

TRADE
MARK

VAN DYCK

TASSO

ANGELO

RUBENS

RAPHAEL

10 for
25 cents
at stores

By mail
30 cents, or
Sample
6 cents in
U. S. stamps

Give size
and style

The
Greatest
Comfort
at the
least
expense
Made in
10 styles

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
Dept. P 9, Boston, Mass.

Serpentine Crepe

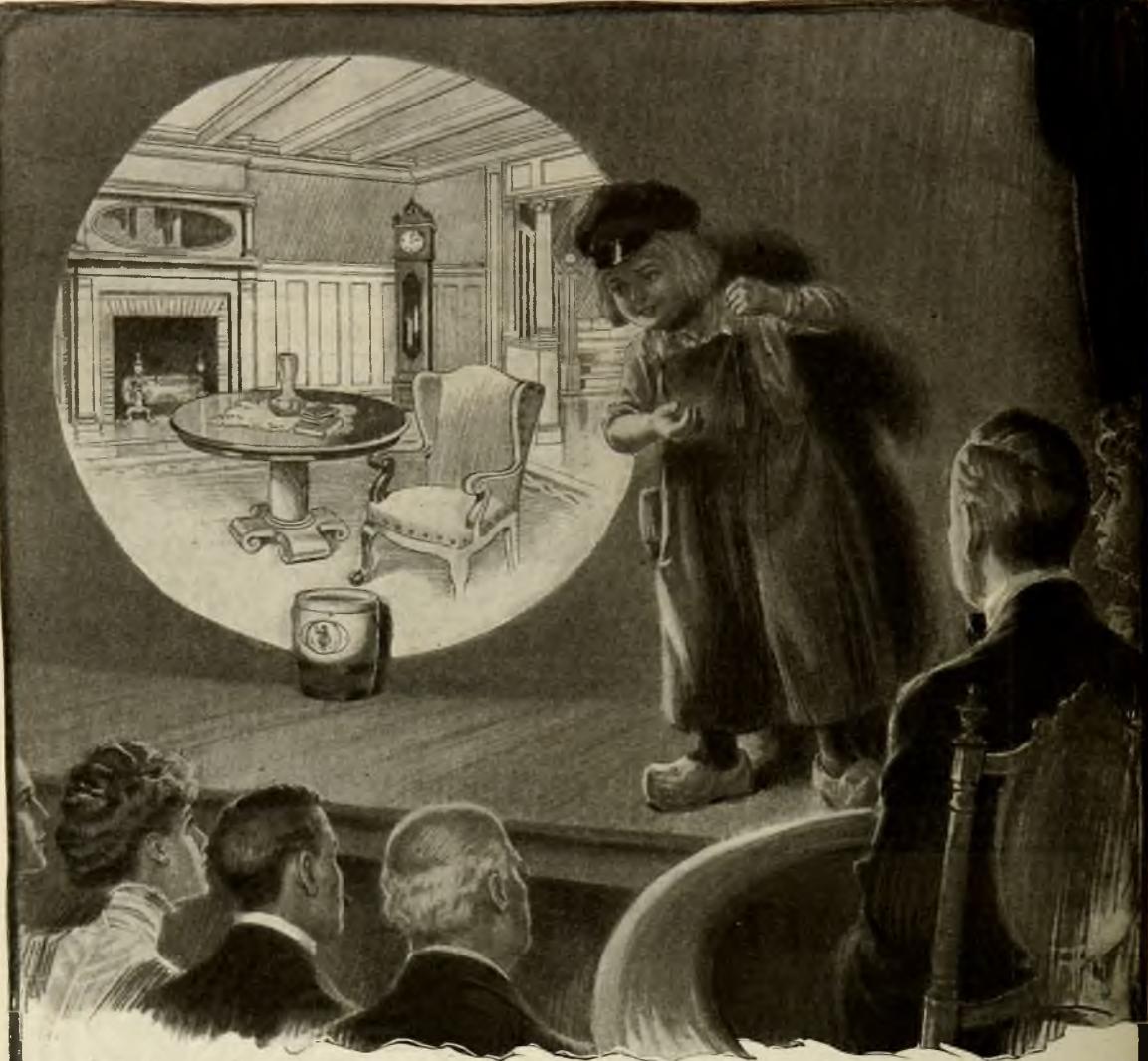
White Crepe Waists are decreed to be the thing for Spring and Summer. Three yards of Serpentine will make one.

Retains its Crinkle

You will find it in all the best shops, at not more than twenty cents a yard.

Samples sent free

PACIFIC MILLS, BOSTON



Paint Talks No. 2—Interior Painting

You have seen painted walls, ceilings and woodwork *peel* and *scale*. That's a sign that something is wrong, either with paint or painter, or both. Good White Lead and Linseed Oil, properly applied, will neither *scale* nor *peel*. Any paint will *peel* if applied over a damp surface. And paint loaded up with hard, unyielding substances (put in to save the expense of pure White Lead) will *check*, or *crack* and *scale*, no matter how carefully they are applied.

There is much wider latitude in the mixing of paint for interior work than for outside work. Turpentine may be used freely instead of linseed oil, giving the beautiful dull or "flat" effects. This treatment would be ruinous out in the weather.

A great range of delicate tints are suitable inside also. These cannot be secured at their best except with the finest White Lead—the Dutch Boy Painter kind. It costs no more to have this guaranty of purity of your paint material. Insist on having White Lead with the Dutch Boy Painter on the side of the keg. At your paint dealer's.

Read about our "House-owners' Painting Outfit" 83

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Company) Pittsburgh (National Lead and Oil Company)



Painting Outfit Free

We have prepared a little package of things bearing on the subject of painting which we call *House-owners' Painting Outfit D.* It includes:

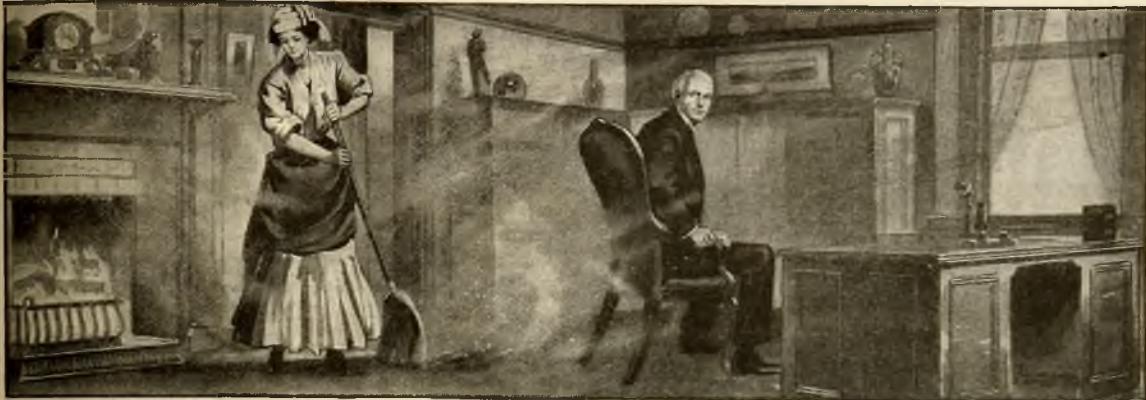
1—Book of color schemes (state whether you wish *interior* or *exterior* schemes).

2—Specifications for all kinds of painting.

3—Instrument for detecting adulteration in paint material, with directions for using it.

Free on request to any reader who asks for *House-owners' Painting Outfit D.*

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?



Which Do You Do In Your House— PACK DIRT IN? OR LIFT IT OUT?

When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency**, the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is packed.

And that is why you have to renovate.

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency** is **exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out**, by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated by
Hand

“It Eats Up the Dirt”

Or Electric
Motor

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all**. Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by hand or little motor connected with any electric light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER stands working for you, raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet, under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through**. Mysterious odors disappear, the breeding places of pests are removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and you will be **ashamed** of the conditions you have been living in.

Every machine is guaranteed.

Send today for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean a new era in your home.

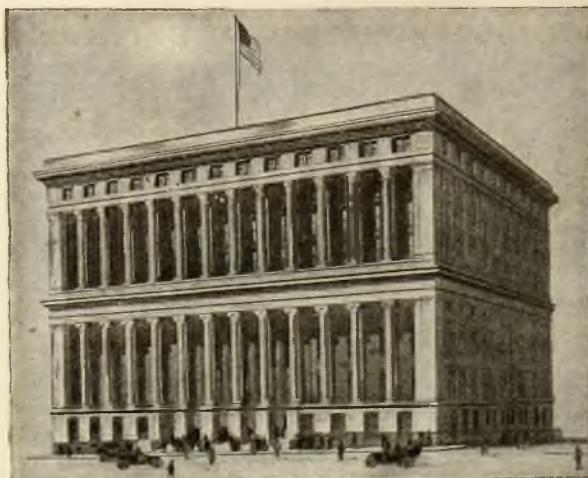
**The American Vacuum Cleaner
Company,**
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



PRICE \$25.00



PRICE \$55 or \$60



The National City Bank's

New Home in Wall St.,
New York,
is painted with

Oxide of Zinc Paints

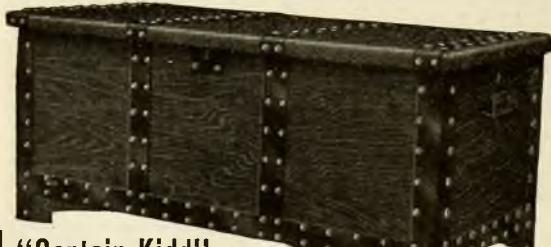
These paints were selected because they are the most durable obtainable.

The same paints beautify and preserve the homes of people who know what is best, throughout the country.

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
71 Broadway, New York

We do not grind zinc in oil—A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed free on request.



"Captain Kidd"

These Chests are the perfection of exalted sentiment as wedding and birthday presents; a link combining the romantic past with the beauty and utility of to-day. Massively constructed of fragrant mountain grown Southern Red Cedar, heavily bound and finished with copper. Absolutely moth proof. Prices very reasonable. Sold direct from factory, with privilege of examination and return WITHOUT COST TO YOU. Write for catalogue.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST COMPANY, Dept. 55, STATESVILLE, N.C.

RED CEDAR TREASURE CHEST

Only One
of Many
Styles.

No. 202 **\$1875** Direct from Factory to you
Size 79x30 inches, complete with cushions.
Quartered Oak Davenport, Dealers' Price **\$42**

Don't pay profits to dealers and middlemen—it only adds to the cost, not the VALUE of furniture. If you buy "Come-Pack" Sectional Furniture, direct from our factory, you pay but one profit and EVERY DOLLAR brings you a dollar's worth of ACTUAL FURNITURE VALUE. WRITE TO

"COME-PACK" SECTIONAL INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.
305 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

THE GUNN CLAW FOOT CASE

is the very latest creation in sectional bookcases—artistic, charming and practical. The carved legs raise it from the floor, giving it the appearance of the old-fashioned bookcase, with all the conveniences of the sectional case. Like other bookcases made by us, this Claw Foot style is lower in price than other makes.

It is not necessary to tear down the whole stack to fit in the foot,—and all stacks fit perfectly side by side. Made in oak or mahogany, any finish, with leaded glass if desired, desk section, drawers, etc. Don't fail to get our prices and catalogue before you buy—it means a saving to you.

Gunn bookcases have no unsightly iron bands, no sectional earmarks; non-binding roller-bearing doors that can be removed by simply unhooking—workmanship, construction and finish unsurpassed. Dealers sell the Gunn line or we ship direct.

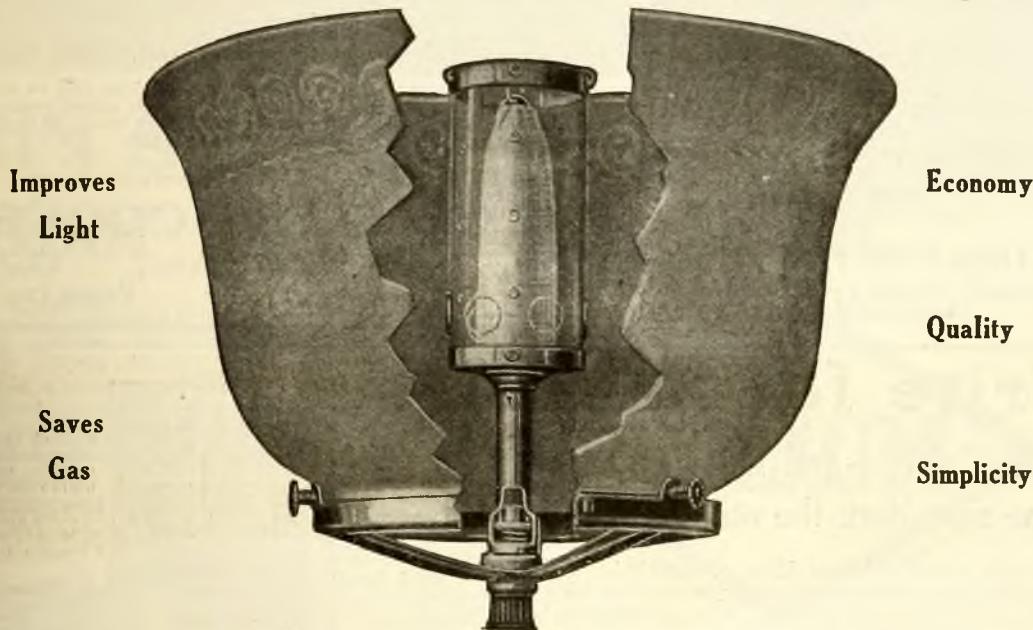
THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Welsbach Junior

The Welsbach Junior is a complete Light—burner, mantle and chimney—only 5 inches high. It gives 50 candle power Light, instead of the 25 candle power of the open tip—burns 2 feet of gas per hour instead of the 8 feet of the open tip—gives a white, soft, mellow light instead of the open tip's sickly yellow.

Burns 5 hours for one cent's worth of gas



*Showing Welsbach Junior Light
used in connection with ordinary gas globe.
(Globe broken in front to better show position of light.)*

Use Your Own Gas Globes

No need for special glassware with the Welsbach Junior—the light is completely hidden from view by the ordinary gas globe—the cost of the light is the only cost. Mantle and chimney are in one piece—renewals are made with the same ease as screwing on an electric light bulb.

Use a Welsbach Junior in every room in your house—the more of them you use, the bigger the decrease in your gas bills.

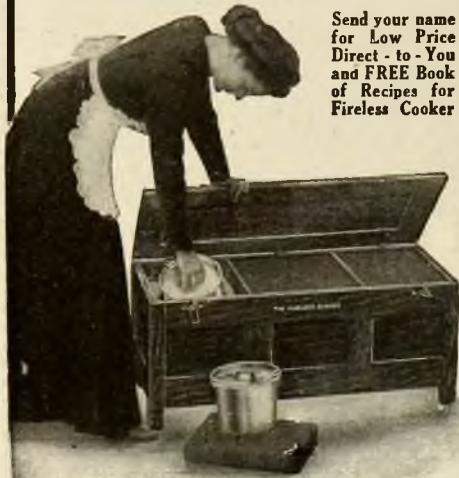
PRICE, COMPLETE IN A BOX, 35 CENTS EACH

For sale by all gas companies, dealers, and the Welsbach Stores.

Here's The Fireless Cooker So Much Talked About—You'll be surprised at our Low Price Direct to You—

ALL we ask is your permission to let the Fireless Cooker prove itself, in your home. Cooking teachers, Magazines and Women everywhere say the Fireless Cooker is one of the most successful inventions of the age. It will save three-fourths of your fuel bills—save three-fourths of your time

—save your cooking utensils and your food—make your food twice as delicious and nutritious—keep odors of cooking food from circulating through your home—keep your kitchen many degrees cooler on hot days—do away with practically all of the trouble, hard work, worry, care and inconvenience of hot fire cooking.



Send your name
for Low Price
Direct - to - You
and FREE Book
of Recipes for
Fireless Cooker

30 Days Free Trial Sent to
Your Home
Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Steams,
Stews and Boils

COMPLETE READY TO USE
Genuine Solid Aluminum Patent Locking Cooking Utensils, Indestructible, Last a Lifetime, Fitted in Non-Rusting Metal Compartments, easily kept clean, Sanitary

Cooks without watching—without fuel or trouble—can't spoil anything or burn dry. All the natural nutrient and savory juices are retained—not lost in steam—and all foods cooked to a deliciousness and tenderness impossible other ways. You'll say yourself it pays for itself many times over every year.

Now, we want to send you The Fireless Cooker on 30 Days' Free Trial—and then if you think you can afford to keep house without it, we will take it back and refund every penny you have paid us.

If the Fireless Cooker doesn't prove every claim we make for it and more too, then it shan't cost you a cent.

Simply send us your name and address on a postal and we will send you absolutely free, postpaid, a book on Fireless Cookery, with recipes, prepared expressly for us by a Culinary Expert. Every housewife needs to know the things this book tells. Write nearest address now:—

W. E. BLACK COMPANY, Manufacturers of
THE FIRELESS COOKER
Dept. U, 156 Wabash Ave., Chicago
20th St., and Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Write for Samples

All Colors—and Brenlin Duplex, light one side, dark the other

Brenlin is made without filling of any kind. There is nothing about it to crack like opaque shades. It won't wrinkle—won't fade.

The difference in material makes the difference in wear. Brenlin will outwear three ordinary shades.

And it really shades. It hangs straight and smooth. It doesn't show shadows like Holland.

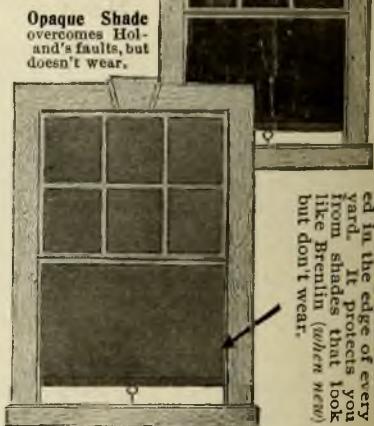
In the lighter colors, ivory white, cream, ecru, etc., Brenlin gives a soft, even light; in greens, etc., it is absolutely opaque. Write for samples and the names of the dealers in your town. If we have no dealer we will see that you are supplied. Write today.

Seven foot shade, 38 inches wide, complete with best roller, \$1.00. Other sizes in proportion.

CHARLES W. BRENEMAN & CO 2048-2058 READING ROAD, CINCINNATI



Holland Shade
shows shadows,
wrinkles, sage,
lets in a glare.



Opaque Shade
overcomes Holland's faults, but
doesn't wear.

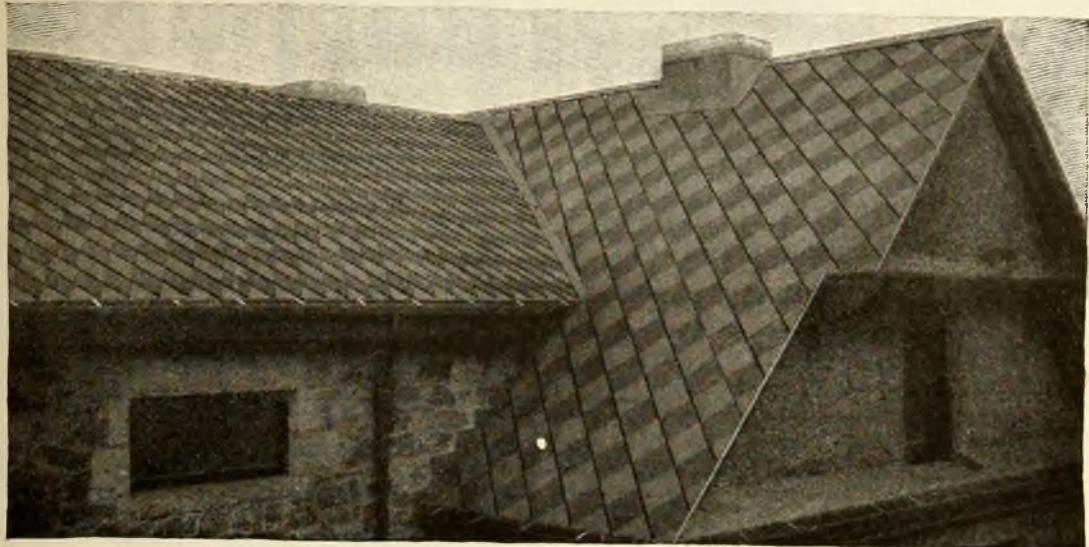
Brenlin

Patented 1906, Trade Mark Registered

Really shades and wears

BRENLIN is per-
ed in the edge of every
yard. It protects you
from shades that look
like Brenlin (when new)
but don't wear.

A BRENLIN SHADE



It's Safer to Sleep Under A Roof That Won't Burn.

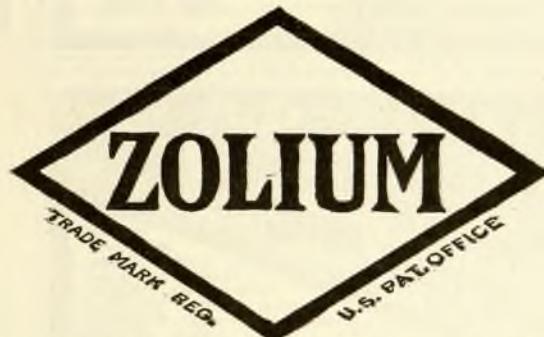
YOU cannot prevent neighbors from being careless about fire—brush heaps on fire and burning chimneys are a danger—there are many ways a roof can be ignited if it's made of dry-as-tinder kindling wood. **ZOLIUM** will not catch fire from sparks or burning brands.

ZOLIUM is a scientifically tight roof and is a perfect non-conductor of heat and cold. An attic under **ZOLIUM** is not a cold storage in winter and a furnace in summer. Each **ZOLIUM** tile is an integral part of a long, pliable, impenetrable sheet of bonded fibre, extending from gable to gable, and lapped three deep. This principle entirely does away with the thousands of cracks on an old style roof. **ZOLIUM** positively excludes moisture.

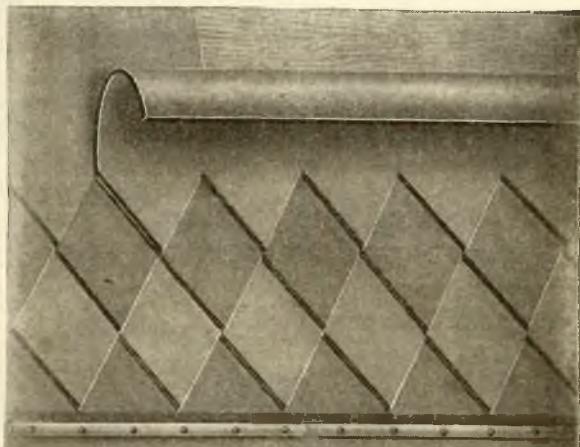
ZOLIUM is a rich tone of Indian red, a permanently pleasing color. Also a light gray. It is a most artistic roof in either color.

ZOLIUM can be laid over old shingles, thus avoiding the danger of damage while removing them.

ZOLIUM is economical, permanent and modern. Shall we send booklet and sample—mailed free?



PATENTED TILE ROOFING



J.A.&W.BIRD&CO.

71 INDIA STREET, BOSTON



A Japanese Garden

THINK of it bringing the Flowery Kingdom right at your door! Others are securing this offer, why not you? Mail us ten cents coin or stamps and we will mail you free a large packet of semi-dwarf annuals of the most striking color, including hardy ornamental, variegated grasses; also our 1909 illustrated catalog included.

WM. ELLIOTT & SONS
47 VESEY STREET NEW YORK

"Sixty Years Among the Roses"

This great new book, "Sixty Years Among the Roses" the Dingee Guide to Rose Culture, just issued at a cost of \$10.00, gives you the benefit of our 60 years' experience as the leading rose growers; tells you of the roses best suited for your locality; how to make them and other desirable flowers grow and bloom; 116 pages, illustrated from photographs. Sent to any address for 10 cents, silver or stamps. With it we will send a due bill good for 20 cents on the first order for \$1. Write to-day; the edition is limited.

DINGEE Roses

are positively the best and are warranted to grow. The great Dingee trial offer for 1909 consists of **16 Superb, Hardy, Everblooming Varieties prepaid for \$1.00**

All strong, thrifty plants on their own roots. No two alike. This remarkable offer includes Crimson Baby Rambler; Freiherr von Marschall, and our great new rose, Keystone, the only ever-blooming, yellow climbing rose.

Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Flower and vegetable seeds a specialty. Send for free information regarding our Great Special Offers.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,
Box 15, West Grove, Pa.
The Leading Rose Growers
of America
Established 1850.
70 Greenhouses.

Burpee's

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1909!

THE "SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-order Seed Trade is a New BOOK of 174 pages. It describes Rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere and tells the plain truth about the Best Seeds that can be grown—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS—the largest and most complete Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound in covers lithographed in nine colors, it shows, with the beautiful colored plates (also in nine colors), Seven Choice Novelties in Vegetables, Three Superb "Spencer" Sweet Peas and the most beautiful New Giant-flowered Pansies—all accurately painted from nature. With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions, it is A SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants either for pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to send unsolicited (except to our regular customers), we are pleased to mail it FREE to every one who has a garden and can appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail You a copy? If so, kindly name this magazine and write TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.,
BURPEE BUILDING Philadelphia, U. S. A.

FERRY'S

There is scarcely any limit to the possible improvement in seeds, but it takes time and money. We have been improving flower and vegetable seeds for over 50 years. More than 2000 people are working to make Ferry's Seeds suit you. Buy the best—Ferry's. For sale everywhere.

FERRY'S 1909 SEED ANNUAL
FREE ON REQUEST.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS

Of All the BOOKS That Tell of BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

at half the usual prices, my new 16th Annual Catalogue is most unique. Complete with all latest and favorite varieties, hardy, northern grown. Now ready; sent FREE. Also for 6 cents and the addresses of two flower-loving friends, I will send a packet of

BURBANK'S SANTA ROSA POPPIES

one of his new, most wonderful productions; fine new strain of the popular Shirley. Unsurpassed in splendor of color, variation; petals beautifully crimped. Or 2 packets for 10 cents, 4 for 15 cents; and a copy of FLORAL CULTURE. Send TODAY. Address Table 191
MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT The Pioneer Seedswoman of America
602-604 70th Street, S., Minneapolis, Minn.

DO YOU KNOW
VICK QUALITY SEEDS?

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide
tells how to grow Vick Quality Flowers, Fruits and Vegetables. Free on request.

426 MAIN ST. JAMES VICKS SONS ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Make your planting a success by sowing Gregory's Seeds — for over fifty years the standard for freshness and purity.

Gregory's Seeds are always sold under three warrants, covering practically all risks and assuring a good crop. Whether you plant by the hundred acres or need just a few collections for the kitchen garden, the greatest results will be yours if you plant.

Gregory's Seeds

No better seeds can be bought at any price. If you have never planted them just try them this year. To learn more fully about Gregory's Seeds and the best methods of planting, write for *Gregory's Seed Book*. This book has been a great help to thousands. Write to-day for a copy. Remember it's free.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, MARBLEHEAD, MASS

The GARDEN of DELIGHT

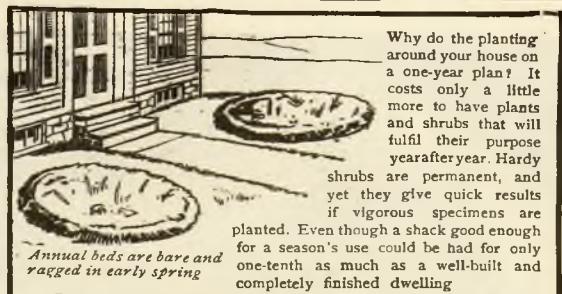
contains over One Hundred Special Cultural Articles, written expressly for the 1909 edition by the leading horticultural writers of America, including:

Helena Rutherford Ely, author of "A Woman's Hardy Garden," etc.; Prof. L. H. Bailey, Editor of "Encyclopedia of American Horticulture"; Mr. William Falconer, former Editor of "Gardening"; Mr. George W. Oliver, expert plantsman and writer; Mr. W. C. Egan, the eminent amateur; Mr. Eben E. Rexford, the well-known writer on House-Plants; Mr. T. Greiner, author of "How to Make the Garden Pay," etc., etc., and our own corps of experts.

The result is clear, concise instructions that will enable amateurs to grow their favorite flowers and vegetables to perfection. It would cost at least \$15 for the various horticultural books to cover the information contained in **Dreer's Garden Book for 1909**. Enlarged to 256 pages, 4 color and 4 duotone plates, and hundreds of photographic illustrations of worthy novelties and dependable varieties of vegetables and flowers.

We will send a copy WITHOUT CHARGE to anyone mentioning this magazine.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



Why do the planting around your house on a one-year plan? It costs only a little more to have plants and shrubs that will fulfil their purpose year after year. Hardy shrubs are permanent, and yet they give quick results if vigorous specimens are planted. Even though a shack good enough for a season's use could be had for only one-tenth as much as a well-built and completely finished dwelling

You Wouldn't Build a New House Every Year

By working to a definite purpose in laying out grounds, shrubs for permanent results will cost little if any more than annuals. In the one case the first cost is all; in the other the expense becomes a yearly one. The hardy and permanent plants afford immensely more pleasure, first and last, than can be expected of annuals, however beautiful for a season. Our new book, "Flowering Trees and Shrubs," tells about the best and which to use for your purposes. It has many fine pictures showing the pleasing effects afforded by shrubs. Biltmore Nursery has a complete stock of this class of trees and shrubs, which are offered at reasonable prices. They have unusual hardiness and vigor because they have been well grown. This handsome book describes and illustrates the Biltmore offerings of trees and shrubs in a helpful, attractive manner. Write for a copy—free.

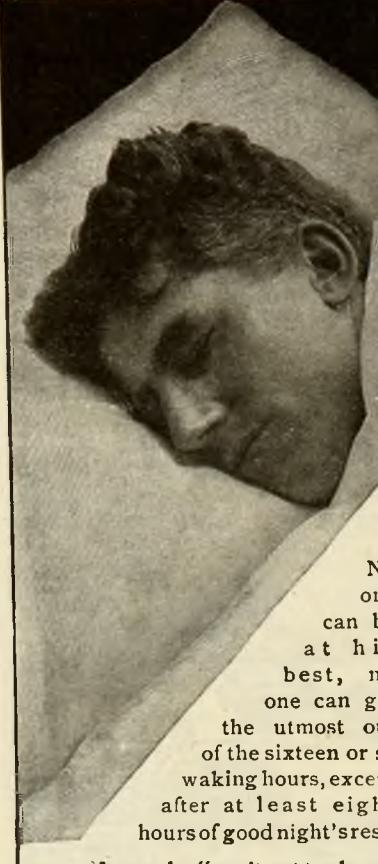
Biltmore Nursery

Box 531
Biltmore, N.C.

Our shrubs please even before foliage fully develops

WITH my handsome 1909 catalog (if no one in your family has received a copy and you so state) I will send you a coupon good for five full packets to be sent postpaid, your choice from 40 popular kinds I list in my catalog at 3 cts. each—provided you send me the addresses of two other flower growers.

Write now—a postal—why not?
MISS EMMA V. WHITE, Seedswoman
3018 Aldrich Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.



One Third Of Your Life is spent in sleep— Spend it on an **OSTERMOOR**

MATTRESS \$15.
EXPRESS PREPAID

No one can be at his best, no one can get the utmost out of the sixteen or so waking hours, except after at least eight hours of good night's rest.

Many who "can't get to sleep" or who "don't rest well;" who wake up tired—think it's insomnia, nervousness, etc.

In nine cases out of ten, the sole trouble is an uncomfortable bed.

And nine out of ten of those same people would sink right to sleep, sleep "like a log" all night, and awake thoroughly rested and refreshed, if they but changed from their unyielding, unhealthy hair-mattresses, to the springy, sleep-inducing, absolutely comfortable and healthful Ostermoor.

Hair soon loses its "curl." And therefore its resiliency. Soon mats and packs down. Gets hard, lumpy and bumpy. A hair-mattress must be remade every year or two.

Besides, hair is a harbor for vermin and germs. Full of dis-

ease-danger. That's another reason why a hair-mattress needs frequent renovating.

An Ostermoor Mattress is made of Ostermoor Sheets, wonderfully springy, yielding. Built by hand (*not stuffed*) eight deep, one upon another.

It is proof against dust, moisture and vermin.

An Ostermoor retains its springiness, remains supremely

Our book, "The Test of Time," is a mighty interesting story. Tells how to get a good night's rest. Includes testimonials covering 30 years' use of the Ostermoor. A postal brings it—free.

The trade-mark label on the end of every genuine Ostermoor is your protection against dishonest substitutes. If the Ostermoor is sold in your place we will tell you.

Our Interesting 144-Page Illustrated Book and Ticking Samples Sent Free

comfortable for a lifetime without renovation.

An occasional sun-bath keeps it always pure and clean.

You can prove all this at our risk:

Sleep on an Ostermoor for a month. If you don't think it the most luxuriously comfortable and restful mattress you ever slept on, return it, and the trial won't cost you a single cent.

It is easy for you to get the genuine. We ship you a full size mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, weight 45 lbs., direct by express prepaid, same day you check for \$15. is received by us.

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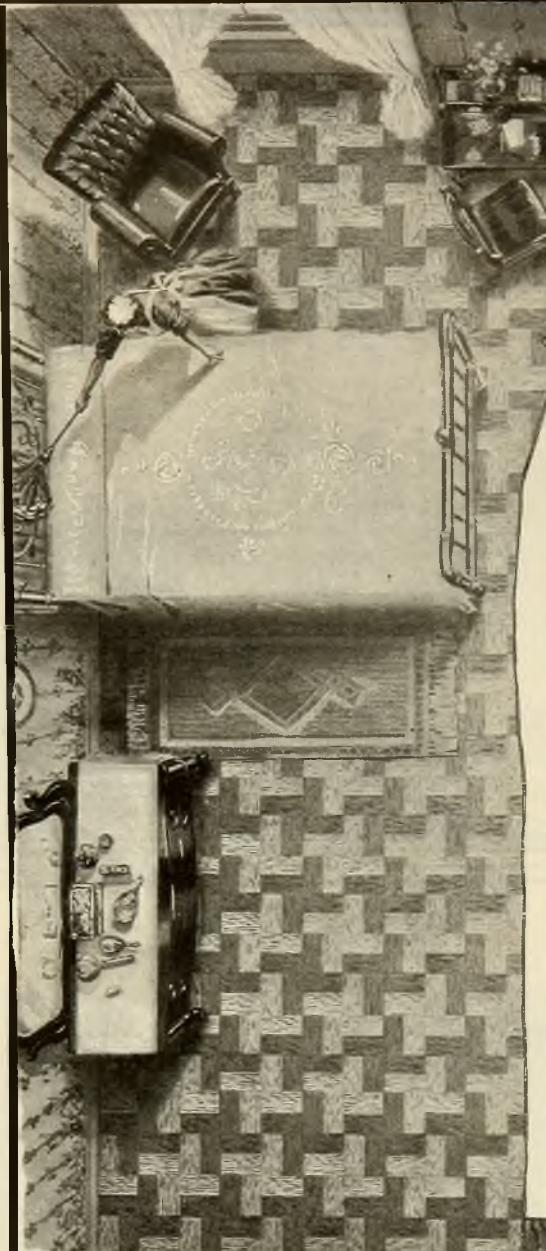
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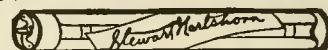


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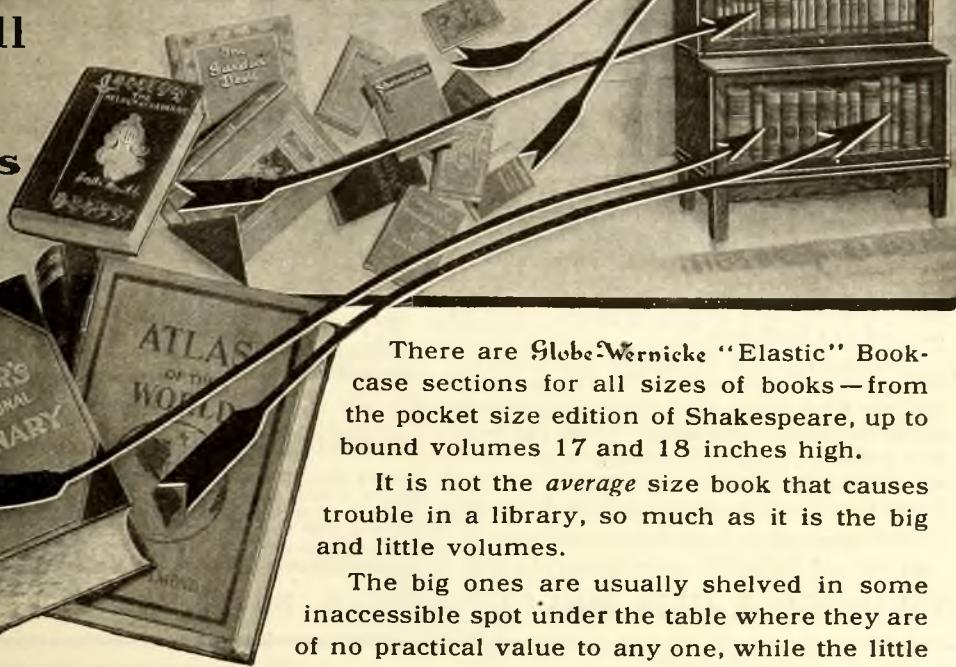
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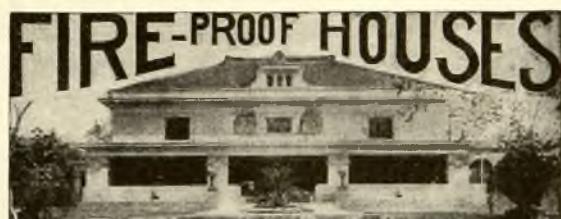
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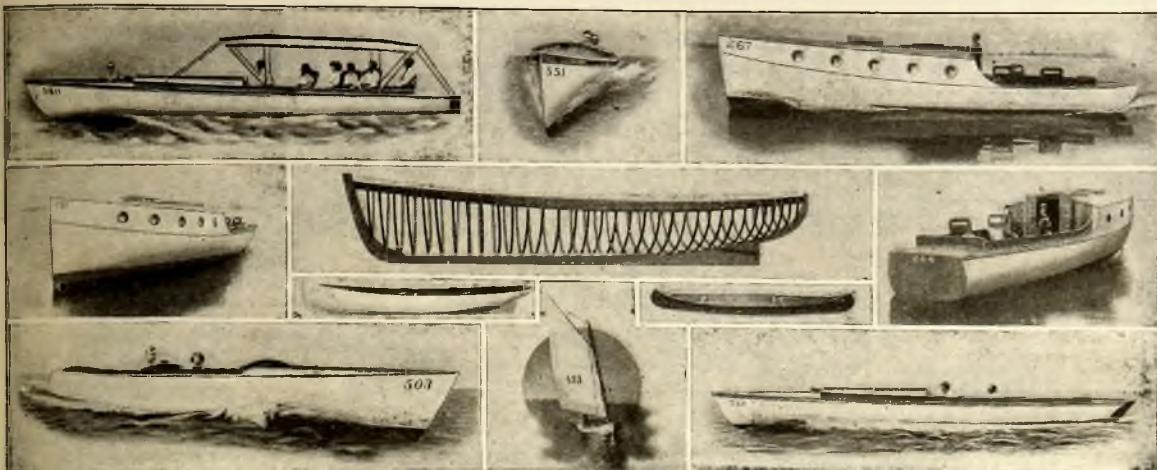
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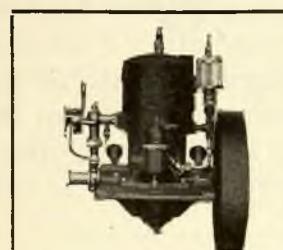
Anyone can put together my knock-down boats or build a boat from rough lumber, by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets. I can sell you a boat for about one-third what a factory would charge. If you want to know how it can be done,

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I absolutely guarantee that you will be perfectly satisfied with everything you purchase of me, or your money will be instantly refunded.

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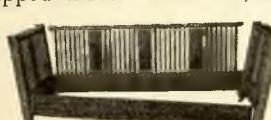
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Figure it out yourself.

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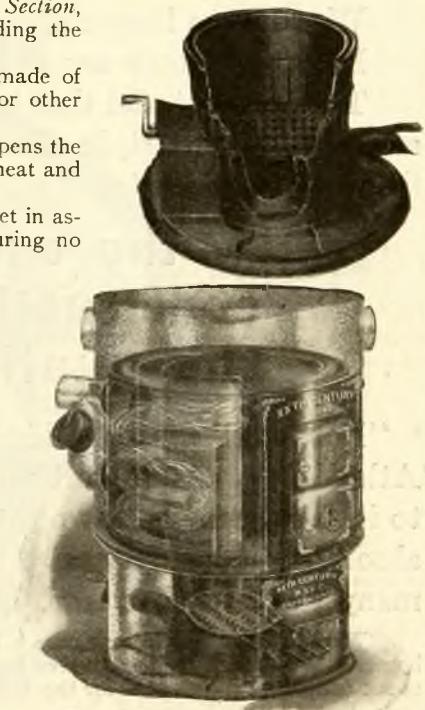
The XXth Century Heater Should Be Installed In Your Home

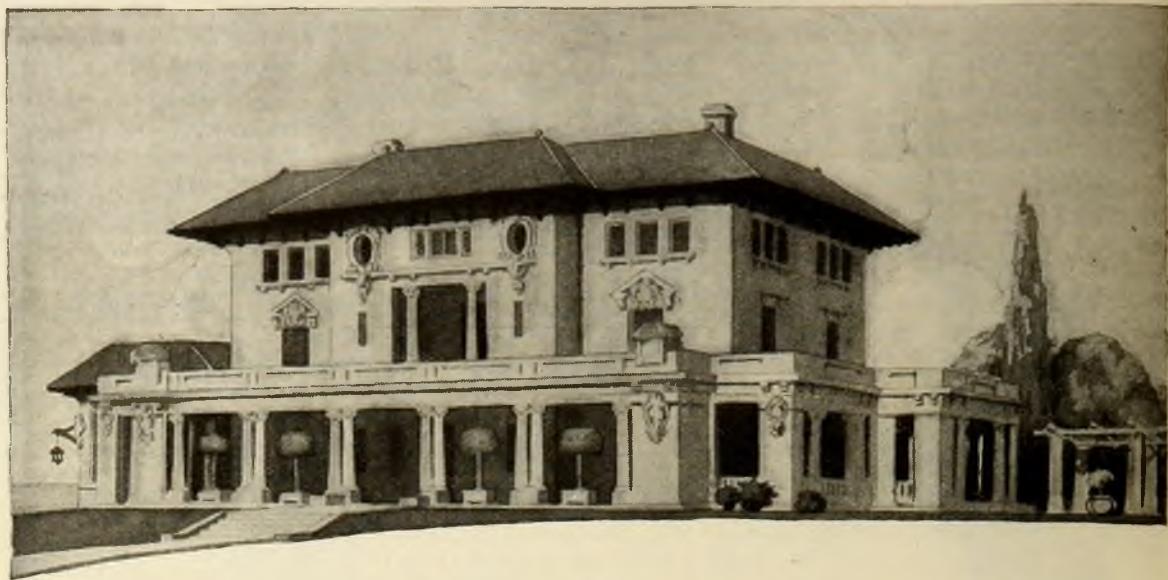
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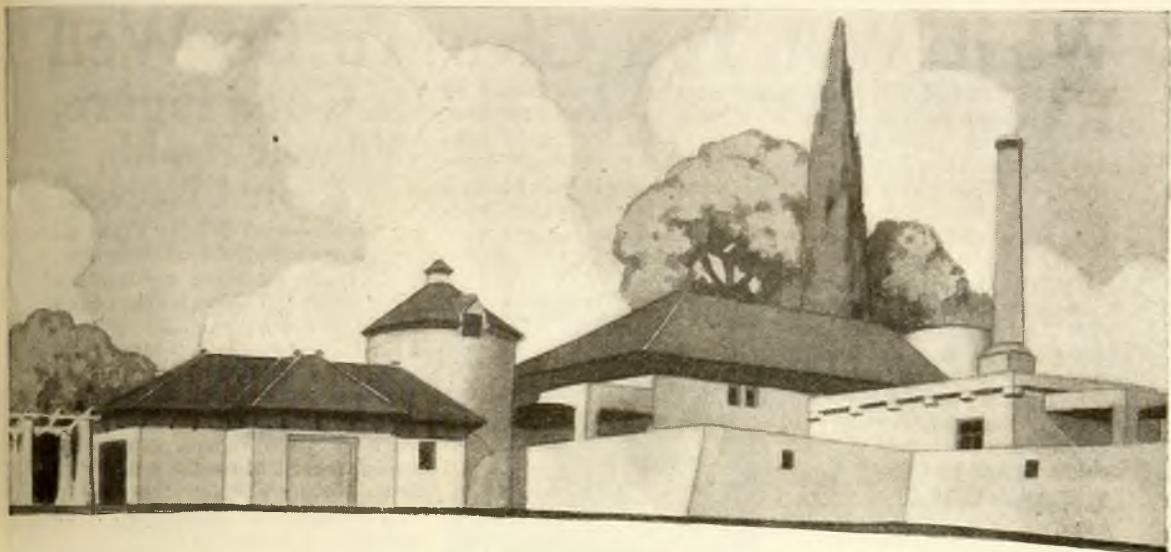
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One pupil writes me:

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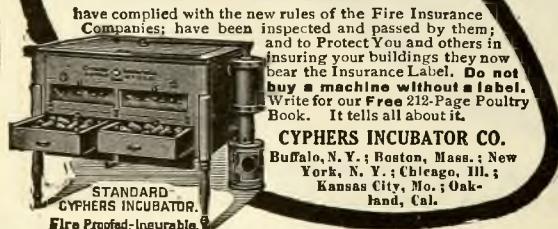
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A bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo to quickly remove the old finish—

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A sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax to give that beautiful "hand-rubbed" effect—

And our illustrated guide book for home beautifying which includes complete color card and tells how to finish and refinish wood.

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Use this outfit, which we want to send you free, for refinishing it, and you will be surprised to learn how easily the work is done and the beauty of the result.

May we send you these three packages, and the valuable six-color book, free at once? Learn from the test the beautiful effect obtained from the use of

Johnson's Wood Dye

It is not a mere stain. It is a deep seated dye—sinking into the pores of the wood and bringing out the beauty of the grain. When finished with Johnson's Prepared Wax you have a permanent finish of real beauty and most artistic effect. We want to give you these three packages at once. Send ten cents to partially pay cost of packing and postage—using coupon below for your convenience.

Johnson's Wood Dye comes in 14 Standard shades:

No. 126 Light Oak	No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak	No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak	No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 140 Manila Oak	No. 121 Moss Green
No. 110 Bog Oak	No. 122 Forest Green
No. 128 Light Mahogany	No. 172 Flemish Oak
No. 129 Dark Mahogany	No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak

Half-pints 30c; pints 50c. Johnson's Prepared Wax 10c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by all leading paint dealers. Send coupon to-day to

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please Use This FREE COUPON

I accept your offer and enclose ten cents to partially pay postage and packing on free sample of Johnson's Wood Dye, shade No.

One bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo, and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Name

Address

I usually buy my paint at store of

Name

Address

COLGATE'S

The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.

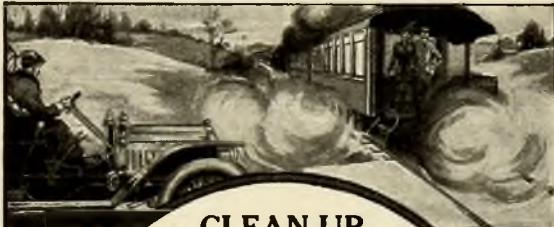
Trial tube sent for 4 cts. in stamps

COLGATE & CO., Dept. G,
55 John Street, New York

DENTAL CREAM

COMES
OUT A
RIBBON

LIES FLAT
ON THE
BRUSH



**CLEAN-UP
FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE**

Skin cleanliness is skin health and the foundation of beauty. To thoroughly clean the skin, wipe it daily with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream on a hot wet cloth. This dissolves and brings out dust and impurities from the pores and leaves the skin hygienically clean, soft and healthy, preventing dryness, chapping and premature wrinkles.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
Perfect Cold Cream**

quickly removes the grime of traveling, motoring and the daily occupation. Its use becomes a pleasure. Its results make it worth while. Call for it by name speaking firmly and you will not be bothered with imitations. Jars, 35c up; travelers' tubes, 10c up; at best shops.

Sample Gratis by Post.

Daggett & Ramsell
Dept. B
D. & R. Bldg. W. 14th St.
NEW YORK

GOULD

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents **Chapped Hands and Chafing**.

For your protection the genuine is put up in **non-refillable boxes**—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—**Sample free**.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. **Sample free**.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Sun Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor }
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) }
Specially prepared for the nursery. }
No Samples
Sold only at Stores

Your Complexion

DOES IT NEED A "COLD CREAM" OR A MASSAGE CREAM?

Today one doesn't have to argue the necessity of using *some* face cream. Well-groomed people confess the necessity of *some* face cream for preserving *skin health* just as they confess the necessity of umbrellas or rubbers or raincoats for preserving *general health*.

It is today rather a question of "*Which face cream*," or better still, "*Does my skin need a cold cream or a MASSAGE cream in order that I may always appear good-looking, clean-looking, wholesome and, yes, young-looking?*"

"Cold" or "grease" creams have their uses, but are not sufficient for the face any more than one kind of food is sufficient for the stomach, or one kind of medicine to cure any disease. Use cold or grease creams, if you will—there are *hundreds* of brands. But *no matter how many you use* you should always have a place on your dresser for a massage cream, and there is *only one with a national reputation*, namely, POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Now for the *difference* between an ordinary cold cream and a real massage cream like Pompeian. Cold creams are merely rubbed into the pores—and *stay there*. This may feel good, but not really improve the looks. Pompeian Massage Cream is rubbed into the pores *and then out again*, bringing with it all the pore-clogging impurities—soap particles, dust, soot, etc. It is this foreign matter in the pores which causes muddy complexions, blackheads, face "shine" and similar disfigurements.

The pores *must* be cleansed before the *rosy* blood can get the circulation it seeks. When you massage with Pompeian Massage Cream you'll be astonished at the results.

"Your Pompeian Massage Cream *positively insults* me every time I use it," a man recently wrote us. "I had no idea so much dirt could get in the pores and stay there, despite soap and water."

"When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman. "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath."

You see the point. Pompeian being a "rolling" massage cream (that is, it rolls out the dirt), gets at the root of facial troubles, namely, clogged pores. "Grease" or "cold" creams do not—can not—roll out the dirt, and in fact merely rub it in. And *it is the dirt that is in*—not the dirt that is on—that retards circulation, and makes people's faces sallow and muddy instead of being clear and fresh and smooth. For a soft, clear, clean skin use POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Free---Sample Jar

You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon today and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter ounce sample jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. Both free. When writing enclose 10 cents in silver or stamps (United States only) to cover cost of postage and packing.

Sold by all druggists, 50c and \$1 per jar. Sent postpaid to all parts of the world, if not obtainable at your dealer's. Accept no substitutes.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
125 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

P O M P E I A N *Massage Soap* is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers. 25 cents a cake; box of three cakes, 60 cents.

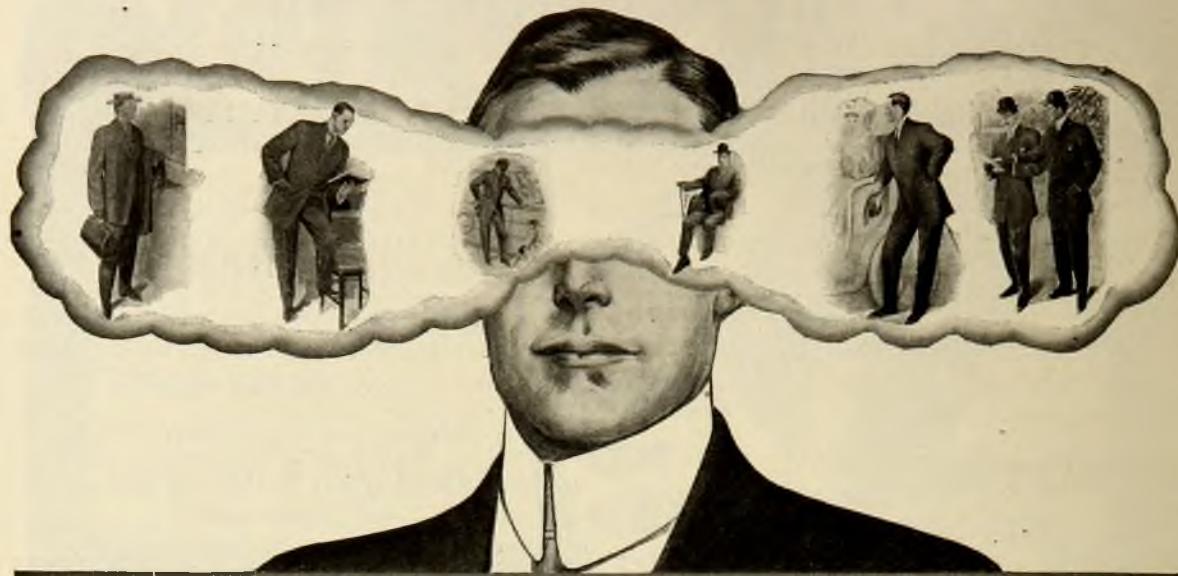
Pompeian Mfg. Co., 125 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c., to cover cost of postage and packing.

Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special sample jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....
Address.....

CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE. FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY.



Don't Be *Blinded By* Pretty Pictures

Good pictures of men's clothes are all right. We use them ourselves. But don't be guided by good pictures alone.

Many a man has gone into a clothes shop with a splendid fashion drawing in his mind and has come away with a clothes delusion on his back.

For, unfortunately, the artist does not make the clothes. And you can't *wear* the pictures.

Here is a clothes system that has something

more than mere pictures to offer you.

Here is a clothes system that not only *illustrates* good clothes,—but *tailors* them to your order.

—Tailors them to your individual body measures.

—Tailors them to hug, snug and pat, over every line and curve of your physique.

Broadway Tailoring

It is the business of The Royal Tailors to wholesale the needle work and genius of the master metropolitan tailor.

—To bring to you, no matter where you are, the clothes refinement and style of Michigan Avenue and Broadway.

—To do for the millions what the high priced Fifth Avenue tailor is doing for his handful of millionaire clubmen at five times our price. We make it an economy to you, not an extravagance, to have the best of tailoring in your wardrobe.

2,000 Tailor Shops in One

This business is really two thousand tailor shops massed into one,—with two thousand times the usual tailor's resources for buying, designing, tailoring and pricing.

Where your local tailor buys his cloth by the bolt, we buy ours by the carload.

And where he must copy his styles from arbitrary fashion plates that he had no hand in making, we have two sets of designers in the hearts of the two greatest clothes centers of the world, creating and perfecting designs of our own.

All Pure Wool Alone

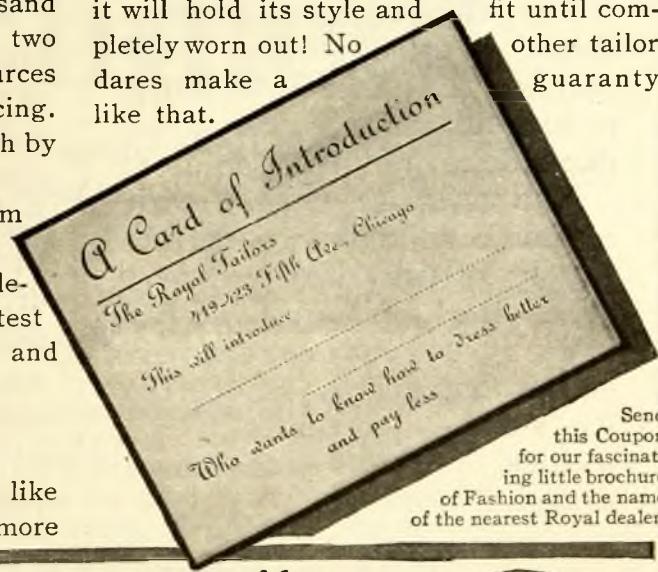
Is it any wonder that, with facilities like these, we can offer you something more

than picture-promises?—Something more than claims and arguments,—Something more than you can get out of a stock at a ready-made store?

We use over two million dollars worth of woolens a year. Woolens, mind you. Pure wool, all wool,—for not a thread of cotton is used in Royal tailoring.

An Unparalleled Guaranty

And lastly, we tuck into the pocket of every suit a guarantee, signed in pen and ink, that stands alone in this country as the strongest of its kind. We guarantee that a Royal suit will not only fit well and look well when you first try it on, but that it will hold its style and fit until completely worn out! No other tailor guarantees like that.



Send this Coupon for our fascinating little brochure of Fashion and the name of the nearest Royal dealer.



The Royal Tailors

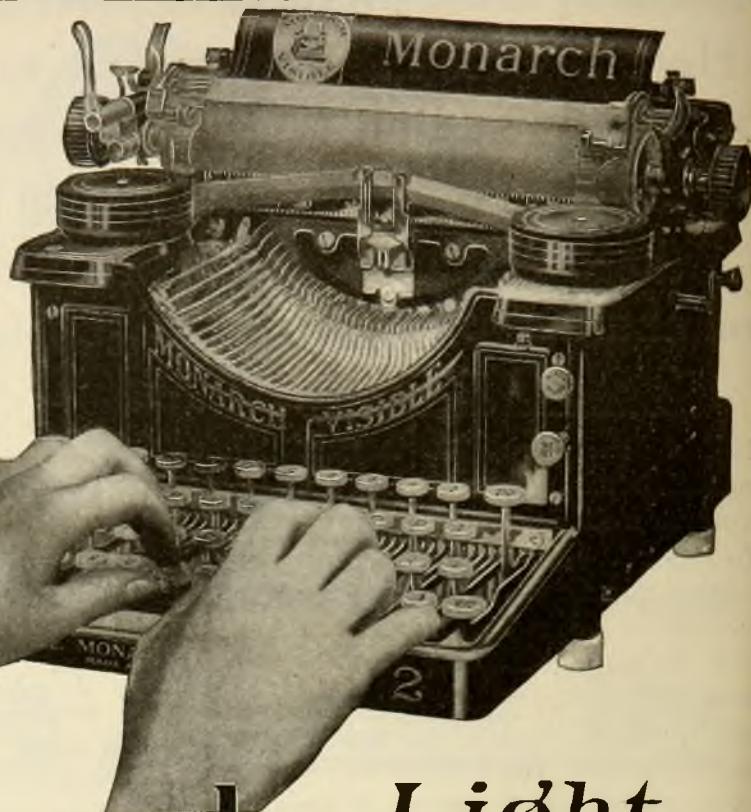
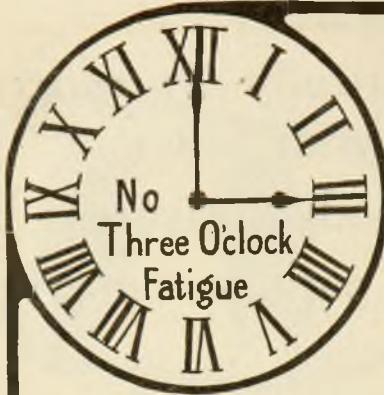
Joseph Nathan
President

Chicago

New York



OVER 5,000 ROYAL DEALERS



The
Value of
the

Monarch *Light Touch*

A typewriter is not an automatic machine with a fixed output; the amount of work produced must always be dependent upon the operator.

The operator begins work in the morning with a certain supply of physical energy. With the ordinary heavy working typewriter she exhausts that energy before the day's end—then comes "three o'clock fatigue" and slow dragging work.

Monarch Light Touch lightens the operator's load—draws less on her energy *per folio*. The result is that the operator is able to maintain full speed right up to closing time, finishing fresh and strong. Her efficiency is increased, the output of her machine is enlarged, and consequently the per folio cost of typewriting to her employer is reduced.

Light Touch is only one Monarch feature. There are many others—all well worth learning about. Let us give you a demonstration. Write for illustrated descriptive literature.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Offices, Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York

Chicago Boston Pittsburg Cleveland New Orleans Philadelphia St. Louis Baltimore Washington Omaha
and all other leading cities.



Telanian— a distinctive fabric finish for business stationery

More striking and pronounced than our Linen Finish, and from a different weave. Such a finish on a high-grade bond paper like

Strathmore Parchment

makes it possible to secure a dignified business paper that shows discrimination and selection.

If you prefer the glazed or the linen finish, the price is the same.

Your printer, engraver or lithographer will show you the STRATHMORE PARCHMENT sample book, or we shall be glad to send you one direct.

While you are consulting your printer about STRATHMORE PARCHMENT, ask him to show you the sample books of the STRATHMORE QUALITY Book and Cover Papers. You will be delighted at the opportunities they afford for greatly enhancing the attractiveness of your printed matter. We shall be glad to send the sample books to users of printing.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.
The "Strathmore Quality" Mills

What Kind of Suspenders Do You Wear?

The rigid-back kind, that tug and strain with every move? If so you don't know what real suspender comfort is. Buy to-day a pair of

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

They'll fit you so easily and adjust themselves so comfortably to every move that you won't realize you have suspenders on. The sliding action of the cord in the back is what does it. This "give and take" removes all strain from your shoulders and trouser buttons. Different weights and lengths. Maker's guarantee on every pair—*Satisfaction, New Pair, or Money Back.* Convenience suggests a pair for each suit. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will, postpaid, upon receipt of price, 50 cents. Get them today.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
702 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



A Point of Excellence

about The "SWAN" Fountain Pen is the absolute perfection of its Gold Pen. Your pen troubles will end when you begin using

MABIE, TODD & CO.'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

Its excellent point is not its only point of excellence. It is built for service and responds instantly to every demand.

Its double feed from both above and below the Gold Pen Point insures constancy and regularity in the flow of ink whether for rapid or leisurely writing. Writes smoothly and evenly—never leaks or sputters.

You will not know the real pleasure of a Fountain Pen until you have used a "SWAN." Get a "SWAN" Fountain Pen that just suits your hand, and you have a Fountain Pen that will last a lifetime.

Our illustrated booklet shows many styles
at prices from \$2.50 up. Send for it.

MABIE, TODD & CO. Dept. R

17 Maiden Lane, New York

London

Paris

Brussels

Manchester

CAT'S PAW Non-Slip, Cushion Rubber Heels

The friction plug positively prevents slipping on wet pavements. We use only the best grade of rubber, giving these heels longer and more even wear, making them lighter in weight. Cost no more than ordinary slippery heels. Sold by all shoe dealers. Put on by any cobbler. We will mail a pair direct for 25c. if your dealer does not have them. Send us outline of your shoe heel.

Our booklet, "Tired Feet," is free. Send for it.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
370 ATLANTIC AVE. Dept. C. P-3 BOSTON, MASS.

Take only

This Red Woven Label



On
Coat Cut Undershirts,
Knee Length Drawers,
Union and Sleeping Suits.

It insures correctly cut, accurately sewed loose fitting garments, which keep you cool in hot weather. All B. V. D. garments are made of thoroughly tested woven fabrics selected for their cooling and wearing qualities.

The B. V. D. Company,
New York.



JOHN ERICSSON
1803

IN celebrating the Centennial of Lincoln, it is eminently proper that we let grateful remembrance turn also toward one who contributed so much to the end toward which Lincoln was working—the preservation of the Union. Captain Ericsson has received, from his native land and that of his adoption, signal honor for his invention of the Monitor. In fact, his maritime achievements have been of such inestimable value as to cast into the background



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1809

another of his great masterpieces, really the invention in which he took greatest pride, namely the

Hot-Air Pump

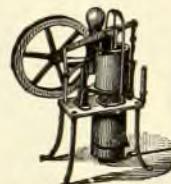
which to-day brings into the homes of all mankind the domestic comforts that follow an abundance of water easily and cheaply brought to hand. *Every pump is a monument to the immortal genius of John Ericsson.* The cheapening of raw materials and the saving in the cost of manufacture accomplished within recent years, place his wonderful invention within easy reach of the man of moderate means.

Be sure that the name **RECO-ERICSSON** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Over 40,000 are in use throughout the world to-day. Write for Catalogue G, and ask for reduced price-list.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

(Also makers of the new "Recco"-Electric Pump.)

35 Warren Street, New York 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago 234 Craig Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
239 Franklin Street, Boston 40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia 22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.



The Ericsson Hot-Air Pump

Monarch
MALLEABLE

The Stay Satisfactory Range

by getting prices on the MONARCH
before you decide on your range.

It Actually Pays for Itself in COLD CASH

Here's a woman's chance for a sure investment right in the home. It pays big returns and also gives her the pleasure of using the range that has set a new standard for America.

MONARCHS are not like other ranges. They are
built of different materials and in a better way!

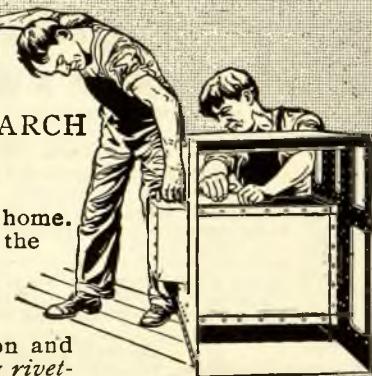
We build Monarch Ranges of unbreakable Malleable Iron and polished steel plates. We make every seam tight and solid by riveting the steel to the malleable frames. There's no need for the *Riveting The MONARCH* stove putty used universally in stoves and ranges of the common type. Monarch joints cannot open up and let cold, outside air into the range to cause fuel waste.

The flues in the Monarch have triple walls. Not only the upright flue, as in some ranges, but the one underneath the oven as well, has every wall made of heavy asbestos between two steel plates. This successfully resists the destructive effects of *rust* or *corrosion* from gases and creosote. The Monarch Duplex Draft provides even heat in the oven and consumes the fuel completely, preventing waste. Monarch Tops are malleable iron polished smooth and never require blacking. The bodies are Wellsville Polished Steel and retain their perfect finish without blacking or paint.

Monarch Ranges may be had in any size or equipment. There are styles with reservoir at either right or left—square ranges without heating attachment—or ranges for boiler connection having Pin Waterfront, which doubles the water heating capacity.

SENT FREE Our book, "The Range Problem." It gives full descriptions and tells startling *Facts* about the thousands of dollars wasted in every town in the purchase of Stoves and Ranges.

Malleable Iron Range Co., 402 Lake Street, Beaver Dam, Wis.



A WORD ABOUT
THE MAN
WHO IS
CONSIDERED A
GOOD DRESSER



COOPER'S

Spring Needle
UNDERWEAR

While good dressers never neglect their underwear, few get the maximum amount of fit, comfort and wear from the money invested. Why? Because the garments they buy are of faulty construction.

Cooper's Spring Needle Knit underwear is more than the most elastic and perfect fitting—it is the most thoroughly made of any and all moderately priced underwear. It is reinforced at points of strain by **silk stays**—the collar is unapproached—the buttons cost twice as much as the ordinary kind. These points of excellence, added to the best fabric on earth, are responsible for its popularity.

Try a silk lisle suit for spring and summer wear. All sizes. Get the genuine.

COOPER MFG. CO.
Bennington, Vermont.

I GET THIS \$1200 IN ONE MONTH WITH NEW WONDERFUL INVENTION

Best thing every happened for humanity. Causing great excitement. Said to be **WORLD'S GREATEST MONEY-MAKER**. Here's proof—Read what others have done, are doing in a new field. "My sales \$1,200 monthly," writes M. G. Stoneman, Mont. "I make \$100 daily," writes J. Sevigne, N. Y. "\$50 in 4 hours" writes W. A. Macoubrie, Kans. Hundreds **men and women** actually making \$50 to \$100 weekly. You can—it's easy. Start as they did—at home or traveling—all or part time. **EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY**. Don't be hard up, out of employment, or forever slaving to enrich others. Be independent, prosperous, happy, known, welcomed, everywhere. **LET US START YOU** showing, taking orders, appointing agents for Al-lens Portable Bath apparatus. Nothing like it. Makes ideal bathroom wherever water in any form exist. God-send to town, country homes. No tubs, bowls, buckets, wash rags or sponges—No plumbing. Small but mighty. Carried in Grip. Show 12—sell 10 sure. World unsupplied. No competition—exclusive territory. Price, complete, \$3.75 and up. Send card today for remarkable offer. Valuable booklets, All free.

THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 1473 Allen Bldg. Toledo, O.



Wrought Iron Fence and Entrance Gates.

Improve the appearance of your home. Artistic, permanent, no repairs. Hundreds of designs to choose from, elaborate ones and many of small cost as well. State work desired—how much fence you want, number of gates, style of house, etc.

We will submit designs or photographs and estimates, take measurements and erect if necessary, satisfaction guaranteed. Write for booklet, which includes iron reservoir, vases, settees, fountains, tree guards, stable fittings, ornamental iron, etc. Agents wanted.

STEWART'S
IRON FENCE

1714 Covington St., CINCINNATI, O.
Largest Makers of Iron Fence in the World.

THE BEST 25c. SOCK MADE THE RAYLAND

We have perfected a fine gauge, light-weight sock, silky fibre yarn, with specially inserted heel and toe to give double wear; equal to any 50c. sock sold. Made in colors black, tan, blue, grey, wine, lavender, dahlia, green, champagne. Upon receipt of \$1.00, with size and color desired, we will mail, free of postage, 4 pairs.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN
THE RAYLAND HOSIERY CO.
115 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.



ELECTRIC GOODS for EVERYBODY. Catalog of 200 Novelties Free. Electric we have it. Big Catalog 4c.
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

The World's Headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Belts, Bells, Lamps, Books. We Undersell All. Want Agents.

The first Derby made in America was a C&K

HATS for MEN



The Knapp-Felt shapes for spring are exclusive C&K designs modeled on lines which will harmonize properly with the lighter apparel of the season. The variety of styles affords an opportunity for individual selection which, combined with the superb quality and steadfast Cronap dye, forms the most satisfactory solution of the hat problem for discriminating men—those for whom the best is none too good.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, Corner of 13th St., New York



Latest Model, Style 605.

Ivers & Pond Pianos

1909 Models.

Our latest styles for 1909 embody new features which place them, from both a musical and structural point of view, in advance of others. The case designs are strikingly attractive and up to date to the last second. Our new catalogue containing half-tone illustrations of our new styles of Upright, Grand and Player Pianos sent free upon request.

Ivers & Pond Pianos are sold by reliable piano houses throughout the United States, but if we have no dealer near you we can supply you direct from our extensive Boston store. Any piano you order will be personally selected and shipped under guarantee of entire satisfaction. Attractive systems of periodical payments. *Write us.*

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 161 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



MY BOY! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

It's more than a chance—you can make it a certainty because it depends entirely upon yourself. It's your opportunity to rise to one of the countless positions open to the trained man and a trained man's salary.

The man who sits in his private office and "**hires and fires**" and lays out your work, was no more qualified to fill that position a few years ago than you are to-day. He saw **his chance** and made the most of it. He obtained his training and knowledge by study. You can do the same—the American School will help you.

Don't be afraid to mail the coupon, you won't be bothered by agents or collectors. Like all strictly educational institutions the American School depends, for growth, upon reputation and the success of its students.

Don't let a little thing like filling in and mailing a coupon stand between you and success, congenial work and more pay. Accept your chance to-day.

WE HELP MEN HELP THEMSELVES

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

McClure's 3-09

American School of Correspondence:
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Please send me your free Bulletin of Engineering information and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

... Electrical Engineer	... Heating and Vent. Engr.
... Draftsman	... Plumber
... Civil Engineer	... Architect
... Mechanical Engineer	... Hydraulic Engineer
... Stationary Engineer	... Textile Boss
... Structural Engineer	... Sheet Metal Pattern
... Municipal Engineer	... Draftsman
... Railroad Engineer	... College Preparatory Course
... Structural Draftsman	... Sanitary Engineer
... Telephone Engineer	

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

The New, Compact, \$15 Portable, Standard, Visible-Writing Typewriter

Simple, strong, serviceable, compact, portable—meets all requirements at the remarkable price of \$15.

Standard two-hand keyboard, prints 84 characters, same size and style as big machines, takes same width paper, writes 80 words a minute.



Does Work Equal to Best \$100 Machines

YOU have never had a chance like this before. The Junior Typewriter is the first practical, portable, standard keyboard, serviceable typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

For only \$15 you can get this Junior Typewriter which does everything you would want the most expensive machines to do, as easily, quickly and neatly as you desire. So compact that it may be carried about in pocket or suitcase or slipped into desk drawer—yet big enough for every use.

Standard Keyboard

with 28 keys operated with both hands, printing 84 characters—same as \$100 machines.

Same Size and Style of Type

and any language you want. Writes single or double space. Takes all sizes of paper up to 9 inches wide.

Speed 80 Words a Minute

which is much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

Built Entirely of Hardened Steel

Durable, made to stand severe usage. Every part thoroughly tested before leaving factory. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

LET US SEND YOU ONE ON APPROVAL

Send your order for a Junior to-day, with money order or draft for \$15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.

JUNIOR TYPEWRITER COMPANY

331 Broadway, Dept. 32,

New York City

ACTIVE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in every locality to sell the Junior

Hustlers earn big money. Write to-day for particulars.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

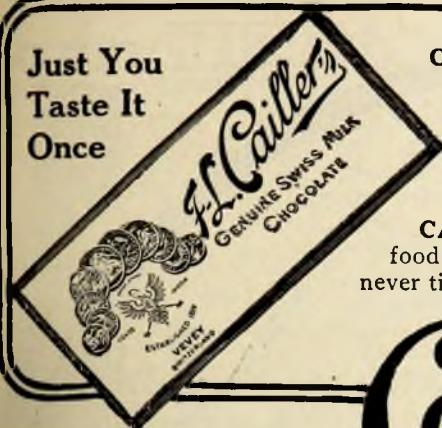


"In a pinch,
use Allen's
Foot-Ease."

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMIESTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

Just You
Taste It
Once



CAILLER'S is so exquisitely rich—so deliciously smooth—so "different" from ordinary chocolates, that its taste is a revelation.

CAILLER'S is made from the choicest of cocoa beans—the purest of refined sugar—the richest, creamiest milk from the mountain valleys of Switzerland.

CAILLER'S is more than a delicious dainty—it is a real food for children and grown-ups. The most capricious palate never tires of

Cailler's
GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

nor does the most delicate stomach find the least difficulty in thoroughly digesting it.

For social functions and for every-day needs—**CAILLER'S** delights, nourishes and satisfies. Sold everywhere in 5c, 10c, 15c, 30c cakes and upwards.

*Save the tissue-paper wrappers—a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cake of **CAILLER'S** will be sent you, postpaid, upon receipt of 100 wrappers.*

FREE As soon as you have read this send your name and address on attached coupon for a liberal sample.

J. H. FREYMAN

Agent for the U. S. A.

60 University Place, New York

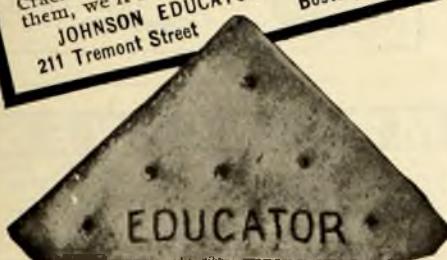
CUT ON THIS LINE
Name _____
Address _____
Kindly send me, postpaid, a free
sample of **CAILLER'S** Genu-
ine Swiss Milk Choc-
olate at the above
address.

EDUCATOR
A BOX OF ASSORTED
EDUCATOR CRACKERS
SENT FREE

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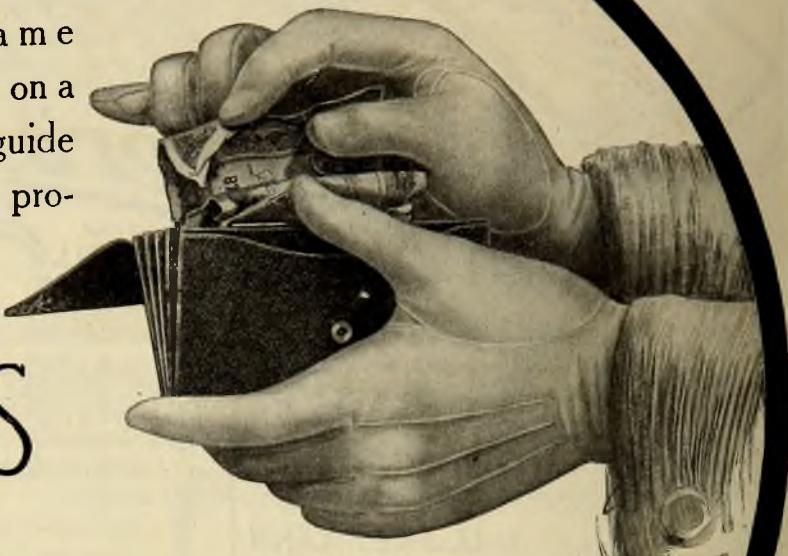
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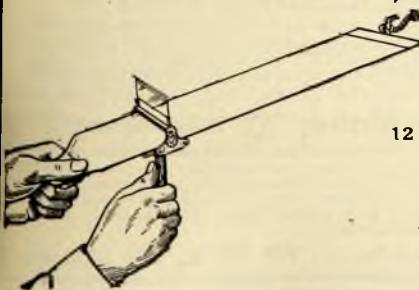
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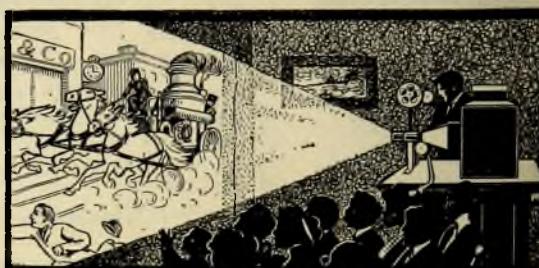
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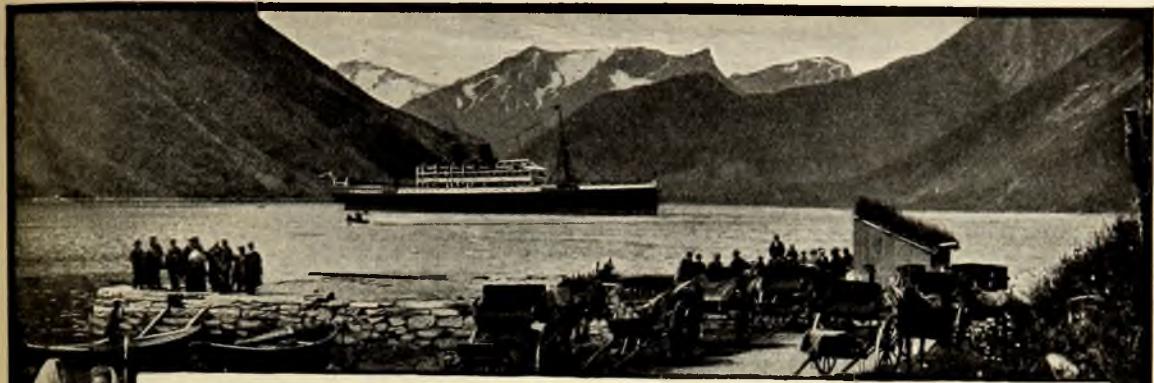
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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
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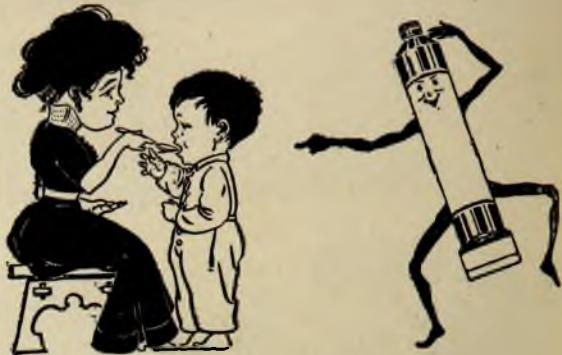
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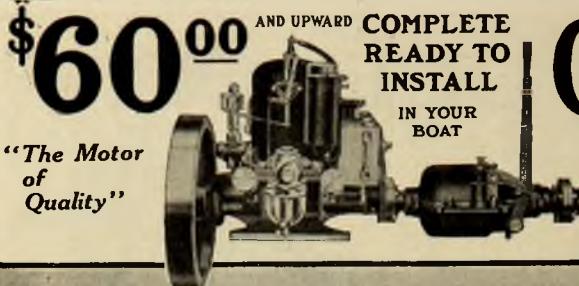


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DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE MANU-
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Because we built and equipped a modern plant—the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of two-cycle marine motors—especially to build Gray Motors—NOTHING ELSE.

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RAINMAKER—Sped 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. Equipped with a 24 H. P. GRAY Motor.

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Pioneer Perfect Frames



and Boat Parts are The Standard of Boat Construction. We do all the hard part for you. Every frame is set up by an expert boat builder, trued and tested before taking apart for shipment. All ribs are bent to exact shape, fitted and bevelled for planking. Not a shaving need be taken off anywhere. With every frame we furnish all necessary patterns, illustrations and instructions for building the completed boat. Every piece is numbered. Anyone can reassemble them.

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18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, \$20.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middle-men's profits. Free Catalogue.

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Yet a burglar's "jimmy" easily opens all locks. And there are plenty of other ways of breaking in.

Scarcely a newspaper issue but which contains an account of a burglary, or some happening of that nature.

And the intruder so often finds the occupants of the house entirely at his mercy.

So many people ignore the need for self-protection.

Largely because, in many homes, the women are more afraid of a revolver, than of a possible burglar.

But once she realizes that an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver is absolutely proof against accidental discharge, the most timid and nervous woman will abandon her prejudice.

Note this: to-day there are over 2,000,000 Iver Johnson Revolvers in use. Yet not a single accidental discharge has been reported.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickelated, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3½-in. bbl. **\$6**

Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost



We are the largest manufacturers of revolvers in the world. Our enormous production greatly reduces the manufacturing cost on each revolver. That is why the Iver Johnson, with all its superiority, is so moderately priced.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

Because, there is only one way to fire an Iver Johnson—that is by pulling the trigger all the way back. Which can't happen by accident.

This revolver is proof against carelessness.

It might catch in the pocket, fall to the floor—or you can throw it, kick it, or hammer the hammer—any test you make will prove the absolute safety of this revolver.

And, there is no "lock," no "lever," no device of any kind for you to "work"—the safety feature of the Iver Johnson is entirely automatic, a part of the firing mechanism. And very simple.

So this revolver is always ready for instant firing when need arises—simply pull the trigger all the way back, and it fires fast, shoots straight, and hits hard.

This safety feature is patented and exclusive. You can know the genuine by the owl's head on the grip and the Iver Johnson name on the barrel.

Learn all about the positive protection you get in an Iver Johnson—self-protection in emergency, protection against accident or carelessness;—Send for our free book, "Shots." It explains, in a simple way, just how this revolver is made safe.

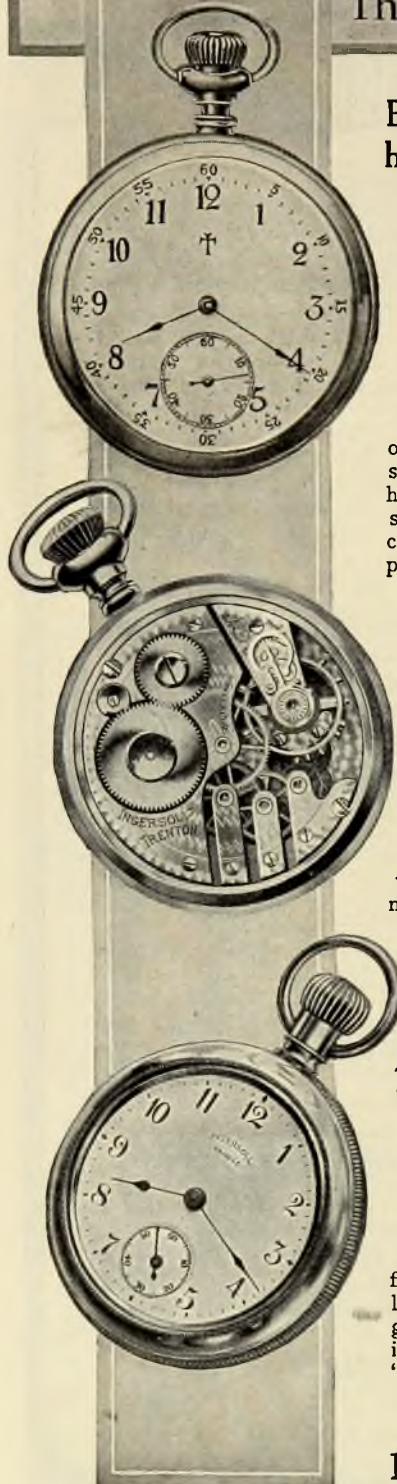
See these revolvers at your dealer's—have him make the safety tests. You will find them at hardware and sporting goods stores. Or, if your dealer will not supply, we will send one prepaid on receipt of price.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickelated, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3½-inch barrel **\$7**



New

Ingersoll-Trenton \$5
The Best Seven Jewel Watch \$7 & \$9

Everybody knows what great value the Dollar Watch has always been. The new *Ingersoll-Trenton* offers the same kind of value in a high-grade 7 jewel watch. It is the first fine watch ever produced and sold on an economical basis. The reason is plain.

The same underlying principles of *specialization*, which made the Dollar watch possible are now applied in another field, and in another factory, to the making of this high grade 7 jewel watch. The entire "I-T" factory concentrates upon one watch only, producing it in enormous quantities and at enormously reduced costs by systems known only to the Ingersoll organization. Other factories make many grades, styles and sizes, each in relatively small quantities and at correspondingly high costs. For the most part they make movements only which they ship out without performing on them the final and crucial operations of casing, testing and regulating. Hence they cannot guarantee the completed watches.

The "I-T" is *cased* at the factory, and is timed, adjusted and regulated with all the facilities that only a factory possesses. Here is the first high-grade watch sold with a *definite printed guarantee* covering the entire watch, movement, case and assembling.

Except in number of jewels the "I-T" is equal to the highest priced of other makes. Having but one watch to make, the "I-T" factory combines in this one all the workmanship and improved features which others reserve for their extravagantly jeweled, most profitable models. It is the only 7 jewel watch ever made in all other respects like a full jeweled model; it has the best materials obtainable, the same bridge model, micrometer adjustment, compensating balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair-spring of the very best watches and a special patented stem-wind superior to any other ever made. It has that full, strong regular motion of the balance, distinguishing the well made, accurate-running watch.

The "I-T" is sold only in the special "I-T" cases, which are made in 3 grades: Solid nickel, \$5.00; 10-year gold filled, \$7.00, and 20-year gold filled, \$9.00. The "I-T" gold filled cases are honest value and unlike many of the fraudulently stamped cases they contain sufficient gold to give actual wear for the full guarantee period.

These watches are sold only through *responsible jewelers* who receive them direct from the factory, saving you wholesaler's profits. Sent by express prepaid by us on receipt of price if not locally obtainable.

Booklet—Send for our Booklet No. 49 giving detailed descriptions and watch information never before made public.

INGERSOLL WATCHES

The Dollar Watch is the every-day, every-purpose watch. Through 17 years of service it has proven to the American people that it is sufficient for all ordinary needs. It has established itself as a feature of American life and now commands a sale of over 12,000 watches a day. It is fully guaranteed for accuracy and durability. Ingersoll watches are also made in ladies' size, the "Midget," at \$2.00, and the new thin-model, "Junior," \$2.00.

The name INGERSOLL is always stamped on the dial of genuine Ingersoll watches—Look for it.

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New York City

The Monday Morning Tub

Which One Gets It?

DID you ever have this exasperating difference of opinion with the "wash lady" on Monday morning, as to who should have the hot water?

You didn't feel the same chivalrous sentiment that prompted you to offer the over-night guest "the hot bath" in the morning, while you shivered in the cold one.

Both occasions *emphasized the same thing*, however—the need in the modern household of an *instantaneous* heater, furnishing an *unlimited, constant* supply of hot water.

That is the reason for the existence of the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater, which will cost you little more than a high grade typewriter.

It gives your whole housekeeping a *character* it could not otherwise have—a character recognized by people who know the *thoroughbred points*. It can be easily connected with the gas and water pipes in the basement of any home, new or old.

This is where the Ruud is different from any other heater:

- (1) You have *any amount* of hot water *instantly*—all the time—without a fire and without lighting anything—even a match.
- (2) It is out of the way—preferably in the cellar, where it requires no more attention than the water pipes themselves.
- (3) The mere act of *turning on* a hot water faucet anywhere turns on the gas flame in the heater—which is governed by the water pressure in the pipe.

*Standard house size, 4 feet high—
30 inches in diameter over all.*



THE RUUD HEATER

- (4) The water is *heated instantly*, as long as you will keep the faucet open, so you have *abundant fresh hot water, fit to drink as it is to bathe in*, instead of a limited supply of stagnant water from a reservoir.
- (5) The act of *turning off* the hot water faucet turns off the gas flame in the heater. Not a moment's waste.
- (6) No complications—no electric wires—nothing that you cannot readily understand.

Price (delivered) East of Rocky Mts., \$100; West of Rocky Mts. and in Canada, \$115.

The Ruud Heater is not experimental. It has been in use for over twelve years in the best city and suburban homes. Write for illustrated booklet describing and picturing it.

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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London: British Ruud Mfg. Co.

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The Brasscrafters TRADE MARK

Portable Shower Bath Delivered, ready to set up \$10.75

It is wrong to regard a shower bath as a mere luxury. It means vigor for mind and body. Its installation is an investment that pays for itself many times over in added vitality and comfort.

The Brasscrafters Shower No. 5004 is a handsome, full size, solidly built shower that will last and look well for years. The brass parts are strong and heavily nickel-plated; the curtains and rubber parts are made of the best material. We have not room here to tell of its many superiorities of convenience and construction.

We are so sure it will win your approval if you see it, that we make this offer: If your dealer doesn't carry it, we will ship it, express prepaid on receipt of price, and permit you to return it at our expense within 4 days of receipt if not satisfactory, and refund your money.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Showing Full Line of Showers

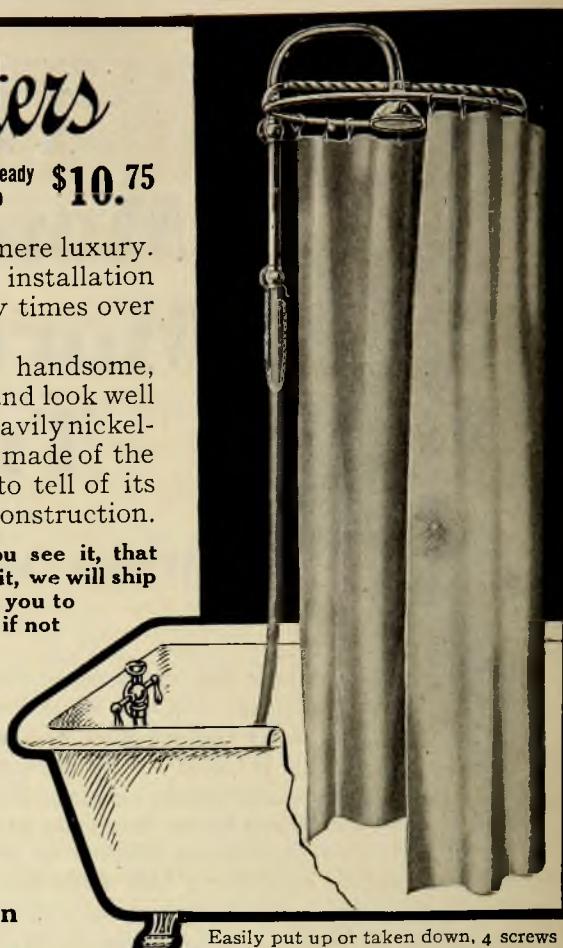
The Brasscrafters make necessary and beautiful things for your bath room and by making them right and selling at humane prices, have built up in ten years the largest business of its kind.



The Brasscrafters

92-100 North Street, Boston

Be sure to address Dept. D



Easily put up or taken down, 4 screws hold it firm on wall

No MORE Wrinkles: Our New Wrinkle! THE KEEPSHAPE ADJUSTABLE GARMENT HANGER

Made of brass and wood. Cuts pressing bills in half. Garments hung in your wardrobe will have their contour preserved. No more convex or bulging shoulders. No more sagging and stretching collars. No more wrinkles in back of neck. The keepsshape is a full shoulder form, adjustable to square or sloping shoulders. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Hangs full suit for either man or woman. Price: \$1.00; 6—\$5.50; 12—\$10.00, delivered. Booklet. Ask your Dealer.

AGENTS WANTED KEEPSHAPE CO., Dept. H, 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Made in all styles and grades. **WINSLOW'S Skates** For sale by all dealers. THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES



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All the Standard Machines SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ M'F'R'S PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Shipped with privilege of examination. **Write for Illustrated Catalog H.** TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO



PUNCTURE PROOF FOLDING BOATS

Light, easy to handle, no boat house, leaks or repairs. Safe anywhere, always ready, check as baggage, carry by hand. Safe for family, or bait casting standing. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. Non-Sinkable. Stronger than wood or steel. Used in the U. S. Navy and Army, and Canadian and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. Catalogue 100 engravings for 6 cents. KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 680 Lake Street, MUSKEGON, MICH. (Formerly Kalamazoo)

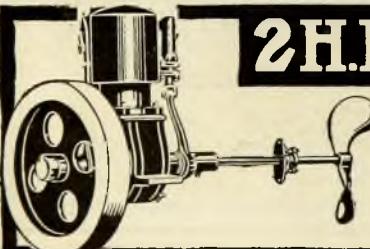


2 H.P. Detroit Engine \$29⁵⁰

3-5-7-10-12-14 and 40 H. P. at proportionate prices.

Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only three moving parts. Uses alcohol, gasoline, naphtha, distillate, kerosene, coal oil, etc. All bearings babbittted. Cylinders and piston ground. Crank shaft forged steel. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch. 10,000 in use. All sizes ready to ship. Send for testimonials and free catalog.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS, 1260 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



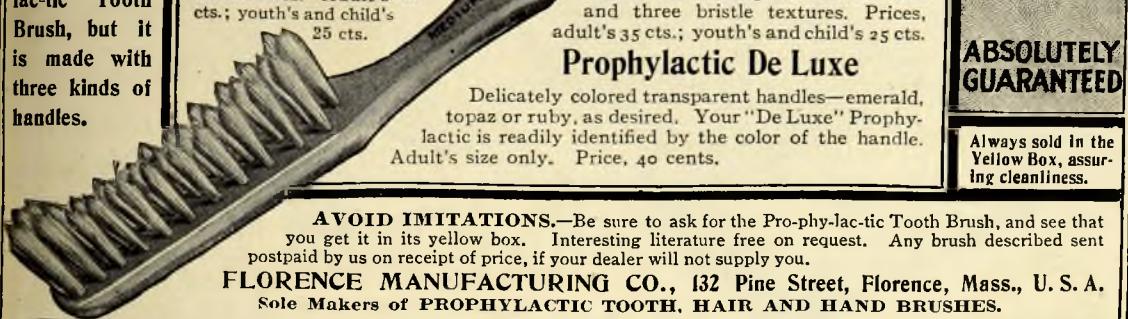
THE WORLD'S STANDARD
Pro-phy-lac-tic
 TOOTH BRUSH

There is but one "pro-phy-lac-tic" Tooth Brush, but it is made with three kinds of handles.

All three styles have the Prophylactic features: Graduated and serrated bristle tufts trimmed to clean between the teeth. Curved handle, tapered head, hole in handle and hook to hang it up by; identification symbols on handles to prevent your using another's brush.

Prophylactic Regular

The original rigid handle, preferred by thousands of users. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cts.; youth's and child's 25 cts.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Special

Handle is of white resilient material which bends as the brush is used. Most users, especially those with sensitive gums, are satisfied with no other after once using it. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Prices, adult's 35 cts.; youth's and child's 25 cts.

Prophylactic De Luxe

Delicately colored transparent handles—emerald, topaz or ruby, as desired. Your "De Luxe" Prophylactic is readily identified by the color of the handle. Adult's size only. Price, 40 cents.

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

Always sold in the Yellow Box, assuring cleanliness.

AVOID IMITATIONS.—Be sure to ask for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, and see that you get it in its yellow box. Interesting literature free on request. Any brush described sent postpaid by us on receipt of price, if your dealer will not supply you.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., 132 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
 Sole Makers of PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH, HAIR AND HAND BRUSHES.

Korrect Shape
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SMART SHOES FOR ALL MEN

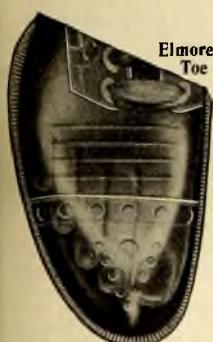
In Tan, Black, Green and Patent.

This label Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.



\$4.00
 BENCH **\$5.00**
 MADE

Fancy Blucher Oxford
 Style 605



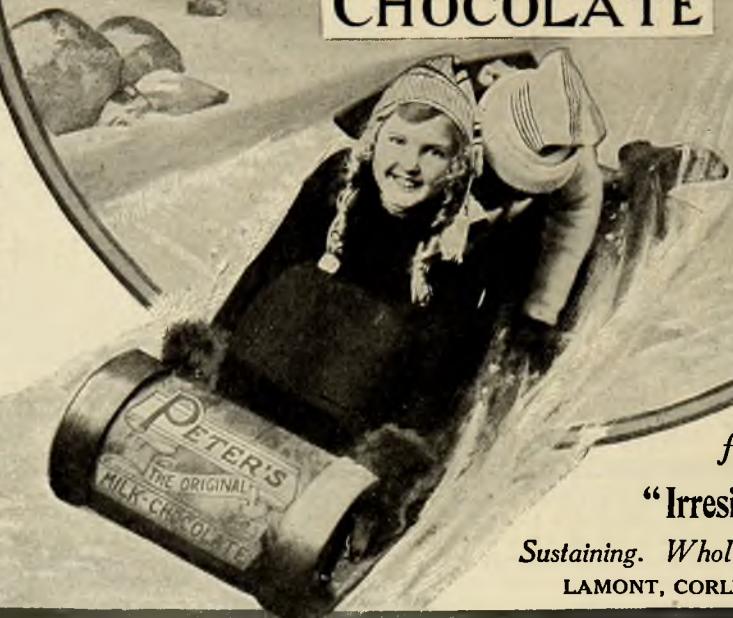
Styles—Korrect for the eye and brain.
Fit—Korrect for the foot and ankle—will improve your disposition.
Quality—OUR "BURROJAPS" GUARANTEE. If the upper breaks through before the first sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair.
 Accept no substitutes—insist on Korrect Shape, trade mark stamped on sole.

THE BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers, 10 Field St., Brockton, Mass.

Sold by 5,000 dealers. If you do not find one near you, write for catalog.

PETER'S

The Original Milk
CHOCOLATE



PETER'S
CHOCOLATE

*The Best Companion
for a Winter Day's Sport.*

"Irresistibly Delicious!"

Sustaining. Wholesome as Bread and Butter.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York

No 4711
A NUMBER
of REASONS.

**WHITE
ROSE
GLYCERINE
SOAP**

HERE
ARE A FEW

of the many reasons why
you should always say—"4711 White
Rose" when you buy soap.

It is real, pure glycerine soap—not
glycerine in name only—and you do not
need to be told the soothing and bene-
ficial effect of glycerine on the skin.

Its perfume has no equal and leaves
behind a very delicate and refined odor.

FERD. MULHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany.

U. S. Branch,

MULHENS & KROPFF,

298 Broadway,

New York, N. Y.

Send 15 cts. in stamps for full size sample cake.

Are you deaf?

If your hearing is affected in any way or to any degree you are sure to find great relief with the aid of the lately perfected scientific hearing device, **THE AUROPHONE**

You cannot judge the value of the Auophone by what you have seen of any other hearing device, and in any of the present owners of these instruments have found absolute relief after all others had failed.

The Auophone is practically **invisible**. It is extremely **Simple**, being a powerful miniature telephone which magnifies sound waves a hundred fold and in many instances it will permanently improve the natural hearing.

Read what these prominent business men say:

Mears Ear Phone Co., N. Y.

Gentlemen: Knowing how many fake devices have been offered deaf people, I am moved to offer you this testimonial, unsolicited, hoping it may convince some other deaf person that there is something real in the Auophone. If at any time any one in this section would like to hear from me personally regarding your instrument, I would be pleased to tell what it is to me.

F. I. HUBBARD, Alameda, Cal.

Mears Ear Phone Co., N. Y.

Gentlemen: If I could not get another Auophone, I would not part with mine for any amount of money. Yours truly,

JOHN D. BELL, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

Mears Ear Phone Co., N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have been deaf for many years and have tried every kind of hearing device. I find the Auophone the only effective aid to the deaf. Wishing you success, I am, very truly yours,

J. B. GOSHORN, 169 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

A SPECIAL REQUEST TO YOU

Whether you are interested in the Auophone or not, and whether you answer this advertisement or not, we beg of you not to confound this instrument with the much advertised worthless variety. We want you at any rate to believe us and our claims for the Auophone. We wish to restore hearing to every deaf person that will give us the chance. If we cannot enable you to hear we do not want your patronage.

We would like to tell you more about it
Write to-day for booklet and terms of trial
MEARS EAR PHONE COMPANY, Inc.
Suite 845, Monolith Building, 34th St., New York City
Branches in Chicago, Philadelphia, and Montreal, and Toronto, Canada.

"It
Has The
Human
Touch"

KRELL AUTO-GRAND



"The Krell Solo Grand"

"A step in advance" of anything yet evolved in the player piano field is the Krell Solo Grand.

This highest type of player piano makes possible an accurate interpretation of any musical composition by anyone without the least technical knowledge.

The Melody is brought out *automatically* by means of 3 extra perforations at either end of the tracker board.

Exclusive features of control—the Tempo-Solo-Lever and Modulating and Soft Lever—and those other advantages that distinguish both the Krell Solo Grand and the Auto-Grand are worthy of your careful attention in buying a player piano.

All that makes a player valuable—the latest improvements—the most ingenious devices—much that no other player can claim or equal may be had in the Krell Solo and Auto-Grand players.

**Individual Pneumatics
Patented Music Roll**

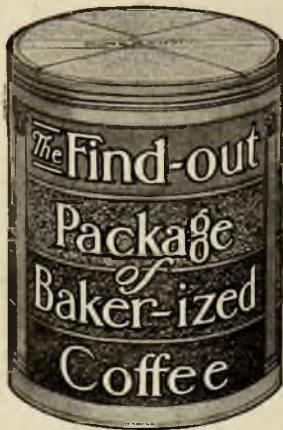
**Tilting Motor
Automatic Pedal—**

at least twenty such features are to be had in Krell Auto and Solo Grand players—and in them only.

You can understand how much this means after seeing and hearing a Krell Solo or Auto-Grand. You will never regret your choice of any of our styles.

Write for catalog I and valuable book, "**How to Select a Player Piano**," and we will tell you the name of our dealer nearest you. You cannot afford to buy a player piano till you see the Krell Auto-Grand.

KRELL AUTO-GRAND PIANO COMPANY, Connersville, Indiana.
Manufacturers of Celebrated ALBERT KRELL PIANOS.



Baker-ized Coffees

are blended to produce three widely different flavors, strong, medium, and mild, designed to exactly suit every shade of *Coffee Preference*.

In addition to Barrington Hall, which is our popular medium strength Coffee and too well known to need further description, there is "Vigoro," strong, dark and stimulating, and "Siesta," mild and delicate in flavor with a minimum of stimulation.

All three are Baker-ized. This means steel-cut, chaffless, purified, roasted to a turn, blended to an exact *standard* of flavor and then sealed piping hot with all its excellences unimpaired in air-tight tins.

And all are of the Barrington Hall quality and price. 35 to 40 cents per pound in sealed tins, according to locality.

The Find-Out Package

will not tell you all there is to know about Coffee, but it will show you the difference between the three *primary* flavors; and enable you to select the Coffee you prefer to all others.

When once you decide which of these flavors suits you best, you can always, year after year, get this identical Coffee in sealed tins, unchanged in quality, flavor and price.

The Find-Out Package is not merely a sample. It is a trial order. It contains over $\frac{1}{4}$ pound each of Vigoro, of Barrington Hall and of Siesta (in separate tins), nearly a pound of these superb Coffees, and the price is only 30 cents.

The test costs you nothing, therefore. You do not even pay full price for the Coffee the package contains. Our profit is your future patronage.

Special Trial Offer

Send 30 cents, stamps or coin, to pay cost of packing and mailing, and we will deliver the Find-Out Package at your door. Address

Barrington Hall

116 Hudson Street,
246 N. 2nd Street,

New York, N. Y.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Where The Saving Is

The reason ice melts in this pyramid form in McCray Refrigerators is that the warmer air in the refrigerator strikes the top of the ice first and as it descends, becoming colder, it does less melting. This demonstrates a circulation of air through the refrigerator—as real as though caused by an electric fan.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

(Keep things fresh)

because the air in them is purified by constantly recurring contact with the ice, caused by the "McCray System." This also dries the air so that even matches or salt can be kept perfectly dry in this refrigerator.

Your choice of sanitary linings: Opal-glass, (looks like white china— $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick), porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood.

No zinc is ever used as zinc forms dangerous oxides that poison mills and other food.

Can be arranged for icing from an outside porch if desired.

Cut Down Your Ice Bills

McCray Refrigerators use less ice than other refrigerators, because McCray walls are the thickest and best "heat and cold proof" walls made.

McCray Refrigerators of all sizes and styles are ready for immediate shipment. Built-to-order refrigerators for any purpose can be shipped three weeks after order is received. Every McCray is guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction.

Upon request we will send our 48-page illustrated book which explains why McCray Refrigerators are better than other refrigerators and different from ordinary ice boxes.

Tear this off as a reminder to request book.

McCray Refrigerator Co., 879 Mill Street, Kendallville, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your free refrigerator book checked below.

- No. 85—Regular size for Residences.
- No. A. H.—Built-to-order for Residences.
- No. 66—For Grocery Stores.
- No. 58—For Meat Markets.
- No. 47—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, etc.
- No. 71—For Florists.

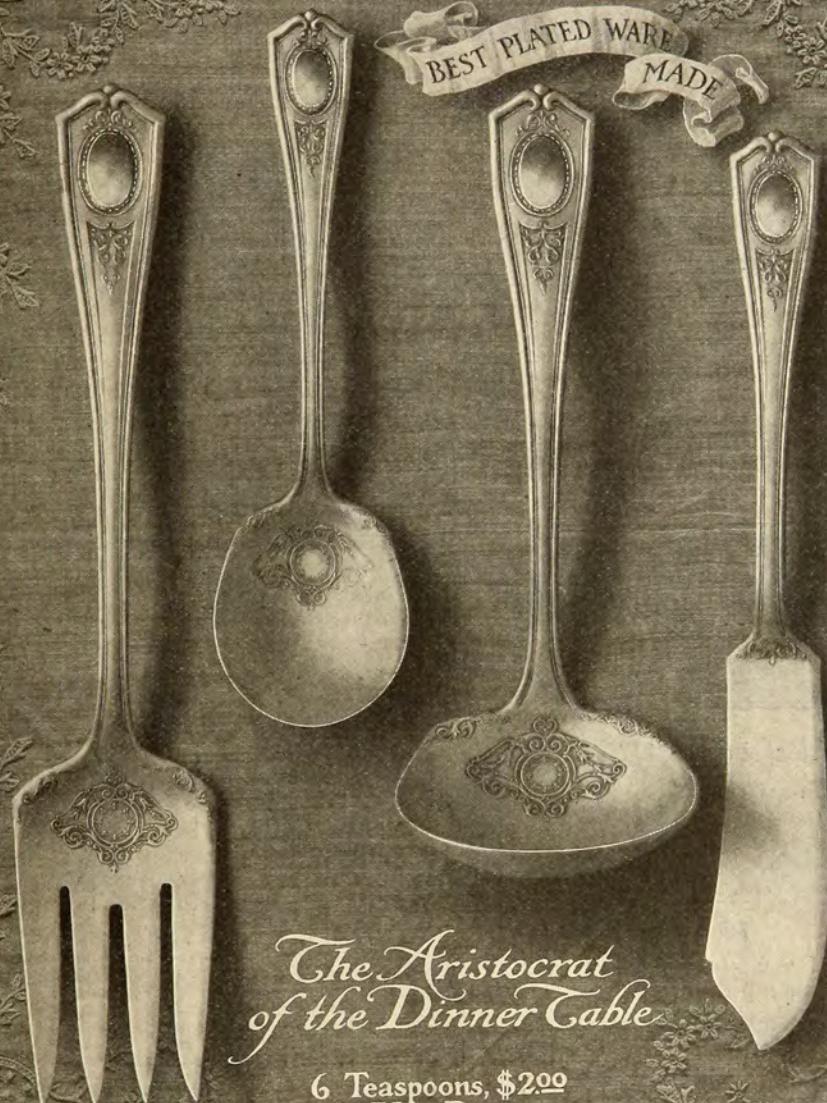
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Street.....

City..... State.....

COMMUNITY SILVER

BEST PLATED WARE
MADE



*The Aristocrat
of the Dinner Table*

6 Teaspoons, \$2.00
At Your Dealers

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.
ONEIDA, N.Y.



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Karpen Modern Arm Chair.
Cuban Mahogany.
Sterling Leather.



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Karpen Mission Sofa.
Fumed Oak. Spanish Leather.



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Karpen Mission Rocker.
Fumed Oak. Spanish Leather.

At Prices of the Ordinary

You Get the Karpen Style—the Karpen Heirloom Quality—the Karpen Guaranty

Look into the furniture question *before* you buy. Send for our Free Style Book. It shows over 500 pictures from photographs of Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture for every room of the house. It illustrates on pages over 15 inches deep and 12 inches wide, interiors drawn from designs and plans of leading decorators. It shows not only new and original Karpen designs, but also the world-famed Karpen reproductions of furniture of all the great periods. And it gives you the prices.

Karpen Furniture is the only upholstered furniture that is trade-marked—the only upholstered furniture that bears the maker's name. Why is this?

In no other line of furniture is deception so easily covered up. Excelsior may take the place of hair filling; inferior springs may be used, and split leather or poor fabric may be made to *look* all right until the piece is used.

But the great house of Karpen stands behind its trade-

S. Karpen & Bros. Karpen Building, CHICAGO Karpen Building, NEW YORK All Karpen Furniture bears this trade-mark

Karpen Furniture has been Selected for the new Senate Office Building at Washington, in competition with manufacturers everywhere.

This Beautiful Teaspoon full-sized, silver-plated, of exclusive *rose pattern*, in French gray, *the newest style*, made and *warranted* by Wm. Rogers & Son,

IS YOURS

if you send ten cents and the top of a jar of

LIEBIG Company's Extract of Beef

Genuine has blue signature. We want you to know by trial that it's the most delicious, and far-going extract: $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful makes cup of best beef tea; it's just as economical for cooking.

For 20 cents and a Liebig top we mail this *fine fork*, full size, to match spoon. No advertising on either. Address, Dept. B,

CORNEILLE DAVID & CO.,
120 Hudson St., New York.

mark. It means seasoned woods—Karpen sterling leather—not split leather, but the tough, natural-grained outside of the hide. It means genuine fabrics. It means Karpen steel springs, specified by the United States Government.

Don't Forget to Write for Free Style Book M T

It is the strongest safeguard you can have against furniture fraud. It makes you familiar with correct design so you can pick out the real from the imitation. It shows suites and separate pieces in Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Flemish, Mission, Art Nouveau, etc.

With the book we send you the name of a dealer whom we will authorize to quote you special introductory prices.

Write today to our nearest address

Karpen
GUARANTEED
UPHOLSTERED
Furniture

Tarnished Silver is Unlovely Silver

The newest and the oldest will shine with the same lovely lustre if cleaned and polished with

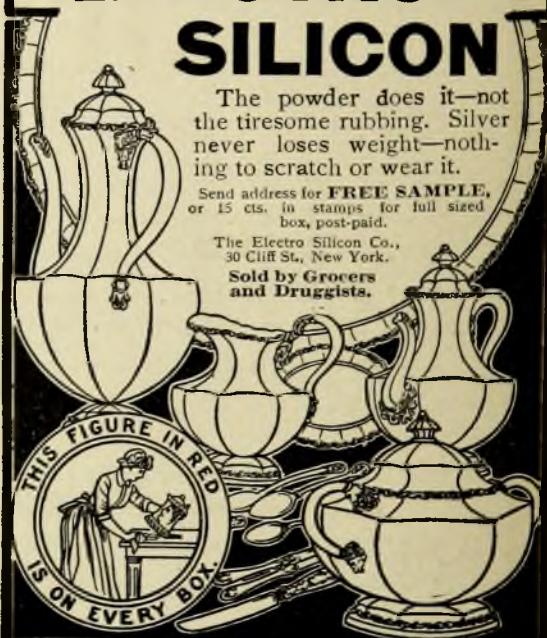
ELECTRO SILICON

The powder does it—not the tiresome rubbing. Silver never loses weight—notting to scratch or wear it.

Send address for **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15 cts. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid.

The Electro Silicon Co.,
30 Cliff St., New York.

Sold by Grocers
and Druggists.





Dessert 's Coming and it's JELL-O

How the joy of the little folks brings back the times when we used to see our favorite pudding or pie coming on! There was no Jell-O then and our dessert was not as good as Jell-O is or as good for us as Jell-O would have been. But, so far as we knew, it was the best in the world, and we were happy accordingly.

JELL-O

is best for the whole family because it is delicious, pure, wholesome and nutritious.

Compare the easy Jell-O process with any way of making **gelatine** into a dessert.

A Jell-O dessert can be **made in a minute**, and no skill or experience is required. Nothing to do but add boiling water and let cool.

Seven flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate, Lemon and Orange.

10c. a package at all grocers.

Illustrated Recipe Book free on request.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.





THE KEWANEE SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY



Water for Your Country Home

YOU can have a thoroughly efficient water service in your home—service equal to that offered by the best city water supply. You can have an abundant supply of water delivered under strong pressure to the bathroom, kitchen, bedrooms, laundry, lawn, garden, barn—anywhere.

This service and first class fire protection will be yours, if you install the



Kewanee System of Water Supply

With the Kewanee System there is no elevated or attic tank to leak, freeze, overflow or collapse. Instead, a Kewanee Pneumatic Tank is placed in the cellar, buried in the ground or located in a special pump house.

The Kewanee Tank rests on solid ground where it can do no damage. It is protected from all extremes in weather, assuring a fresh, usable supply of water during all seasons. It is made of steel plates so that it will last almost indefinitely.

Kewanee Pneumatic Tanks and Kewanee Systems are imitated. Accept no tank as a Kewanee tank unless it bears this . Be sure and look for our name-plate on trade mark.

all pumping machinery.

Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Ill.

By purchasing a complete Kewanee System, including the genuine Kewanee Pneumatic Tank and accessories which we recommend, you will be taking no chances, we guarantee that.

Over 9,000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation, providing water for country and suburban homes, clubs, hotels, schools, apartment buildings, public and private institutions, and towns.

Our engineering service is free. No charge for specifications and estimates. Everything fully guaranteed—a guarantee that protects you.

Write for our 64-page illustrated catalog. Please mention this publication and ask for catalog No. 33.

1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg. 1566 Hudson Terminal Fulton Bldg., 50 Church Street, New York City.

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THE
VELVET GRIPS
HOSE
SUPPORTERS
WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD
DURABLE STYLISH
COMFORTABLE
WEBS FRESH FROM THE LOOMS
METAL PARTS HEAVY NICKEL PLATE
THIS GUARANTY
COUPON-In Yellow
IS ATTACHED THIS WAY
TO EVERY PAIR OF THE
GENUINE—BE SURE
IT'S THERE.

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c., Silk 50c.
Mailed on receipt of price

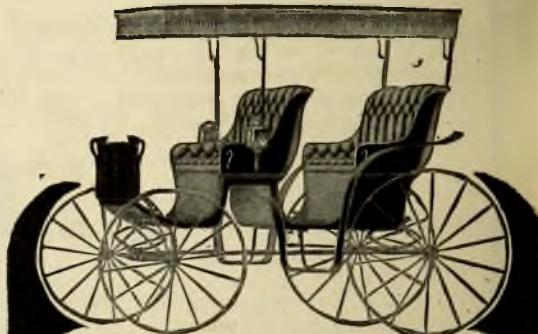
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers
BOSTON
WEAR LONGER THAN OTHERS

CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON

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GUARANTY UPON
VELVET GRIPS

THE
Velvet Grip
Cushion
HOSE
SUPPORTER
IS GUARANTEED TO
DEALER AND USER
AGAINST IMPERFECTIONS
THE BUTTONS AND
LOOPS ARE LICENSED
FOR USE ON THIS
HOSE SUPPORTER
ONLY.



Elkhart Buggies

are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are

The Largest Manufacturers in the World

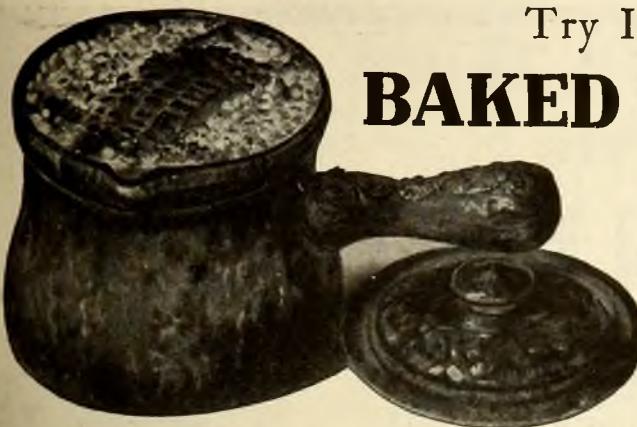
Selling to the consumer exclusively. We ship for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery, and also to save you money. If you are not satisfied as to style, quality and price you are nothing out.

May We Send You Our Large Catalogue?

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Elkhart, Indiana

Try It On

BAKED BEANS



Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Roast Meats, Game, Gravies and Chafing Dish Cooking. They are greatly improved by using



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It adds zest to every meal and at the same time aids digestion.
For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

Blooker's COCOA

Both Food and Drink. Comforts a weak stomach.

Quiets irritated nerves.

Satisfies a delicate taste.

Builds good muscle and makes a clear complexion.



At Leading Grocers—Sample sent postpaid.
Address Dept. D.

46 Hudson Street, New York.

Southern California

Best place on earth to plant money and watch it grow and grow with it. Enclose 5c in stamps for reliable information. Address

Dept. F, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package
**SPECIAL DIETETIC
FOOD**

For cases of
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
REQUIRING RATHER STRICT DIET

Unlike other foods. Ask grocers
or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.



ENDORSED BY THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

Diet Instead of Nostrums

If you don't feel right, ten chances to one you can trace it to your stomach, and from that to your food. Food right—stomach right. Stomach right—health right. Health right—all right.

Don't take nostrums, but follow the Battle Creek Sanitarium Diet System *at home*.

If you say it doesn't improve your health, your money will be refunded.

Ask yourself these questions:

*Is your head clear? Do you sleep well?
Is your breath sweet? Are you too fat?
Are your bowels regular? Are you too thin?*

Do you feel fit and efficient for your work? Do you feel full of vigor and vital steam all the time, or are you tired and depressed? Is life *worth living* as you are living it?

If you are ailing you need our *balanced diet*. Write to-day for our booklet "Healthful Living," which will tell you how.

THE KELLOGG FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. J-7 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

"Take A Taste

It's

FENNER'S

CHAUTAUQUA
Grape Juice
UNFERMENTED

Gives Health to Your Child

When the child is pale, listless and has no appetite give him two or three wine glasses of Fenner's each day and he will soon become

Healthy, Happy and Rosy-Cheeked

Because Fenner's Grape Juice is really a liquid **Tonic and Food** in the form of the most delicious and truly appetizing beverage possible to produce. It is **The Red Liquid Meat** of rich, ripe, luscious Concord grapes, fairly sparkling with life and vigorous health for both Old and Young.

Put Up for **Home Use** in special *glass bottles*, of a convenient size *hermetically sealed* to keep its perfect flavor, food-strength and *purity*. If your dealer does not keep "Fenner's", write us and we will give you the name of our nearest distributor, and send you

One Copy of Our Recipe Booklet **FREE**.

The Fenner Grape Juice Company
Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York.

"Fenner's" at
all Fountains.



Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

You will refuse all substitutes once you have experienced **BULL DOG SUSPENDER** comfort and durability

If they don't contain more rubber, stretch more easily, and give better service and satisfaction, and **Outwear Three Ordinary Kinds** money will be cheerfully refunded

Made in light and heavy weights, medium or extra long, as desired, with gold-gilt metal parts, and ends that don't pull out or break

50c. at your dealer or, by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you

For your own protection refuse substitutes. The genuine have **Bull Dog** on buckle

HEWES & POTTER
Dept. 4, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



**5% and your
money when
you want it**

We accept deposits on two different plans—

First—Subject to withdrawal at any time, without notice—on which we pay 5 per cent. interest.

Second—Withdrawable at any time after 2 years—on which we pay 6 per cent. interest.

In either case the money draws interest from the day it is received by us until the day it is sent back to you.

And it is amply safeguarded at all times by first mortgages on improved real estate, deposited in trust for that purpose.

This Company has been in business 14 years. It is strong, conservative, trustworthy.

Write for the booklet.

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1053 CALVERT BUILDING, BALTIMORE, MD.

"Bridal Rose"

ALVIN
MFG CO.

STERLING BUTTER KNIFE SILVER

"THE Wedding Present Pattern," suitable also for wedding anniversaries. All the usual sets and serving pieces separately or in chests as selected. Ask any high-class jeweler to show you this pattern or send for pamphlet to

ALVIN MFG. CO.
52 Maiden Lane, New York

TRADE MARK

KNOX

Gelatine

The Healthful Dessert

Perhaps the most important of the many excellent features of a Knox Gelatine Dessert is its extreme healthfulness, and this is a very necessary and valuable feature of a dessert. Coming as it does at the finish of a more or less full meal it is most essential



that a dessert should be not only delicious but healthful. A dessert made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, which is the only absolutely pure gelatine made and the only one that is guaranteed, is light, wholesome, easily

digested and the most healthful of all desserts. There are hundreds of delicious desserts that can be made from Knox Gelatine and all of them are exceedingly healthful and nutritious, quickly and easily prepared and most economical. Send for a copy of my free recipe book, and try some of them for yourself. Here is a delicious dessert and a most healthful one.

PAIN DE PRUNES

$\frac{1}{2}$ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Juice of one lemon.
1 pound prunes. Orange juice.

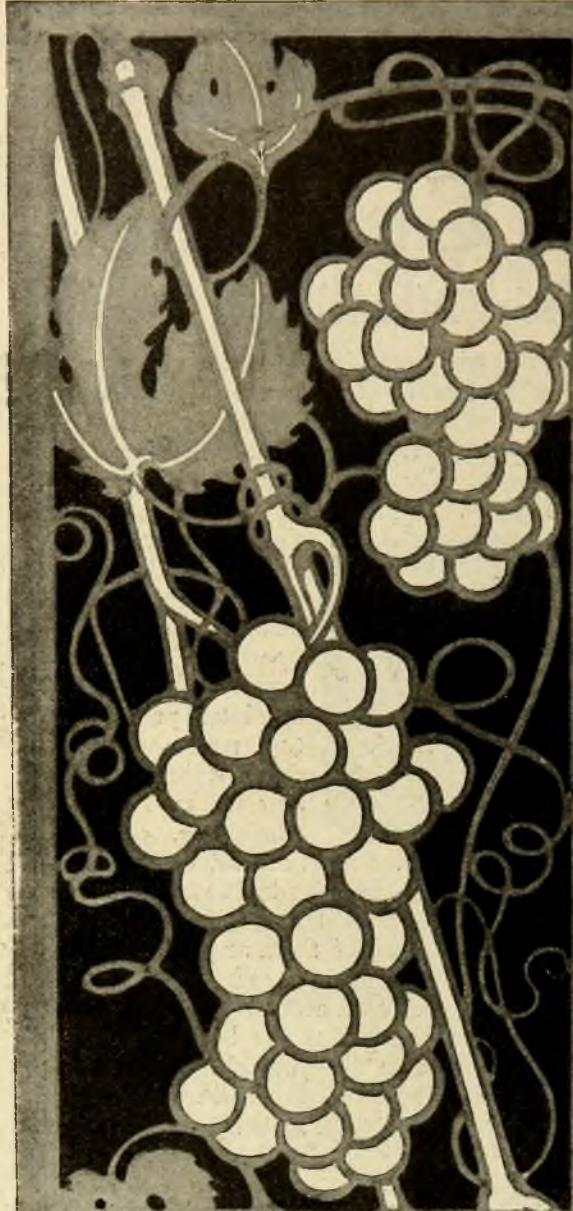
Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes; cook a pound of prunes until tender; remove the stones and pass the pulp through a sieve; add the kernels from the stones, a cup of sugar and the softened gelatine; stir over the fire until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved, then add enough orange juice to make one quart in all. Three-fourths of a pound of prunes gives a more delicate confection.

Dessert Book FREE

For the name and address of your grocer I will send my illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for dainty people." If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine send me his name and 2c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint sample package, or for 15c. a two-quart package (stamps taken). A copy of the handsome painting, "The First Lesson," will be sent for one empty Knox Gelatine box and 10c. in stamps. The picture is a fine work of art and an ornament to any home.

CHARLES B. KNOX, 1 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.





PROCESS in grape juice making is very simple—so simple that many try it, yet so distinctly a process of infinite care and detail that many fail.

Perhaps the real secret of the Welch process is that at every step the grapes and the juice are handled with all possible quickness and cleanliness.

We have special machinery, either designed by us or built for us, and not used in making any other grape juice. Recently we introduced a system of pasteurizing in the bottle at a lower uniform temperature than heretofore. This means better flavor.

Welch's Grape Juice

is stored only in glass containers; never in barrels. Wherever the juice comes in contact with metal, aluminum is used.

The Welch process transfers the natural juice from the luscious clusters to sealed bottles, unchanged in any way.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Beauty in House Coloring

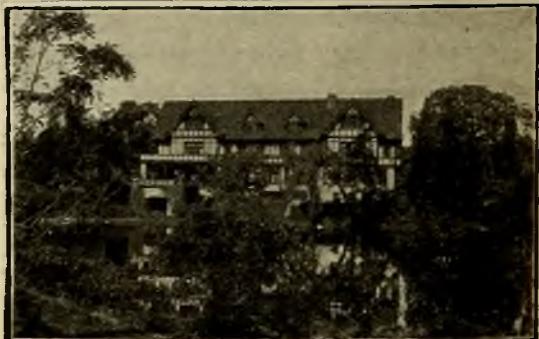
Your house can be marred or made by its coloring. Colors should be used that harmonize with each other and with nature. The soft, artistic tones of

Cabot's Shingle Stains

make beautiful houses perfect, commonplace houses attractive, and redeem ugly houses. The original and guaranteed shingle-stains, and the only Creosote, wood-preserving stains.

Send for samples on wood and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Sole Manufacturers,
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C. P. H. Gilbert, Architect, N. Y.
Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains



“Picked Ripe”

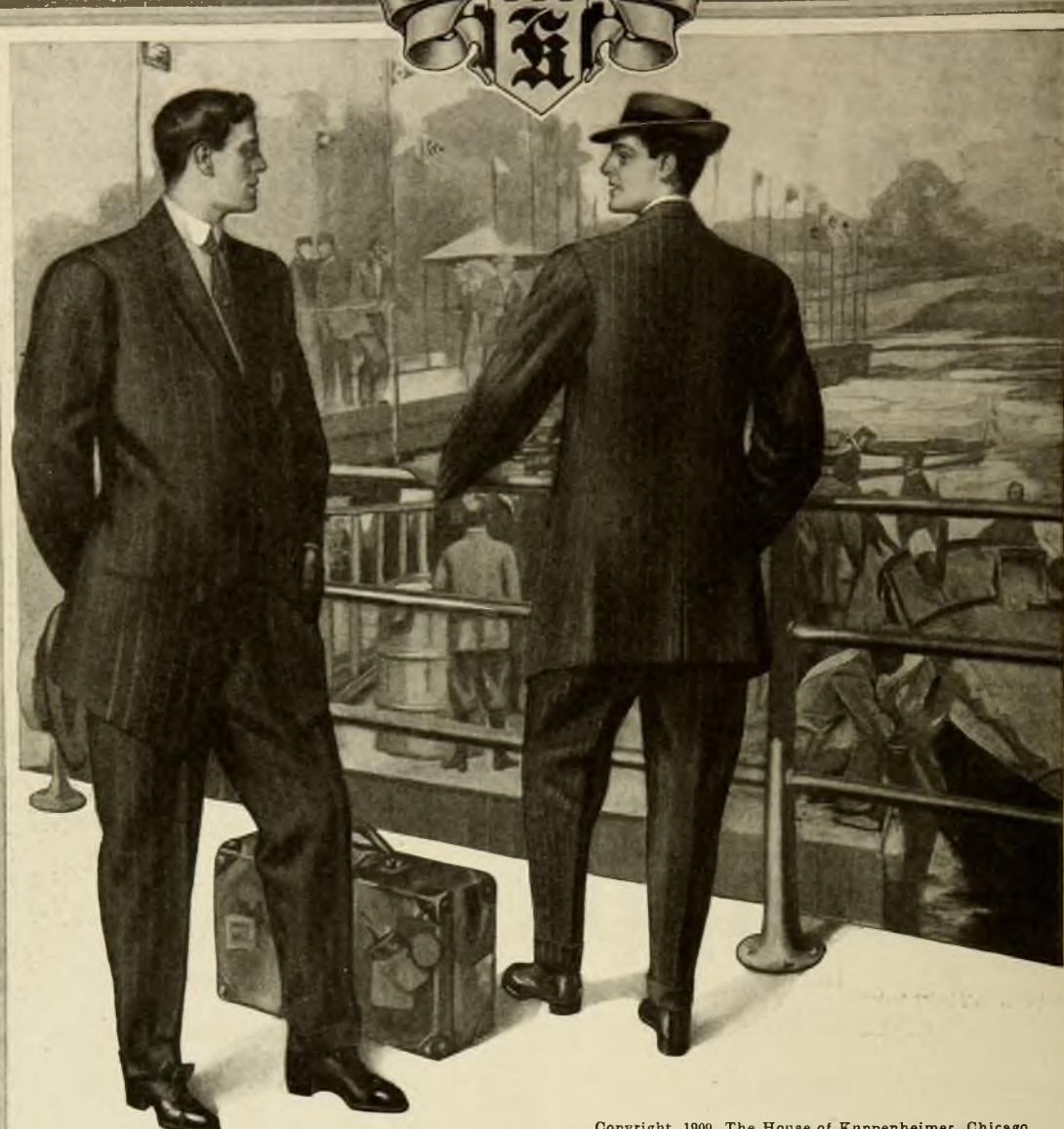
Hawaiian Pineapple

Sun-ripened on the field, not picked green and ripened afterwards. The freshness and tenderness of ripeness, the flavor of Nature, canned on the field in sanitary cans. Better, far better, than the raw pineapple on the market, which is always picked green. Sold everywhere. Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple—no matter what brand, so long as it comes from Hawaii. Sliced, grated, crushed.

Drop postal for book of pictures and receipts.

Hawaiian Pineapple Growers' Association Tribune Bldg., New York

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different*



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There's certainty of style, fit and satisfaction in garments which bear the Kuppenheimer label—not now-and-then, but always.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
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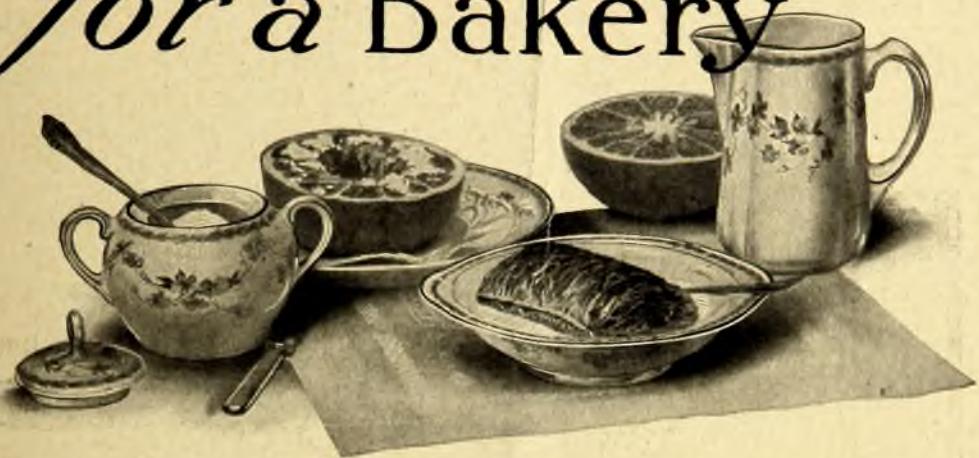
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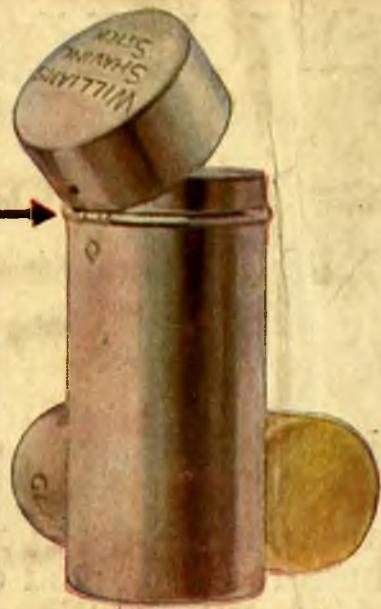
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